

## Chapter 29

### GANNON

For two days, I listen to his screams until they finally cut out. Liam, his face contorted with a mixture of disappointment and frustration, lets out a deep sigh and pouts, his words dripping with sadistic delight, “Pussy! I wanted to feed him his own bowels first.” His eyes narrow as he gazes down at Doyle’s limbless body.

“Perhaps you should have considered the consequences before you heartlessly ripped out his beating organ.” I point accusingly at Liam’s hand, still clutching Doyle’s lifeless heart. A flicker of realization crosses his face as he glances down at the heart in his hand.

“Oh, yeah, that would have done it,” he says, tossing it over his shoulder.

My skin itches from all the blood caked on it.

The thick, congealed substance clung to me like a grotesque second skin. Thick like gravy.

Surprisingly, he had endured far longer than I had anticipated. If it weren't for the blood bags Liam had procured, he would have perished long ago when we mercilessly severed his arms. As if possessed by a demented euphoria, Liam whistles gleefully at the sound of the bell ringing—a signal that someone has arrived.

“Ah, customers!” he exclaims with perverse excitement. “I’ve missed my true calling, I must admit. I reckon my steaks look pretty good. Wonder if they want to try my marinated Doyle steaks or the Doyle sausage,” Liam says, excitedly taking the tray he had been placing his were-steaks on.

He had taken his role as a butcher to an entirely new level. I couldn't help but chuckle at his twisted dedication as he snatches up the tray, rushing eagerly toward the front of the store.

Suddenly, a shrill scream pierces the air, followed by the jingling of bells as a frightened woman flees from the premises. Liam's disappointment is palpable as he calls out to her, his voice tinged with a hint of desperation, “But it's a delicacy! I marinated him myself for twelve agonizing hours!” Shaking my head at his deluded persistence, I peel off my blood-soaked rubber apron and hang it on the hook beside the freezer door.

Liam comes in with his tray in hand, looking rather upset that the woman, whoever she was, didn't want to try his Doyle steaks.

“Wasted all that time marinating those,” he says, tossing the tray on the counter. He washes his knives and places them in his satchel. Grabbing the soap, I scrub my hands clean when Liam growls. I peer over my shoulder to see him glaring down at Doyle’s lifeless form.

“Damn bastard, look what you did! You owe me a new apron. You better hope I can wash this out,” he snarls, taking off his apron. I raise an eyebrow at him. The man is absolutely bonkers.

“What? He got his filthy blood on it. Look at this,” he says, trying to clean his apron in cold water. “He turned it pink. I’ll just say it is salmon. I can pull off salmon, right?” Liam growls, scrubbing the apron that he has come to love.

“I’d like to see someone tell you that you can’t,” I laugh before staring at my jeans. Not even the apron could save them. I sigh, walking out through the shop to the car and retrieving the bag from the trunk. I always bring spare clothes. The town square is pretty quiet as I finally get outside. There are plenty of stares, but no one dares say anything. I am kind of waiting for them to break out in a dance, like a flash mob, with the way the noise has stopped abruptly, everyone frozen.

Shaking my head, I pop the trunk, grab a fresh shirt, and pull it on. Hearing the butcher’s shop bell jingle, I glance over my shoulder, and a scream rings out from an elderly lady sitting out the front of the bakery eating a scone under a blue and white umbrella.

Liam struts out naked, drenched from head to toe in blood. He shakes off some congealed blood that has plopped on his foot as he shakes his head. His apron is clutched in his hand, and he shakes it out.

“That is not coming in the car. Put it in the trunk,” I tell him.

“But how will it dry?” he whines.

“I gotta grab Logan and Oliver. The kids will freak if they see you like that,” I tell him when a shriek reaches my ears and a crowd forms around the old woman.

“Are you itchy?” Liam asks, scratching his balls. I snort, shaking my head when people rush over to the small bakery. Liam glances over there, and so do I, to see the old woman choking. Another woman pats her back frantically, and Liam sighs and shakes his head before stomping over to her.

He starts performing the Heimlich maneuver on her, which is a sight to see. Everyone scatters as he grabs her. His arms wrapping around her, his naked ass tensing as he performs the task. A piece of scone flies from her mouth, and she sucks in a breath before he lets her go. The woman collapses on the ground, and Liam clicks his tongue, sitting her up, his junk right in her face. She gasps, her eyes going wide when she realizes his dick is like an inch off her face. She looks up at him as if she’s going to faint.

Liam winks at her. “I’ve got something you can choke on, love,” he says, blowing her a kiss. She looks at him, appalled, his dick slapping her cheek as he turns to walk back to the car. I snort and shake my head as he leans into the trunk to retrieve some clothes.

He pulls on some shorts and a tank top before moving toward the passenger side, and I jump in the driver’s seat, starting the car. As I tear out of the town square, the engine revs loudly, headed for the orphanage. Liam lights a smoke, and I click my fingers at him before he growls, pulling the smoke out from between his lips, handing it to me, and lighting another. I draw back on the smoke while weaving through the streets to get the kids.

“So what do you intend to do with them, anyway? Since when did you become all fatherly?” Liam asks, and I shrug. I never gave much thought to kids until I met Abbie. Maybe I could keep them? I shake the idea away. Abbie might not want kids. I suppose we will see each other when I get her back.

“I’m not keeping them,” I tell him.

“So, why are we taking them?”

“Clarice,” I tell him.

“Ah, I see, a fine woman. Too bad she could never have kids. She would have been an excellent mother,” Liam says.

“Well, she is a mother. She practically raised Kyson and half the servant’s kids. Clarice will look after them, love them,” I tell him, and Liam nods.