

## Chapter 73

[Vivienne]

I stare at his outstretched hand like it's some sick joke.

The floor is littered with bodies, blood spreading out in thick, dark pools, and he's acting like we're just heading out for a casual stroll.

I frown, not liking this one bit. "Are you serious? No! I'm not going anywhere with you. You just... you just..." I can't even say it, and now that the words are in my mouth, I realize how dangerous this situation is—how dangerous this man is.

He just killed five men right in front of me.

Shit. Is he going to kill me now too? Am I a liability he wants to take care of?

Fuck!

"Look," I try a much softer tone this time. "This doesn't have to be this way. I swear, I won't say a peep about this. You don't have to..."

He cuts me off, tipping his head to the side. "I don't have to what?"

I swallow hard, my heart racing as I try to piece together a coherent thought. "You know...like... you don't have to kill me, right? I'm not exactly in the mood to die right now. I just wanted a nice fucking vacation, that's all. I just—"

The look he gives me, makes me pause, and feel like a slight fool.

"Kill you?" he chuckles. "My dear, I assure you, that was never on my

agenda,” then he takes a step closer and I’m stuck between him and the wall. He puts a hand over my head and leans in so close that his breath is warm on my lips. “Unless you want me to.”

My eyebrows shoot up into my forehead. “Wh—What?”

“Do you want me to kill you?” he smirks, his lips close to my ear. “Or do you want me to help you and save you and take you somewhere...well, let’s just say, safer?”

I blink. “What—?”

He takes my chin and lifts it. “Think very carefully, Ms Sinclair. I could let you go and leave you alone here. But there’s just one little problem. This hotel has cameras everywhere, and you know who they’re going to look for once the bodies are found?”

I bite the inside of my cheek, a lump forming in my throat. “Me?”

“Exactly!”

“But why me? I didn’t even do anything. It was all you.”

“Doesn’t matter, because they won’t care. Do you want to risk your life on that assumption, or come with me while we wait for this mess to cool down?”

I don’t know what to say. Should I say yes? Or no? Or nothing?

God, why does this have to be so damn hard?

“It’s a simple yes or no, darling. No brainer, in my opinion,” he says, then glances to the right, his ears practically perking up. “And you might want to decide quickly, because we’re about to have more company.”

I end up nodding if only to avoid more gunfire. I don't think I can ever get used to the sound of guns, or people tumbling to the floor, or watching the blood jet out of them.

"Wonderful," he smiles, satisfied, his dark eyes glinting with a hint of satisfaction. "I was hoping you'd say that."

He takes my hand in his and starts walking already.

"But what about my friend? She's waiting for me downstairs. What am I supposed to tell her?"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean, 'nothing'? I can't just leave her alone. She'll worry."

"Well, if I were in your place, I'd be the one worrying about her."

I frown. "What do you mean?"

He chuckles, finally leading me through the doors that lead to the stairs. He pauses before deciding to go up. "Do you know why I entered the elevator alone?"

I try to follow him without tripping over my own feet. "No?"

He chuckles again, shaking his head. "They killed all my guys."

I freeze at his words, my stomach doing somersaults. "They... killed all your guys?" My mind feels scrambled. "Why? When? Where?"

He laughs, never forgetting to tug me along with him. "Right before I got into the elevator."



It feels like the floor drops out from under me. “Right before you got into the elevator? What the hell does that even mean?” Panic starts to creep in. “Does that mean... does that mean Ro is in trouble too? Shit. Why didn’t you tell me sooner? I need to find my friend. Oh, God, she must be scared out of her mind.”

He doesn’t even break stride, just keeps pulling me along up the stairs. “I’m afraid your friend might already be in a bit of a... predicament.”

“A predicament? What the hell? If anything happens to her, I swear—”

He stops so suddenly I nearly crash into him. His grip on my wrist tightens just enough to make me wince, and he turns to look at me with that infuriatingly calm expression. “You’re not in a position to swear anything, darling. Right now, you’re coming with me, and you’ll do exactly as I say if you want any chance of seeing your friend again. Understood?”

I glare at him, but I can tell by the look in his eyes that he isn’t kidding around.

So, I nod.

“Good girl,” he says, and then moves his hand to tuck a strand of hair behind my ear.

I can’t tell whether the gesture is meant to be comforting or threatening, but it still sends a shiver down my spine.

“Now, let’s get out of here, shall we?”