

Chapter 5

Chapter 5

Only one person ever called me princess and he was the only one who cared about me, that was all it took for the water works to join this very fun party.

"Shit." I heard him whisper as I cry into my palms.

I was just so overwhelmed with all that's going on that I just could not hold back the tears.

"I fucking hate when women cry." Abruptly I felt strong arms around my waist pulling my head down to rest on wall of muscles, a comfortable wall of muscles might I add. "Hush Bonita, believe me that my intention was not to make you cry."

"Let go." I push him away from me, then immediately miss the warmth his body had to offer. Discreetly I pinch myself to snap out of these stupid thoughts, nothing is warm or comforting about a Murderer.

He stared at me confuse, "I didn't mean to—"

"When have you ever done something that you actually meant to do brother?" Says a new voice.

Two of the bodyguards who were blocking the path moved away for the new person to take the seat that the murderer sitting next to me occupied a minute ago.

It was the guy I assume is his brother who dined with him at

the diner.

"Micah I told you to stay in the car."

"When was the last time I ever listened to what you had to say? I don't work for you." Was his confident reply.

Ace was about two inches taller than him, they shared similar features. This Micah guy wore a grey hoodie, blue jeans and was just as handsome.

His grey eyes study me.

"I see why this fucker likes you, you're gorgeous," He said.

"I'm Micah Ambrose. Sorry I didn't introduce myself earlier I was too occupied—"

"You can't come between him and food," Ace says cutting him off.

"I know my brother can be a prick in the ass, but I also know he didn't mean to do whatever he did to make you cry," Micah says ignoring his brother.

Instead of answering him I stared at him like the idiot I am. The older Ambrose clear his throat.

"I'm Joeniya," I finally decide to say.

Micah share a look with his brother before his grey eyes met my blue ones. "I see, well Joeniya do you have any friends?"

Why is that even relevant? When he realize I wasn't going to give him an answer he continued, "There's a saying that say you should keep friends in high places, we are the kind of

friends you need Joeniya even if you think otherwise. I know you saw my idiot brother kill a man, but trust me Joeniya, he had a reason for it. Just give us a chance, I'll let you think about it."

Micah got up from his seat and looks at his brother who continues to stare at me, he slap him in the back of the head, "Shit face?!"

"O- you stupid piece of shit why did you do that?" Ace stood abruptly to argue with his brother. 1

A small smile grew on my face as I watch them glare at each other as if they were ready to go at it like Seth Rollins and Dean Ambrose. "Give her the damn key."

As if a light switch was turned on in Ace's head he turn towards me, his facial expression soften. He close the distance between us and reach into his back pocket, retrieving a small gold key. Taking my right hand he place the key in my palm then lean down placing a kiss on the back of my hand. The small gesture make my heart palpitates.

He taps a piece of paper that was on the table, written on it was an address. "I won't stop until I gain your trust, Bonita."

Completely speechless that's how I felt as his beautiful grey eyes stared into mine.

"Give her some breathing space now, brother," Micah says pulling me from the small world that scares me a bit as well as bring me some sort of peace.

"I'll be seeing you soon." He says before following after his brother who had given me a small wave before leaving.

I look around the room that I stood in. This was unbelievable. It was a luxury apartment, one that I could only dream of living in. The address that Ace had given me led me here. Apartment 46, located in Bullard, the best community here. The apartment was right across from my college. How did he even know? Was it a coincidence or had he been stalking me?

Everything looked expensive from the marble countertops to the hardwood floors. There was a king-size bed in the bedroom, a closet filled with female clothes and shoes. The restroom across from the bedroom was stock with toiletries and even the medicine cabinet was filled. In the kitchen, the cabinets were filled with all kinds of food and also the refrigerator.

I pause wondering what all of this was. There was only the address written on the paper and even though he placed the key in my hand, I still found it hard to believe that all of this was mine.

Why would he do this? Was it a bribe for me to keep my mouth shut and not mention to anyone that I saw him put a bullet through the head of the Mafia. Who was this man anyway?

My thoughts were distracted by a vibrating sound. I search for the source until I saw a sliver phone vibrating on the kitchen island. How did I miss that? I thought as I walk over to it.

I wasn't sure if I should roll my eyes or smile when I noticed who the caller was.

"Do you like your apartment, Bonita?" Ace ask as soon as I answer the phone.

"Why are you doing this?"

"You need a place to stay and I have multiple unoccupied apartments. I couldn't just let a beautiful young lady like yourself sleep on the street. Who knows how many heads I would have to put a bullet through if someone ever harm you while you're alone in the cold."

He would do that for me? Who does this man think he is?

"Why are you being kind to me? Is this a bribe to keep my mouth shut? If so Mister then you're wasting your time and money on me. I'm already terrified that I witness you kill the most powerful man not only here, but in many other countries. I don't want his men coming for me or something —"

"Calm down Joeniya," Ace says cutting me off. "I did all of this because you deserve it, there's no need to worry about anyone coming after you. The man was my father."