

Fallout

"I'm going to kill your f*****g sister," Cruz hissed into the phone he held to his ear.

Odin's voice was quiet for a half beat before he responded, "half-sister and what the f**k did she do?"

"Assaulted me in a f*****g restaurant, accused me of abandoning her at an abortion clinic, beating her up, breaking her arm which all ultimately scared my f*****g date off. This was a fty-million-dollar deal with my date's father and your b***h of a sister f****d it up!" He kicked the tire of his car and growled furiously wanting to punch the f**k out of something. Considering the way many of the patrons were watching, he didn't dare.

"Well, you did break her arm," Odin chuckled.

"It was an accident."

"My Dad still thinks you were trying to kill her. I mean I don't like the brat but bumping her off seemed excessive even to me."

"Would you f*****g focus?" he nearly screamed at his childhood best friend. He and Odin were not as close as they once were. He'd moved away more than seven years ago and while the rst couple of years he'd made multiple trips back he hadn't been back to Vancouver for more than three years now. Odin came to visit in Toronto three times in the last three years and all three times Cruz was sad to admit he was glad when his buddy left because he was all over the place. It seemed the man's lack of focus was still a problem and he snarked angrily, "Presley f****d me over and it's costing my company fty million f*****g dollars. I want her address, and I want it now. She and I are going to have a chat about boundaries."

"I actually don't have it."

"You don't have your sister's address?"

"Nope."

"Phone number. Get it to me and I'll have my IT department do a backtrace on it."

"I don't have it either."

"How do you not have her phone number, Odin? She's your sister."

"Half-sister and we don't talk. Ever. Once a month I'm forced to attend a brunch with Dad, his w***e, and offspring, but I don't have Presley in my phone, on my socials or anything. I couldn't even tell you where she works."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. Screw that. I put up with Dad on court-ordered weekend visits and I played nice to him when I needed him to pay for college, but I don't f**k with Presley or her slut of a mother. They aren't my family. The only reason I go to Dad's now is my grandfather was a bastard, and he put it in his will Dad only pays the monthly stipend of my trust fund so long as I do one meal a month with the three of them. But Presley is not my sister, and I'll never acknowledge her as such."

"She kind of is. You share DNA."

"f**k that."

They were getting off topic and Cruz inhaled sharply. "I want her head on a pike."

"I'd help you man, but I don't think after twenty-six years of not wanting any of her details, me calling my father to suddenly ask for my half-sister's phone number is going to go unchecked. She's friends with Anderson's kid sister, Sloane. Maybe he knows how to get in touch with her."

"f**k," he gave an impatient scream. "I'm going to kill her."

"Sir?" a trio of uniformed ocers approached him but only one was speaking. "We had a report of a disturbance."

"This is not happening," he grunted as he hissed into the phone, "I'll call you back." He looked at the cops, "can I help you?" He would happily go to jail for murder if ever got his hands on Presley.

"We had a complaint of a large man who might be under the inuence of medications."

"Roid rage," one of the cops said nervously with his hand on his weapon.

Was that a taser?

"I am not suffering roid rage."

"We need to see some identication. Were you drinking tonight sir?"

"No. Yes. I had a few sips from a glass of wine, but it and a second glass of wine was thrown at me in the restaurant."

"By your date?"

"No, it was his girlfriend," a person lming the scene on their phone spoke up as they kept their body close to their own vehicle. "She caught him in there with his date. He ditched his girlfriend at an abortion clinic this morning to date another girl."

He closed his eyes and tried counting to ten. "She is not my girlfriend. She was my best friend's kid sister who was f*****g me over," his voice raised on the last few words. He reached for his wallet from the inside of his jacket and three guns were drawn at him. "I'm reaching for my wallet for the identication you just asked for."

"Slowly."

His mind was reeling. "How was it I was assaulted and accosted in the restaurant and the b***h you did this," he waved to his shirt, "is gone and I'm the one being interrogated by the police?" He passed his entire wallet to the rst ocer who backed up quickly from him.

"Cruz Henry Hawley." The ocer held his driver's license up under the streetlight and then ried through the wallet.

He wanted to protest the violation of his privacy as the man was clearly looking for something. He huffed impatiently when he pulled out a business card, a condom, and a photograph of his mother.

"No drugs. We'd like to search your car."

"Not happening without a warrant."

"We can arrest you for causing a disturbance."

"Do it then. I'll be out before midnight and the three of you will be on desk duty until you retire because my lawyers will be reaming your chief up the ass so hard with a lawsuit, he'll be unable to s**t without medical assistance." He folded his arms over his thick chest, "and before you get mouthy, maybe one of you should run a search on my name."

The man who was recording him held his phone out and then leaned forward, "uh, it says here he is the second wealthiest person in Canada and his father is the rst. He played for Team Canada's Rugby team in the Olympics. I bet it's why he has steroid problems."

"I would have been banned from playing if I was using, dipshit," he snarled at the bystander. "My father owns Hawley Telecom. The fuckwad over there recording me is probably using the data he pays my father to use, to violate my privacy and livestream me being unlawfully detained."

"Did you win any medals?" One of the cops asked.

"No."

"Was it an honor just to be there?" the cop holding his wallet snort laughed.

"f**k you, ocer." He was beyond caring now. "Are you arresting me or am I free to go?"

"Where is the girl?"

"What girl?"

"The complaint said you left a girl in the restaurant, but you chased another one. Someone said she was seen being shoved into a car. Did you have her taken away? Billionaires like you can do s**t like that, right?"

"I did not take her away. She is my best friend's kid sister, and she thought she was f*****g funny and playing a prank by ruining my date."

"Do you have anyone who can prove this? Do you have her number so we can ask her?"

"Her name is Presley Brookmore. I don't have her number. Maybe you can get it for me so I can have my lawyers call her and discuss how I'm going to press charges for assault."

"You're wanting to press charges against a woman who was reported to be roughly ve foot four and weighing a hundred and ten pounds." The cop looked over his six-foot four frame with a c****d eyebrow. "Really?"

"Can I go?"

"Not until we verify your story. We want you to come back to the cruiser and wait until we can get in touch with her and conrm she's not injured, and you didn't kidnap her."

"How the hell would I have kidnapped her? Do you hear yourself? I was in the restaurant. She surprised me. How would I have arranged to kidnap her if I didn't even know she was coming!"

"Don't you super rich people always have security guards around?"

He gritted his teeth so hard he was sure one of his molars was cracking under the pressure. "I was on a date and I'm in a part of the city where most people don't know who I am because I haven't been here in years. I can also take care of myself."

Suddenly his phone rang, and he looked at it. An unknown number. "Can I answer this?"

The cop waved at him.

"Hello?"

"Oh my god you're being livestreamed!" the echoes of laughter lled the air.

"I swear, Ladybird, I'm going to paint your ass red." His st clenched the phone tight enough the screen should have busted.

"Ooh, promises, promises. I can make this all go away but I want something from you."

"What?"

"I want to use you as a cover for my latest book."

"Excuse me? What book?" Since when did Presley Brookmore write books?

"I write works of ction, Cruz. This particular story is about a detective who is chasing a criminal. Agree to be on the cover of my book and I'll talk to the ocer."

"Fine."

"No. Look at the person who is livestreaming you and say it directly. I'm recording it so I'll make a hell of a scene if you deny me later."

"Fine. Presley Brookmore, you can use a photo of me as your book cover."

"Thank you. Give the phone to the cop."

"Here, it's Presley, she wants to talk to you."

He thought he was going to pull his hair out of his head when the cop put it on speaker.

"Hello, ocer, my name is Presley Brookmore. Cruz Hawley is my older brother's best friend and we've been having an illicit and incredibly s****l affair for years. He's been denying it because well, he's seven years older than me and I was barely legal when we started sleeping together and my father would be pissed if he knew. We really get into role play. I mean really into it. Tonight, our scene was him being on a date and me interrupting the date, but I got a bit carried away because she was so much prettier than I was expecting, and I felt threatened a bit by her. I was only supposed to throw one glass of wine, and I threw two and ran off instead of waiting for him so he's probably really on a tear because he's so horny for me. I bet if you look at his package it's straining on his zipper. I swear its completely consensual role-play. Can you let him go now? I'm home waiting for him so he can punish me accordingly."

His mouth fell open as her little speech drew to a close. She'd turned her voice into a s*x kitten's playful tone and his d**k twitched with it. He mentally berated his c**k for even considering the red headed terror but then she spoke again.

"Cruz, baby, I'm here waiting for you to spank me. I'm all dressed up in my leather harness and I just need you to tie me up, big boy. Please hurry home."

She hung up the call while the cop fumbled the phone.

"Uh, sir, sorry. Um. Maybe next time take your role playing to a less conspicuous location," the cop gave him back the phone and wallet and he and his counterparts slowly backed away.

"f**k off," he almost hissed at the man for buying her bullshit story but the truth he'd said was ignored. He didn't care, he decided and simply wanted to go home.

He slipped into his car, his chest heaving but it wasn't only rage he was feeling as he recalled Presley's tone. He looked down at his c**k and growled, "you can f**k off too."