

Chapter 41

Alyssa

I want to speak to you today. I've instructed my brothers to bring you and my niece by the house this afternoon. See you soon, sis.

I read Gray's text for what feels like the millionth time, my stomach churning with a mix of anger and disbelief. Zuri's happily munching on her breakfast, completely oblivious to the storm brewing in my head.

Where the hell does he get off summoning me to his house like I'm still the same little sister he used to boss around? I was clear last time: Apologize or fuck off. I don't see an apology anywhere in this message, so guess what? I'm not coming. And if King or Niko try to convince me otherwise, they're in for a rude awakening.

When King strolls into the room, leaning against the doorframe with an expectant expression. I shake my head before he even opens his mouth. "Nope. Not going."

"I don't think you have a choice, sweet girl," Niko chimes in, walking in behind him. He greets Zuri before heading into the kitchen.

I still can't believe I had sex with both King and Niko last night, even if Niko and I didn't go all the way—or should I say, King didn't let us. But maybe that was for the best. Last night was like a test run, a demo to see if I could handle both of them.

And let's be real, I handled it very well. Now that I've accepted the fact that I'm a cheating whore, I'm kinda itching for more. I mean, that's all this is, right? An escape until the boys kill my husband and set me free.

I fold my arms over my chest defiantly. "I don't want to see him. He

didn't even apologize to me, just summoned me like a damn dog. And he thinks I still want him to meet Zuri after what he said to me?"

Niko sighs, popping open an energy drink he grabbed from the fridge. He's dressed in a blue short-sleeved hoodie and black sweatpants. "I know, but Gray isn't someone you can really argue with," he replies calmly.

I can't help but watch as he downs half the can in one go, his throat moving with each gulp, making my mouth go dry.

God, these men have ruined my innocent mind forever.

When my gaze flickers back to King, his jaw clenches, and I catch jealousy flare in his eyes. Which doesn't make sense since he just had another man fuck my throat and eat me out last night.

But I ignore it.

"King, you can get me out of this, can't you?" I ask, batting my lashes at him.

"No, Kitten. When he called me, he didn't sound in the mood for a back-and-forth," he grumbles.

"I'm guessing married life isn't treating him well," I quip, trying to lighten the mood, since King was acting weird. "I'd be miserable if I were living with Christine too."

Niko snorts into his can, clearly amused.

"I'm disappointed in you guys, actually. I know I didn't know about her, but you did, and no one thought to tell him how horrible she is?"

"You know, Mason almost did it once, but I managed to stop him in time. He was very defensive and overprotective of her from the beginning," Niko says, taking another swig of his drink.

I hum thoughtfully. "I guess I can't blame him for that—I was the same way with Isaac," I admit, my voice softer now.

That's so fucking embarrassing now.

"Did you eat breakfast?" King suddenly asks, his amber eyes drilling into me.

"Uh—"

"No, she didn't. I offered several times to make her something, and she kept turning me down," Sebastian yells from somewhere in the living room.

I glare in that direction. "Thanks for ratting me out!"

I hear Sebastian's quiet chuckle.

When my eyes find their way back to King, his eyebrow is cocking in that demanding way that makes my thighs squeeze together. "Why not?" he asks gruffly.

I flash my phone at him, shrugging. "In my defense, this text kind of ruined my appetite."

He doesn't look convinced. "Eat something before we go."

My mouth falls open. "You're really going to drag me there?" I fire back.

A corner of his mouth lifts. "I'd prefer not to, kitten, but it seems like

you're more obedient when you're on your knees begging."

Heat blossoms across my cheeks.

Okay, I wasn't expecting that, but I really should have.

King walks past me and grabs a banana from the fruit bowl on the counter, shoving it into my hand. "Eat for me," he says, a subtle threat underlining the command.

I smirk, trying to maintain some control. "And what if I don't?"

He meets my gaze, unblinking. "Then, no one will be touching you tonight. I'll make sure he doesn't either. Brats don't get rewarded."

My face twists in contemplation. Can I really go without it for a full day?

No, no, I can't.

Already knowing the answer, I sigh and start peeling the banana. "Fine," I mutter, taking a bite, making eye contact with him. "But I still don't want to go."

He smiles, satisfied with my obedience, and leans in close, his voice a low whisper. "Be a good girl, get this visit over, and maybe I'll let Niko fuck you tonight."

His words send a bolt of heat through me, and I nearly choke on the banana.

Is he saying that I get to have both of them tonight? Fucking me back to back? Or...together? Either way, the idea has changed my mood entirely.

"Okay," I whisper, barely able to get the word out.

When he pulls away, his expression is guarded, but I can see a glimmer of emotion in his eyes—the ugly green monster that he hasn't done well at hiding since last night.

I'm confused. Doesn't he want me to want Niko too? He just offered him to me, after all.

King grabs an apple from the counter and walks out, leaving me to process everything. I look at Niko for some kind of explanation, and he just gives me a soft, knowing smile. "Don't mind him. He's just trying to get used to the idea of sharing you," he murmurs.

Oh.

The way he says it, it's clear they've talked about it without me. Sharing me like I'm some kind of toy they're figuring out how to pass back and forth without breaking.

Yeah, I don't know how I feel about that.

"Nee-koo," Zuri suddenly says, and both of us whip our heads around to look at her. She's reaching out towards him, demanding his attention.

My jaw drops to the floor. "You've got to be freaking kidding me!"

Niko's face lights up like Christmas morning. "Did...did she just say my name? Her first word?" he asks, incredulous.

Jealousy spikes in my chest, sharp and bitter. What the hell? Why couldn't her first word be *Mama*?

But instead of sulking, I laugh, shaking my head. "Nee-koo, your baby is calling you."

Niko beams as he lifts her from her high chair, hugging her to his chest. "Can you say Nee-koo again, princess?"

"Nee-koo," she repeats with a bubbly laugh.

"Yeah, I'm officially jealous," I grumble. "She literally just turned eight months, and her first word is your name."

He chuckles, clearly pleased with himself. "I'm sorry, sweet girl. I didn't mean to steal her first word from you."

But the grin plastered on his face says otherwise.

I roll my eyes, still smiling despite myself. "Whatever. Let's go get dressed. I guess I'm getting sucked into the Niko fan club too."



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