

Chapter 6 Dude This Isnt

“You kill?” Mark asks surprised.

She chuckles. “You know that murder scene. The one off of eighth and leafwood.”

“You mean the bloody massacre that took out the whole coasts main drug dealers?”

“Yup that one.” She looks up at me. And I know she’s not about to say what I think she’s going to say. “That was me.” And every bloody eyeball in the room is on her. “I was the one that whipped them out. I don’t regret it either. Farress their leader was a rapist. I took my time with him.”

“Took your time! I heard he was missing his..” Ethan starts.

“His dick. Yeah I shot it off with a shotgun.” Her eyes still haven’t left me. Probably because she wants to know how I feel about how badly she’s broken. How much this world doesn’t bother her. How much she’s actually done and how bloody she’s gotten. She said she was broken. But that scene. Hell it was exactly how it was said. A bloody massacre. Heads were cut off. Body parts scattered. Most of the walls were painted in blood. We always wondered who did it. But god I never thought. Never imagined it to be someone. Hell... like her. From first glance she doesn’t look it, she looks like any normal girl. But there’s a dark side to her one only a few have probably ever seen. The ones she’s killed, the ones who made her this way. And the four of us standing in this room.

“Holy hell Reyna.” Grants mutters.

“Yeah. Well I’ve been doing this for a long time. I told Mason I want in. On this. That’s why he brought me.”

They all turned to look at me. “Dude this isn’t...” Ethan starts.

“I swear to god if you say this isn’t a place for a woman I swear I’ll show just how womanly I can be.” I couldn’t help the smirk that formed. She was going to be a force to be reckoned with. Even Grant was holding back a laughter. Ethan looked shocked and Mark well he looked like he approved.

“She’s in this. So whether you guys approve or not. My wife’s wants in. My wife’s in.”

I watch as she smiles at me. That made her happy. Well at least I’ve won some points there. I’m not quite sure how to do relationships. I’ve never been in one. I’ve only had a woman to satisfy whatever need I had and left. Never brought woman to my house. Never done dates. Sex and that’s it.

So this new for me and I have no idea how to do it. And now that I’m married I’m realizing one thing. If I have a need to satisfy she’s going to have to be the one to do so. I’m not the cheating type. Not that I’ve ever had to relationship to test that with. But unless she doesn’t want that part of our relationship she’s going to have to do her wifey duty! One that might have to happen soon because the woman has turned me on.

“Let’s go.” And I watch as she pulls herself off the back wall and walks towards me. Her hips swaying in her all black dress. Maybe that’s why she wore black. The color hides blood well. I can see a bit that’s still wet under the light but from first glance you’d never know. I would bet money that most of her clothes are black. And the fact that she killed a man and tortured this guy here, in a dress and heels is sexy as fuck.

She walks past me and we head up the stairs. The boys can deal with the mess... me. I need my new wife to do something more important for me. Fix this hard on I have in my pants.

I drive us home quickly and I can tell she already knows what I have in mind because I watched as she glanced down at my pants and bites her lip. That one move almost made me pull the car over and pull her over my lap. But I strain myself to get to the house as I push down in the gas pedal a bit more.