



## Chapter 10

I twist a little under Christian's gaze at he stares at me, wordless. God – the intensity of it. I mean, I had just tried to make a little joke, but the way he's looking at me?

I mean, what on earth is he thinking?

"Master is clear, boss," Nico says, striding out of the main bedroom and heading for the kitchen almost precisely at the same time that Frankie does.

"Rest of the apartment too," Frankie adds, joining Nico as they start to dig through the fridge. I watch them, awkwardly wondering what the hell happens next.

I mean, do I just...sit here, in Christian's suit jacket, until they tell me I can go? And wait – when will that be?

"Do you want a bottle of water?" Christian asks, making me jump, and I turn my head up to him. He smirks at my surprise and leans down towards me, just an inch. "It's just a bottle of water, Iris. You don't have to look at me like I'm offering you a choice between life and death."

I instantly narrow my eyes at him, scowling, and he smirks like he always used to do. God, we did this a thousand times as a kid – Christian used to love to tease me. Not about anything mean, like other kids. And then I'd scowl, and he'd smirk – just like that.

"So?" he says, glancing at Nico and Frankie in the kitchen, "water?"

"Um, sure," I say, shrugging. "If...it's not too much trouble."

Christian shakes his head at me before calling to Nico to toss him a



bottle. It flies through the air a moment later and Christian catches it neatly with one hand before holding it out to me.

"You're not a burden, Iris," he murmurs, his voice rumbling. "You'll be comfortable here."

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves on that," Nico chimes in, his voice cold as he walks over. I sit up straight, my eyes moving to the black piece of plastic that's suddenly appeared in his hand. I know instantly that it's a metal detector – we use them at the club.

"Get that out of here, Nic –" Christian snaps, glaring at Nico. "It's not necessary –"

"The hell it isn't!" Nico protests, glaring hard right back at Christian. "I know that you've got some kind of white-knight deal going on with this girl, Chris, but we are not breaking protocol just because –"

"Where would she even hide anything," Frankie interrupts, coming to stand next to Nico and taking a swig out of his own water bottle. "Come on, Nic, you hauled her out of the club with nothing but two fistfuls of cash and a bikini – there's nothing going on –"

"This newest generation of covert listening devices are tiny!" Nico insists, looking between Christian and Frankie as I blush, embarrassed and a little angry to be talked about like I'm not there. "She could be hiding anything –"

"Go for it." I snap, standing up suddenly and dropping the bottle of water on the couch before letting Christian's blazer slide from my arms. I drape it over the back of the couch before slowly turning back to Nico and brushing my long hair back over my shoulders, deliberately moving slow and sexy like I do when I'm dancing, trying to make him uncomfortable.


"I've got nothing hide."

I stand then with my hands on my waist, glaring at the three of them, because they kidnapped me and I didn't do anything wrong. So I'm sure as hell not going to sit around and let them debate whether I'm some kind of mafia spy.

"Thanks, Bambi, you're a real peach," Nico says, his voice dry as he takes a step forward, deliberately not looking at my nearly naked body. But Christian just smacks a hand against Nico's chest, stopping him in his tracks.

"I'll do this," he snarls. "If you insist on being ridiculous."

Nico readily offers the wand. "Be my guest."

Christian clenches his jaw as he takes the wand before stepping close to me. I hold my arms out to the side like I've done before at the airport. "Will this do?" I ask, my voice overly sweet, my eyes locked with Nico's. "Because I know other positions too." 

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