

## Chapter 72

[Vivienne]

I don't know what to say.

I mean, what are the chances that the moment I decide to step out of my country, I end up bumping into one of the rarest and most elusive men I know?

"Ms. Sinclair," he says, his handsome face splitting into a charming grin. "Fancy seeing you here."

I want to roll my eyes, but I'm too stunned to even do that. "I could say the same. What are you doing here?"

The last time we met, he came to rescue me and Marcus from those crazy couple who wanted to sell off my eyes to some rich fella. I still remember the look on Marcus's face when I told him the man who saved us was Alexander Bane. Later, when I told Rosita about it, we both laughed for hours.

Alexander drops his dark eyes to the space between us, and for the first time, we both notice how close we are. While he seems neither surprised nor awkward, I can't say the same for myself. Heat rushes to my face in waves until he finally steps back, running a hand through his dark hair.

He chuckles, and it sounds so deep and so right that something flutters deep in my stomach. "Business, of course."

I nod. Of course. That makes all the sense in the world.

"Right. So, what's the rush? You slipped into the elevator like it was the

last one you were going to catch. Everything alright?"

Despite being stuck in a cramped elevator, he casually looks over his shoulder, then brushes off some imaginary dust from his suit. "Oh, that? Nothing serious, just running late for something."

"Must be really important."

"What?" he asks, like he has no clue what I'm talking about. And from the look on his face, it's clear he doesn't. Are men really this clueless?

"The place you're rushing to. I said, it must be really important."

"Yes," he says without missing a beat. "Very important. And very safe."

I frown, but before I can ask what the hell he means, the elevator doors slide open, and my eyes lock onto two men in suits standing outside. They don't look like much trouble — except for the fact that they're holding guns and pointing them right at us.

My eyes go wide, and a scream gets stuck in my throat.

Alexander catches the look on my face, but he doesn't need an explanation. He spins around, pulls out something from behind him, and starts blasting away.

The men don't even get a chance to react; they're down before I can process what the hell just happened.

My heart's pounding, and I'm frozen in place, staring at the blood pooling around their bodies.

"What the fuck, Alexander?" I finally manage to choke out, my voice trembling as I glare up at him, still trying to wrap my head around



everything.

He glances over his shoulder casually, raising his hands in what seems like a calming gesture. "Let's just calm down, alright? There is a very good explanation..."

But I don't realize it's meant to calm me until it's too late. The moment his gun isn't aimed at my face, I take off.

Or at least I try to.

But something grabs me by the back of my neck and yanks me back.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he whispers into my ear, but I'm too scared to tell him to fuck himself and leave me alone.

Just then, two more men burst through the doors to the staircase, guns in hand.

I'm pulled backwards until I'm back inside the elevator, my back pressed against the cold glass wall. Alexander stands in front of me, blocking my view completely, and once again, he starts shooting.

Alexander doesn't hesitate, firing off rounds like he's done this a thousand times.

All I can do is press myself harder against the cold glass, praying that somehow this nightmare will end.

The men barely have a chance to react before they're on the floor, just like the first two. Blood splatters across the elevator and the walls, and the metallic scent hits me like a punch to the gut.

Alexander lowers his gun, breathing heavily, and finally turns to look at

me. His expression is calm—almost too calm for someone who just gunned down four men without breaking a sweat.

“Ms. Sinclair,” he says, his voice steady, the corner of his mouth tipping up in a small, self-satisfied grin. “I apologize that you had to see this.”

My eyes widen again when another man in a suit slowly steps past the bodies on the floor, gun in hand.

But before I can warn Alexander, he probably catches the man’s reflection in the mirror. Without even turning around, he aims and shoots him right between the eyes.

And as if killing five men in less than five minutes is no big deal, he turns his face around once more.

“Ms. Sinclair,” he says, extending a hand to me like a goddamn gentleman, “I suggest we take the stairs. The elevator seems a bit... occupied.”

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