

Claimed by the Sicilian Mafia

Claimed #Chapter 21 – 30

Read Claimed Chapter 21

CHAPTER 21

CHRISTIAN 'VICIOUS' VOLKOV.

'I was four years old, I think.'

'I fell in love with him because he was the first guy to show me love.'

Her words were so distant I thought I was having a nightmare and she was trying to keep me awake.

I am not having a nightmare though.

I am not completely sure how we ended up in this situation but here we are.

Here we are after she disobeyed orders, walked out of this place, followed me and shot me in the neck.

Being alive doesn't surprise me at the moment.

Like I said, I've given in when it comes to death only for it to leave me behind in this wretched world.

What surprises me this morning?

Her.

All of her on me. Too close for my liking. Too in my face to push her off.

Pain stings my body from all the joints. What pains me more?

Her hand wrapped around my length without a clue in the world.

I'm hard. Not morning wood but harder than I've been in my life.

Her blonde hair splays all over my chest, the top of her head touches my chin and the rest of everything is worse.

Our legs are tangled in a meshwork of a lookalike web.

Her tiny hands. Jesus Christ, her tiny hands are wrapped around my torso in a firm grip.

What has me stop breathing for a minute?

Her pussy.

Soft, lush, hugging my leg, gripping me in between her legs with innocence and not a care that a man like me could do the unthinkable in this situation.

Her scent fills my nostrils.

All I breathe is her.

All I see is her.

All I want? All I want is my little nurse with me like this on a freaking bed teaching her a few manners with my—.

“Damn it”, I groan.

She shot me and all I can think about is her in bed with me.

The bullet might have short-circuited my brain but I’m not sticking around long enough to let her get inside of my head.

I need to keep away.

Keep away from her mess, her beauty, her sassiness, that dirty mouth and everything that encompasses Alexia Green.

I give myself a few minutes to let her scent wash off of me but the few minutes are eaten by the sound of the knocking from the door.

“Demetri”, I mutter.

It was only a matter of time before he showed up. After all, we killed his men.

Taking her tiny hands from my waist, I try to pull them away from me but the brat not only squeezes my dick but my waist too.

“Alexia.”

Wake the fuck up.

She snores.

Her lips land on my chin.

Gently, the one thing I've never been, I take her small frame from me.

It takes a whole five minutes to get myself together.

Another five minutes not to want to jump back on that couch and have the best sleep I've had in my shitty life.

"You owe me eight men, Volkov."

Demetri speaks to me in Russian.

"Two of them worked for Keaton", I close the door behind me, the Russian fucker smirks at me like we are not rivals.

"You owe me six men then."

"You here to get payback for the mess at the party?"

"I'm here to know why you have a goddamn cabin on my property and I'm learning about it now and why you sent your woman to distract me."

She's not my woman.

I chuckle, "You're not as stupid as I thought, Sokolov."

"I'm stupid with a gun, trust me. And right now my gun's itching to be let out and finish you where you stand. Let's try this again, shall we?"

"You arranged a conclave. Sent for every leader in the States and Europe to meet you. Why would the Bratva do that?"

"You thought I wanted to leave everyone dead? I'm unhinged but that sounds cowardly. I deal with enemies the way I deal with women, fast and direct."

If I wanted you dead, you would know. But it seems Dante Keaton wanted all of us dead huh? He blames the massacre at my house at you. The bastard's already yapping that the Costa Nostra heir wanted every mafia head dead."

Of course he is.

"Killing you would make me sleep like a baby at night but I wouldn't need to resort to cheap antics to do that."

"I thought so too. Everyone thinks so too which is why Dante remains a problem."

"Why did you want all of us in Russia?"

"To strike a deal."

"What type of deal?"

"It doesn't matter. With what Dante Keaton pulled, everything is as good as dead. Which is why we want you taking over Chicago."

I'm already in charge of Chicago, Dante Keaton has only ever been a loser thinking he runs the city when the truth of the matter is; I do.

I don't give my answer.

The door creaks open.

Five feet of sunshine blonde hair comes into sight.

Her pretty blue eyes land on both of us.

My eyes are on that pretty face of hers that's too damn distracting and at the creamy thighs peeking from her shirt.

I get to see that.

I get to see those thighs.

You slept on my arms naked for God's sake, those thighs are mine.

Mine. Mine. Mine.

Demetri snickers. I can see his eyes peruse her like she is his next meal and I want to rip said eyes out of his skull myself.

She's not mine.

Get your act together. She. Is. Not. Yours.

“The woman is awake”, the bastard next to me says with the worst English I’ve heard in a while.

I don’t return eye contact, I barely want to acknowledge her.

“Go back inside.”

Demetri is not going to look at those thighs while I stand here whether she’s mine or not.

But this woman?

This woman has a knack of surprising me every damn time.

Why?

Demetri demands to speak to her.

And they speak alright. Like they are lost lovers reuniting in the snow and discovering the moon is not made of cheese but rocks.

I’m seeing bright red stars by the time Demetri leaves and she returns to me.

“What did he want?”

“He wanted me to work for him.”

She lies.

That’s the thing about being close to people all your life. You see through their bullshit straight away.

And this one is just like any other average person I’ve encountered.

A bad liar.

Untrustworthy.

Not worth my time if she’s working for Demetri hard enough to lie to me.

Does she find him good looking? Is that the reason why she is lying?

Is he better than me? What did he promise her? Money?

Does money get your loyalty, Alexia?

I don't ask that. I play daft.

"What did you say?"

"I said no."

"Good because you are not leaving until you repay every damn cent your ex owes me."

I don't speak or look her way when we get to the jeep.

I only stare intensely at her when we get back to my mansion in Moscow and she practically flees the car to get to her daughter.

"Mommy's home. I missed you too, baby. So much. Has Millie been a good girl for me while I was gone?"

"She cried for a few hours but our buddy Max here had her calm. Isn't it Maxie?" Jagger wiggles his brows.

"Call me Maxie one more time and your balls will be grilled in a skillet."

Alexia bites her bottom lip holding back from lashing at the language being tossed around near her child.

"Don't cuss", I warn Maximo.

"You got shot. By her", he mutters loud enough for me to hear but not loud enough for the rest to listen in.

"Wipe that smirk off your face because it was a cheap shot. Didn't see it coming."

Didn't catch her scent or hear her coming either.

"The Volkov I know sees cheap shots coming. The Volkov I know doesn't get shot."

"I was as surprised as you are too."

"I'm surprised she's breathing and Demetri let her live in the first place."

Demetri didn't kill her because she's secretly working for him.

Why? How? I'll find out.

Soon enough.

“Thank you, Jett, Jagger, for taking care of her”, she turns to us, her eyes at Maximo, “I know it wasn’t easy taking care of her but thank you too.”

Maximo pulls up a grin, “It was my pleasure, Nurse. Always my pleasure.”

What?

He doesn’t even like kids.

He hates them almost as much as I hate Jett’s stupid hair.

Little Nurse doesn’t look my way and I know I’m ignoring her but her ignoring my presence chews me raw.

“If you’ll excuse me gentlemen, my baby and I—.”

“Alexia”, I cut her off.

She stills.

She looks at the smiling baby but not at me.

“Take a shower, pack your clothes, I’ll stay with the baby.”

Millie is her kryptonite because Little Nurse’s worried blue eyes land on me.

“I have to feed her, she’s probably hungry.”

“You are in need of a shower, the baby will wait. In my arms.”

“Vicious I—.”

“Take the damn shower. Your child will be waiting for you when you are done. We’ll be heading home.”

She hesitates.

But she walks up to me, handing me her baby.

Then her feet stomp upstairs and I don’t know what’s worse?

The fact that I don’t want her to take my scent off of her body in that shower.

The fact that I want to join her in that shower.

Or the fact that I know all her features by heart.

Those boobs, heavy, full, supple.

That back. Ramrod straight. Could easily fit in my hands.

That hair; silky and long and fragrant.

Those legs. Creamy, toned, pretty.

"I want surveillance on the clubs, Dante might try something to ruin us because I'm not dead."

"I'm taking that's your way of telling us to leave?" Maximo asks.

Millie holds my thumb, smiling.

"Yes. Now."

My men leave without a word but I don't miss the look on Maximo's face.

'Go easy on the Nurse.'

I'm planning on nothing but easy after this Russia fiasco.

Everyone's gone.

I'm standing in my living room with a kid so fucking cute it's almost impossible to want to give her up.

"Believe it or not, I kept her safe for you kid. You need a mother to breastfeed you till you are big enough to feed yourself.

Your mother and father are cut from the same cloth, Millie. One is a coward who's a dead man when I catch him and the other one? Your madre is a traitor, kid.

I show her kindness and she switches her loyalty to Demetri. I couldn't blame her though I've been bad at being good since I was old enough to hold a knife.

The masks are off, Millie. I wouldn't be a Vitello if I showed your mother mercy."

Chapter 22

Chapter 22

ALEXIA GREEN.

Russia feels like a distant nightmare by now.

Why?

Christian Volkov hasn't stepped into the house

since I saw him last at the airport.

Since he kissed Millie on the forehead, smiled,

ordered his men to get me home and hopped in a black vehicle, disappearing.

The only signs I have that he is alive and well is...

"You can't keep doing this. I know it's your job but this is getting out of hand. You've barely had time to rest for weeks", Juana complains feeding Millie her bottle of milk.

I wipe the hair from my daughter's forehead.

As long **as** my baby is safe, everything else is

okay.

"I'll rest later. I'm fine, Juana. Really, I'm fine."

"Being pale and stitching men twenty four seven does not look fine to me. You are pale and thin and the idiot doesn't seem to care while he runs

his businesses God knows where."

"Juana-" I start to warn her.

Chapter 23

ALEXIA GREEN.

Caught between headlights, not sure whether to run or stay still, my throat runs dry.

The woman bent over the desk wiggles trying to make out who Christian is referring to as 'Little Nurse'

Like an enigma, a force to reckon with, a man who couldn't care less if anyone walked in and saw the whole situation, Christian stands up from

his seat

He takes his little precious time buttoning his jacker

But when he turns around?

I'm almost whooshed out of breath.

Fiery golden eyes graze me inch by inch.

His entire body towers over me even though the distance between us is too big of a chasm to make me affected.

Run Alexia.

Run.

Run.

Run

Chapter 23

"You try to run and I'll hunt you down, Little Nurse. Do you understand the concept of hunting?"

"Yes", I breathe with a swallow not sure if he hears
me at all.

"Not the kind of hunting I do, Sunshine. I'll chase, I'll shoot down, I'll take so think long and hard about what you want to do."

The naked girl.

The alcohol.

My new talent at pissing this man off

I look him in the eye, I take in that Daredevil face that dares me to defy him.

I've only known one thing when it comes to

Christian Volkov.

I live to defy him..

I'll live to disobey each and every order of his because he uprooted me and my baby from our normal lives and brought us here.

To this chaos,

My feet start leading me backward.

"Alexia."

That's the only warning he gives me..

That's the only word I need to hear from him to

Fun.

278

Setting

1547

Chapter 23

I turn around. false energy flowing to the sinews of my legs, convincing me that I can run down

the stairs out of the party, into a cab and straight

home

I only make it down two steps before he stops

1. me.

My lungs burnt with wasted energy.

My breaths come out quipped.

His cold hand slips up my neck serial killer-style.

His fingers dig into my skin, cool enough to give me a cold. hard enough to scar.

The darkness that is his aura and his six foot body engulf me from the back cutting off my oxygen supply, cutting off the willpower left in my legs to

hoist me up.

“What is it with you and rules, Sunshine? Just why the fuck do you have to be so you?”

I don’t understand.

Please let me go

He sweeps hair from the side of my shoulder
exposing my neck as the cool air—his breath slaps
me and makes me shiver.

“Doesn’t matter really. You and the woman
waiting for my cock inside her have no
difference.

Chapter 23

You crave attention, seek it and pretend you don’t
like it. Don’t you. Alexia?”

Why can’t I speak?

He has me in a chokehold.

His scent. His disgusting words.

“Why are you here, Sunshine?”

“Y—You called for me.”

“I called you about an hour ago and you showed up ten minutes ago so don’t give me that crap. Someone must have told you I wasn’t entertaining visitors.”

“The woman inside is a visitor.”

“She’s an easy fuck. Pleasure, not a visitor. Not
you. What. Are. You. Doing. Here?”

His teeth grit, they hover near my ear, my will shatters and I melt against his chest.

“I was worried.”

I spill the truth.

You weren't coming home, you were punishing me and I still wanted to see if you were doing

alright.

"It isn't your job to worry, Sunshine. Your job is to sight tight like Rhett's little bitch and pay back everything he owes me."

His words sting, alcohol might be hogging my

4/8

Setting

157

Chapter 28

brain and making me not act right bar Fm not sticking around to be treated like dirt.

I try to pull away from his grasp, the hold he ha on my neck tightens.

He's going to choke me, isn't he?

Going to exercise whatever demons he has inside on little ole me.

"Let me go."

"I hunted you. I caught you"

"Let me go, Vicious!"

"No can do. Little Nurse. The fun's only begun."

His hands grip my waist, a second later he hauls
me over his shoulder as I scream and hit his back
for him to let me go.

He hauls me back into his creepy VII room or
office.

The woman bent over the desk stands up straight taking her blindfold off.

Her eyes almost well with tears, her mouth

forming a small unflattering smile.

“Boss?”

“Get out.”

Vicious orders.

“No. No. Don’t get out, please stay. Stay.”

Chapter 23

It takes seconds for the woman to pick up her bra and g-string from the ground scurrying out of the office.

Vicious carries me right where the woman was, setting me down and cornering me with his arms on both sides of my hips.

“Put me down.”

“No.”

“This isn’t funny.”

“I’m not smiling.”

“What do you want?”

His slate eyes skim over the column of my neck,

to my boobs, to my tummy and then back to my lips.

“For your debt to be paid and you and your child can get the hell away from me.”

“Millie never did anything to you.”

“Yeah? Your fucking child holds my thumb like I’m her fucking hero. Did she hold Rhett like that? Say yes and I’ll make sure that bastard dies without fingers. The child gets to hold me like that. Me only.”

My brows furrow at him. At his words that are one contradiction after the other.

“Then let me go. Let me and Millie go.”

Chapter 23

“Can’t.”

“Why?”

“Think of it as the eighth wonder of the world. I can’t figure you out. I can’t make a damn

prediction about you. I can’t let that bastard win again.”

“Again?”

I thought this was all about a stupid debt Rhett
had made.

What did he mean again?

And why did it look like it pained him a lot to say
that?

“You’re a goddamn apple you know that? Sinful, forbidden and too complicated.”

“Volkov? Put me down!”

“Why? Not comfortable enough?”

“No. I don’t want to sit in the same place you
wanted to fuck some woman.”

His righthand lands on my thigh, a myriad of goosebumps pepper my skin like
raindrops.

His thumb strokes my skin traveling higher.

Higher. My throat constricts.

Higher. My breasts feel heavy and needy.

Higher. My hands reach out to his hand to stop

Chapter 23

him.

“I told you I’d take, Sunshine. You want me to
bend you over a different desk, I’ll make that
rad

happen but the reality of this night is I want to see that soaking pussy up close.

I want to see it quivering and whimpering for attention as it begs its hunter to get rid of
the

agony.

I want to watch you and be reminded you are nothing special.”

Chapter 24

CHRISTIAN VICIOUS VOLKOV.

The thing about wolves is they fight back when provoked.

The thing about wolves is they take too when they are unprovoked.

The thing about bunnies? They act all cute and fluffy on the outside but deep inside they
are vile little creatures who eat their young.

The woman in front of me might be a bunny in the cute retrospect but you look a little
closer and you see her sins on her face.

A liar.

A coward.

But most of all?

A submissive and a dirty one at that.

Her eyes say no every time I breathe her way but her body?

It screams in the loudest way possible that she wants to be dominated, used and
treated like a

little slut.

I would do that for her. Any time of the day if I wasn't pissed about the Demetri situation.

Chapter 24

"Vol...Volkov-", her voice whimpers **as** she squirms against the marble surface of my private office.

An office different from the VIP one.

An office where no one would hear her because the rooms are all soundproof.

An office where it's my darkness snuffing her flames of defiance out.

Her hands are tied behind her back and her ankles are tied against the chairs next to her..

She moves if she answers every damn question correctly.

She moves if I let her.

"Why did you burn your dresses, Sunshine?"

"Volkov.please-, "

"That's not an answer. No answer means we stay

like this all night."

We stay like this all night till the alcohol in her body disappears from her bloodstream.

I'm not letting her drunk horny ass out there to a bunch of assholes who would pounce on her without hesitation.

I'm no saint but I'm no giver either when it comes to her.

"1-1 was mad okay? I said I would handle...Brad and you ignored me and handled him in the

He's dead

Innished him off

I chuch the dress that! tists smuting it, while

anure of hers lying on my deak

And that pussy.

Pretty

Pink

Cleaning with juices.

“P—please“, she begs.

Nothing like a little mouse in hear who has no clue about how to end the torture and clandestine want streaming her body like a fix

“Why do you work for Demetri?”

The change in the atmosphere does everything to confirm my suspicions.

“I work...fo..for you.”

“Bullshit. Legs wider. Don’t hide what’s mine

from me.”

Breathless, dripping, she whimpers.

“Okay,”

Chapter 21

worst way possible.”

“He’s dead.”

I finished him off.

I clutch the dress that I ripped off her body in my

fists sniffing it, while my eyes go over every naked. feature of hers lying on my desk..

And that pussy.

Pretty.

Pink.

Fat.

Gleaning with juices.

“P—please“, she begs.

Nothing like a little mouse in heat who has not
clue about how to end the torture and clandestine
want streaming her body like a fix.

“Why do you work for Demetri?”

The change in the atmosphere does everything to
confirm my suspicions.

“I work...fo..for you.”

“Bullshit. Legs wider. Don’t hide what’s mine.
from me.”

Breathless, dripping, she whimpers,

“Okay.”

3/6

Setting

1545

Chapter 24

“What do you want Alexia?”

Because I sure as hell want to get behind you and take you six ways to Sunday,

“My own cl...clinic. A few normal friends. To pick up coffee from a cafe while I head to
work...to be normal.”

Unpredictable.

I scoff.

“What do you want right now, Little Nurse?”

“R—Right now? You...to fuck me.”

“Tough luck. I don’t fuck my servants. Stand up straight, we are getting you home.”

She stands up.

Her baby blues look at me and well with tears.

“You destroyed my dress.

”

“We’ll get new ones. I’ll fireproof them myself.”

“I don’t want dresses.”

“Yeah?”

“I want you.”

“That’s the alcohol talking. One cup of coffee to sober you up and you’ll wish you never asked me to fuck you.”

“No I won’t.”

4/6

Chapter 24

“Agree to disagree. Come here, little Nurse.”

She wobbles in her heels walking straight to me like a kid learning how to walk for the first time.

When she reaches where I’m standing, the minx interlocks her hands around my torso, her face, her body, everything of hers too close.

“I’m not too drunk. I had one glass. Uno. Just one. I want you.”

No you don’t.

Can’t tell her that because my dick is too hard to

want to believe the statement.

“Did the nurse arrive home safe? I saw you taking her out back.”

“I need you to get her a clinic near a coffee shop. Big enough to go under the radar with cops, legal enough to let our men get fixed over there without raising questions. Buy her new friends to work with her at the clinic.”

“I’m sorry, what?”

Maximo’s surprised voice resonates from the other end of the line.

I cut the call.

I’ll explain later.

A clinic away from my house and in the city is the
t

Chapter 24

perfect bait for Rhett.

The fucker wouldn’t step anywhere near my mansion whether his woman and child are in said mansion or not.

But if they were in a clinic. Far from my mansion, in the city, Rhett would show up.

Simply killing two birds with one stone.

Give the little Nurse her wishes.

And smoke out a rat from its hiding spot.

Chapter 25

CHRISTIAN VICIOUS VOLKOV,

Lying on my desk, bare, pure, too fucking good for my likes, trouble looked at me like I was dinner and all I wanted to do was offer myself on a platter for feasting.

My eyes zone back to the piece of shit in front of

1. me.

But my mind is miles away, on the sunshine blonde-haired woman who asked me to fuck her

raw last night and I declined.

If I wanted to, I would have.

Normal me didn't decline a quick fuck but it was

her.

Full of trauma, tempting, my slave. Her.

With a five feet height of smooth curves, pretty tits and a sassy mouth to back her attitude up, Alexia Green probably liked her sex vanilla.

I'm not like Rhett. Taking what he doesn't deserve. but I wouldn't kneel and beg for a taste of her

pussy.

I'd fuck her. Hard, She'd hate me, much more. than she did now and the thought of her hate right now doesn't do a thing to jab at my

1/10

Setting

Chapter 25

conscience,

I need to keep her out and away.

Yet...here I am, mind skipping away to her and not the task at hand.

The sound of hushed voices drifts from the closet

at the other far side of the room.

I know they are hiding in there but delaying the

inevitable makes this more fun.

“I could do this all day, man, but unfortunately, keep this up and you won’t make it for the night”, Maximo adds another punch to the sack of a man kneeling in front of us.

“Where’s Dante Keaton? Where’s the piece of shit hiding at? Gambling den downtown? Mayor’s house a couple blocks from here? Here? No, he wouldn’t be too stupid to hide here, not when he wants his family alive. Where’s Keaton, Malachi?”

Missing two teeth up front, a banged-up eye, a slightly broken nose and a busted lip, Malachi, Dante Keaton’s second in command should be happy I’m not the one beating him up.

Maximo likes to torture. Slowly, painfully, whatever fancies his non-existent heart.

Me? I’m in it for the fast and quick. Beat him up to death and be done with it. Matter of fact, the gun poking my back burns hot.

2/10

1545

Setting

Chapter 25

Malachi spits his blood somewhere on the fancy carpet, his eyes drawn to me,

“Go fuck yourself, Volkov.”

I tip my nose at Maximo.

He grins before his knuckles meet with Malachi’s

face.

Tightening my cufflinks, standing from the fancy leather couch that inhabits Dante Keaton’s

Victorian mansion or in this case his bedroom.

I stroll over to that one closet that houses Dante’s mice. The mice hiding in the closet for an hour

since we arrived.

Malachi writhes on the floor like a worm.

“Don’t! Don’t you dare! Your issue is with me, Volkov! Come at me you Sicilian psycho-”

“I would but where’s the fun in that?”

I reach for the closet doors.

They mechanically open to reveal what we knew all along once we caught Malachi guarding the grounds.

A brunette, terrified, shaking with tears in her eyes glances back at me. Near her feet, two kids. hug her legs, my grin grows a little bit more suicidal.

“What do we have here?”

Chapter 24

Dante Keaton’s family

Shocked would be an understatement.

Dante has always been a coward and when thing got tough, the first thing he hid was him off to the edge of the world leaving his little family here with the monsters.

“P please don’t hurt us“, Dante’s wife whimpers, “We’ll give you anything. We we have money”

I crouch to the floor, my hand reaching out to the little girl who hugs her mother tighter at the sight

“What’s your name?”

She blinks. She looks up to her mommy, her mommy nods her head vigorously at her.

Give the man anything he wants. Talk to the man,

Save us.

“Anissa.”

“Anissa? Such a lovely name for a sweet little girl. I’ve got a daughter too. Her name’s Millie, I bet you’d get along pretty well. Matter of fact, I think she might like you, Anissa. When she isn’t crying

that is.”

“Crying?” Anissa asks.

Malachi groans something behind me but Maximo shuts him up.

Chapter 25

Whether he knocked him out or gagged him, I have no idea. But it’s quiet. I like quiet.

“She’s a cranky little thing when her dad’s not nearby. I’d give her ice cream or chocolate, kids like that right? But Millie’s not old enough to eat.

“I get cranky too when daddy’s not home“, Anissa

mutters.

“Yeah? How about we call daddy then?”

本

“You are not going to get away with this!”

“I already have, Keaton.”

“You won’t hurt them. You are unhinged but you wouldn’t hurt my kids.”

“You give me too much credit for a man you drugged and wanted to torture to death, Keaton.”

“That was between us! You think I would have gone after your sister if you tried to kill me?”

“It’s a good thing, she’s dead then.”

“Don’t do this.”

“You know where to find me, Dante. In the meantime, I’ll hold onto them. Call it insurance.”

I hang up the phone.

I should have done something worse to threaten the weasel but like I said, I had a baby in my home and a holier-than-thou woman who

Chapter 25

wouldn't like it if I took a life when her whole existence was about patching things up and maintaining lives.

"How would you like to move to a new house, Anissa?"

"With Millie? Can I play with her now?"

"No."

God, no. Millie and her mother aren't going to be part of this world, not if I can help it. Not even when the woman in my house is siding with some Russian Bratva heir.

X X

Maximo took the Keaton family somewhere safe

here in Chicago.

Somewhere where Dante wouldn't track them and they would go on with their normal lives.

The cicadas chirp outside, the eeriness of the night has me discarding my coat after a long

night.

I'm only stopped by the humming coming from

the kitchen.

I don't have to know it's her though.

You can hear and feel it in the air.

Alexia Green in my kitchen again.

Blonde hair running past her shoulders, silky,

Chapter 25

voluminous, unlike any blonde I've seen.

Curves hidden by fabric, smooth toned legs staring back at me and I've seen those legs.

They are even prettier up north.

“Thanks for the little checkup. I thought it was something serious for a second“, the other male voice that comes from the male seated in one of the kitchen stools in my own damn kitchen has my nose flaring with suppressed rage.

I didn't walk away because I spotted Nico's smug face in my kitchen.

Otherwise, I would have pretended those legs aren't a damn temptation.

She smiles. That smile she gives everyone.

“It was a cold, Nico and I'm glad you came to me while you could, otherwise you'd be running a fever right about now.”

The kid hops from his stool, walking around the kitchen island to where Alexa is organizing Millie's bottles of milk she must have pumped

earlier in the day.

How long has Nico been in my house today?

He could have pneumonia for all I care and I would still want him out of here.

“What would I do without you, Lex“, the fucker flirts, rage burns through my veins like I've been

Chapter 25

doused in a vat of gasoline.

It doesn't get any better when he places his hand on hers and visible fear leaps from her eyes.

I'm already striding across the kitchen faster than the next words fly out of my mouth,

“Keep your hands off her!”

Nico raises his head, gazing at **me** with a **light** smirk, “Boss?”

Her blue eyes gaze at me too with worry and fear lodged in them.

“I said. Keep. Your. Fucking. Hands. Off. Her.”

Nico's face pales as looks at me with confusion. Instant realization that he's made a mistake hits him because he steps away from the little Nurse.

“Get out”

He doesn't ask anything. Doesn't apologize. He's crossed a line. He's dug his grave. He's getting punished for what he did today.

"Thank you", Alexia whispers **as** I strut towards her taking in whatever shirt she's wearing.

"I didn't do it for you", I lie through my teeth because I'm not one to settle for being the prince in shining armor she reads in her little fairytale

books.

"He's harmless though. Nico, he just flirts but he's

Chapter 25

harmless."

"He wouldn't flirt if you didn't walk around naked giving him ideas that you are an easy target"

I sound like a prick.

And I have no clue why but everything is pushing me towards the edge as I stare at that shirt.

Her words get stuck in her throat.

Irritation creeps on her face before she says, "I'm not naked! I was hungry and I needed to pump milk for Millie, I didn't know anyone would be

here at this time of night."

"Did he see you?"

"See me what?"

There **she** is. My little wildcat. My little obstinate

nurse.

"Pump."

"No. Why would it matter if he did? It's a free country, lactating mothers should feel free to pump-."

My hand is on her mouth, shutting her up.

Our noses are almost colliding. Whatever raspberry shampoo she's using clogs my nostrils and weakens my defenses.

"Whose shirt is that?"

She blinks.

Chapter 25

I feel her lips moving against my palm.

I give her space to speak knowing I won't like her answers.

"I found it while going through the things I packed for Millie when you uprooted us from our old apartment."

"Is it Rhett's?"

It is.

"It's comfortable to sleep in, the fact that it's on me doesn't mean it has anything to do with him."

Her soft skin is wrapped by that shirt. The fact that she's sleeping with it...no about to sleep with it on her...

"Take it off."

"Seriously? You are doing this to me again? No. You want to hear it in Spanish? Germany? French?"

No!"

Chapter 26

Chapter 26

ALEXIA GREEN.

I woke up in my bed naked and tucked into bed like I hadn't spread my legs for a man who called me Rhett's little bitch the other night.

I woke up in my bed, untouched, unsatisfied and appalled by my actions.

I begged him to fuck me.

God Lex, this is why we never drink. Because a few hours later, my core yearned to see him.

When his men showed up at my house, that is, Nico, Jude and a few other guys I didn't know, I felt disappointed Volkov wasn't with them.

Nico came with the news that starting tomorrow I was going to have a new clinic courtesy of the

boss.

Was he trying to get rid of me?

Trying not to see me around the house because my body disgusted him?

"Take it off."

"Seriously? You are doing this to me again? No. You want to hear it in Spanish? Germany? French?

No!"

Chapter 261

Right now, here he is.

I'm mad and I don't even know what I'm mad about.

His absence?

His rejection?

His rules that I'm definitely not going to follow?

"Take it off", he commands again, one fist clenching, the other fist clenching around the

coat in his other hand.

His dark shirt that's pulled up his forearms reveals more tattoos on his arms and how the veins are about to pop because of two mere words.

Two words I'm not going to follow.

"It's my shirt", I growl back.

The low timbre of his voice breaks through my own cloud of rage as he corners me against the small space we are in.

"Take it off or I do it for you."

I think I'm feeling out of breath.

Maybe it's his eyes. Or the rage from him dripping into my system and rendering me weak.

I give in.

"You want to risk me walking naked back to my room?"

Chapter 26

"I'll carry your ass from here naked if you don't stop with the sass and do as I say."

He's not playing.

I don't think I can win this round.

"Can you at least turn around?"

"No."

I huff at his macho tone.

"You're an asshole", I say peeling the shirt off, knowing very well what I have underneath is black cotton panties and no bra.

Bras hurt my boobs when I'm asleep so I just freestyle. I'm beginning to wish I didn't freestyle

today.

The second his eyes land on my chest, I cover myself up with my hands.

He chuckles. He places his coat on the counter.

His hands reach for the third button on his shirt.

He starts unbuttoning his shirt.

If it was day one in this mansion, I would have asked what he was doing.

I would have called him a shameless pig.

Right now, my throat parches for a taste of his skin, of his **abs**, of his muscles, of everything that makes this man a machine.

Chapter 26

Oh. Sweet Jesus, I think I'm gonna melt.

When his shirt is off him, he hands it to me and takes the one that belongs to Rhett tossing it in the trash can by the fridge.

I take his shirt. I put it on me and every second I button the shirt. I feel his eyes rake every expanse of my skin and liquid heat shimmers from my spine all the way down...down...down.

"There. Are you happy now? If you are, I'm going to go back to sleep."

"Not quite yet."

He doesn't block my way but he's not entirely letting me go either.

"What do you want? I've already done everything

you want or is there more?"

"Don't do that, Sunshine."

"Do what?"

"Pretend like you hate it here."

"I hate it here", I scoff.

I hate you.

“I’ve seen you with Juana, I’ve seen you mark your way around here and the report I got from

my men after you treated them was you liked doing what you do.”

Maybe I do.

Chapter 26

Maybe this place isn’t a complete mess like the homes I’ve lived in.

Maybe here I get to be something, I get to be used like I’m something more important than an orphan riffraff from the streets.

Maybe here Millic and I get the basic necessities like food and water.

“I like helping people“, I give him the **truth**.

That encourages him because this **man’s** heated gaze lands on me, he licks his lower lip and fleeting thoughts of what I’d like him to do with that mouth wander into that part of my brain that’s locked with a key thrown in the bottom of the ocean.

Logic dictates that I shouldn’t feel a thing. That I should run.

My body? It reacts in all the worst ways and this time I can’t hide behind the fact that I’m drunk

and alcohol is **to** blame for everything“.

My heart pounds so loud I can hear it in my ears. My breathing comes out ragged, I rub my thighs together beneath his shirt to hide and shame away the throb building and ticking between my legs like an atomic bomb about to detonate.

He hasn’t touched me yet but I feel him.

My body remembers his warmth on that couch in

Russia.

Chapter 26

Just like that night, he is the fire and he’s burning me to the point of I can feel my own skin flail like

butter on a skillet.

I have to take control.

He rejected me. Well technically he did the right thing because I was drunk but still? Aren't one-night stands done when two individuals are drunk and reckless enough to bone each other?

"So you don't hate it here, do you, Sunshine?"

I look him in the eyes. Anything to get **him to**
back away.

"No, but I hate you."

Christian Volkov is equivalent to the robots big tech companies are trying to build.

He can be a robot when he wants to.

He can be a psycho when circumstances deem
him to.

Right now, I think he's a bit of both.

My words don't do a thing to break his shell of an armor. No in fact he smirks, he gets closer, he bends his head so that his mouth is near the shell of my ear and close enough for his breath to skate across my already flushed skin.

"You might hate me, sunshine but I bet if I slid my hand in your panties, you'd be wet *and* ready

for me.

Chapter 26

My pulse howls in my brain.

Any semblance of calmness am trying to showcase hangs by a thread.

"No, I wouldn't"

"No?"

I'm panting when I say my next words.

"After yesterday, I guess you'll never know."

“Because I didn’t touch you?”

“Because the only way I’d be wet for you was if I had alcohol in my system.”

I’m poking a bear and the **funny** thing is. I think I’m winning.

Even after I breathe in a gasp of air and lies coming out from **my** mouth, I think I’ve won

My victory doesn’t last a mere two seconds.

Christian’s big hand slips into my panties. Muscle memory has me arching my back against his hand

chest.

Before I can pull away, turn around and maybe slap him, his thick finger slides between my folds exploring me like a pirate finding his bounty.

“What...what are you doing?” I moan, my words come out like a weak string of jumbled words.

‘Such a fucking liar. You are not just wet. Little Nurse, you are soaking’, he strokes my slit again.

7/9

Setting

Chapter 26

hovering an inch away from my entrance, “and all this for me. All for me”

“F—fuck **you**“, I stammer, his thumb pad finds my clit and he matches the throbbing emitting from my little mound with no problem.

My legs are unsteady.

My toes feel like they are on fire.

Whatever he’s doing to my clir has me gasping for air, I think I might be done for the night.

“Soon, sunshine. Soon,”

My heart plucks, I hold onto his arms as he sets me off with two of his fingers that are too thick to fit my folds, massaging that line between my

core.

I whimper.

My body writhes for more.

My clit throbs harder.

My wetness feels slick against my thighs.

The sound of Volkov's back herring the fridge feels like something I could care less about as he holds me tight, mouth near my neck, his breath a fresh cool of mint that's holding me captive.

"Hate me all you want, baby", he pauses

Without warning his thick finger plunges inside me as a reckless moan slip from my mouth with

Chapter 26

reckless abandon.

The sound of my arousal coating as his fingers slide in and out of me flogs the night and makes me hornier, makes the air hotter, makes me more

needy

"But this cunt? You hear how she weeps for me?"

Just when I think he's going deeper, Volkov pulls his finger out of me leaving me an empty

miserable mess.

His hand disappears from my panties.

His warmth disappears from my back.

My back flat to the fridge. Volkov turns to me.

His eyes dart over me, a wicked grin on his face. To scathe me more than his absence inside me. he places two of his fingers inside his mouth sucking.

“Such a sweet little thing“, he says releasing his fingers from his mouth with a pop that has me almost begging for them back inside me.

I don't know what upsets me more, his arrogance

or what he says next.

“Go back to bed, Alexia.”

Chapter 27

Chapter 27

CHRISTIAN VICIOUS VOLKOV.

Shouldn't have touched her.

Shouldn't have tasted her.

Shouldn't have coated my fingers with her damn juices.

Sinking into her tight wet heat might be the best. thing my fingers have done for a while.

Tasting her, savoring her taste like a bottle of the finest wine from my motherland has my dick. hard as steel and my mind an inch deep into that silky wet heat that's bound to be even better squeezing my dick.

“I didn't know...Boss. I thought-.”

“Thought what?”

It's been two days out of the house.

Two days I haven't confronted Nico.

Two days under the shower nursing a boner brought by my little nurse, my mind recalling over and over how slick she was, how good it'd feel to bury myself inside her forever and take and take till I left nothing in its wake.

Till we became one and the obsession and the

Chapter 27

torture shredded itself away from me.

“That she was single.”

“She’s in **my** house, kid. What gave you the assumption that she’s fair game to just anyone?”

“What did he do?” Maximo is on the verge of chuckling as he nurses himself to a bottle of Macallan 18.

“Wait did you touch her, Nico? I mean you are reckless sure but touching her? Ouch“, Maximo adds.

My hand on my chin, I can still smell the nurse on my fingers – reason number one why I don’t want to coat myself with Nico’s blood.

That would ruin everything even if he deserves it.

“It won’t happen again.”

“It won’t. You are getting reassigned today.”

“Boss, it was one mistake. A mistake I won’t be

repeating. My mom is in the city, I can’t...can’t get reassigned.”

I care about Nico’s mom like I care about the

kangaroos in Australia.

“Should have thought about that before you thought of taking what’s mine. Get the fuck out of my sight, Nico. I catch you staring at her, touching her, thinking you could nail a chance. with her and your mom being in the city will be

Chapter 27

the least of your worries, you hear me?”

“Yes Boss. Thank you.”

Nico scurries out of my sight.

Maximo’s ass is already off my couch as he throws me an amused suspicious look.

“What?” This content provided by N(o)velDrama].[Org.

“You’ve been acting off for the past few days. My guess is you already fucked the nurse and you know how messy that will be or you tried to fuck her and she rejected you. Which is it, Volkov?”

I almost want to laugh.

She offered herself on a silver platter and I was the one to walk away.

She wanted me to fuck her no matter the dirty

little lies she cheated herself with.

Truth was, that night, in that kitchen, we wanted.

to do it but I’d never beg for it because I wanted. Alexia Green to beg for it, to be desperate enough. to want me filling her inch by inch and still hating

herself for it.

I don’t dignify Maximo with an answer. The unsubtle ringing of his phone cuts our little chit–chat short.

He picks up the call; I take the glass of whiskey. from his hands and chug the rest down.

Chapter 27

I’m off my game.

I’m twitchy.

The woman in my house is driving me crazy and I think I’m well on my way to joining the nearest madhouse.

“Xavier who? Don’t know any Xaviers. Wait, what did you just say?”

I’m pulled out of my reverie by Maximo’s straight

stance.

His teeth ground in his mouth, the next time his jaw ripples, my attention is slowly diverted to

him.

Last thing I need today is for things to go wrong when I already have a lot on my plate.

Judging by his stance, his pissed off look, the way his eyes revert back to me, I know for a fact things have gone to shit and I'm one bullet away from blowing my brains out.

Maximo hangs up.

"Who's Xavier?"

I don't know any bloody Xavier either.

"The nurse was supposed to see her clinic today. Jagger and Jett took her to see it and meet her acquaintances. Xavier is one of the people who

work in that clinic."

Chapter 27

"Christ, Maximo. You hired a guy to work there and be her friend? When I told you to look for friends, I meant women or fuck anyone else but men."

"That's the least of our concerns right now. Jagger and Jett were ambushed. Couple men took the nurse and her kid."

My body is already up from my chair.

My blood runs cold. My lungs fill with choking air.

"What do you mean men took the nurse and the child? Dante?"

"It's not Dante."

"Who?"

"Demetri is in Chicago. The men were Bratva."

Fucking hell.

In a dress I recently bought her after she burned her old ones, wearing shoes I bought her, her

sunshine hair is a mess.

And not just a mess, my chest rumbles with pained laughter.

The way they are seated?

In a restaurant, her eating and Demetri holding onto Millie as he wiggles a new toy in Millie's

Chapter 27

face, one would call this the irony of the century.

A kidnapped woman having the time of her life with a Russian psycho.

A Russian psycho looking at what's mine and thinking he owns it.

She smiles. That smile that escapes her heart shaped lips now and then and makes her light the world like she goddamn owns it.

That smile she has on the enemy.

But beyond that smile, her lipstick is smudged.

Add in that hair that's all over the place and everyone would call me Einstein for knowing they had straight sex off the bat.

"What do you want to do?"

Maximo asks.

"Watch."

Let the betrayal sink in.

Figure out why the hell she's too rhapsodic for a captive.

"Do you see her smiling or is it just me?"

"Volkov-."

"Nah, that's a fucking smile alright."

Demetri flags a pale waiter and with a nod, he gives Alexia the go-ahead to order more on their

Chapter 27

table apart from the desert that's already lining

the corner of her lips.

Chocolate muffins.

I didn't even know she likes chocolate but apparently Demetri does.

The little nurse is about to bite into the chocolate smeared pastry in her hands when she cocks her head to the side and our eyes meet.

Her blue eyes go an inch wider, like a kid caught stealing ice cream from the fridge.

Those pretty lips of hers part as she drops the pastry back to the plate, pushes her chair back. and straightens her dress before she walks to us with unsteady feet.

Demetri, the bulky man who looks like a stain of black in this white pristine restaurant spots me, his grin is enough to make my hands twitch, the hands he has on Millie are enough to want me to chop them off.

I should be questioning why he is here..

As far as I know, I was going to take care of Dante Keaton and Demetri was supposed to stay in his

lane.

Not near Chicago and damn right, not near my

nurse again.

"Volkov", She breathes, her eyes dilating with

Chapter 27

sheer fear, her throat throbbing with a nervous swallow.

"Care to explain what's going on here or should I skip dessert and finish the fucker where he sits?"

"Don't, please."

My fury skedaddles inside my body like an IED about to detonate,

I look at her and my anger rises by a thousand

watts.

Is she begging for Demetri?

“Don’t what, Mrs. Kingston? Don’t hurt your boss? Don’t hurt your lover? Just what are you begging for right now, Alexia?”

She flinches at my tone, the only thing keeping me from running blind with rage is those glossy blue eyes that scream traitor.

“Mercy,”

I’ve heard that word so many times and every time someone says it, I’m taken back to the past. No one gives you mercy in this life. Absolutely not one, the sooner she learns that the clearer the

world will be for her.

“I don’t do mercy. You should know that. I don’t open my doors to traitors. I don’t protect those who double-cross me.”

“Don’t start a fight here, this is not what it looks

Chapter 27

like. Dee and I were”

Dee? Did she just call him. Des?

I unholster my gun from my back a few waiters mutter under whispered votes telling the customers to evacuate as soon as they can

I could care less about firing my Glock in a public

Girinoys a restaurant or my name appearing in the papers.

Or that cop Jefferson Miller finding a reason to finally put me behind bars

The little minx holds my hand her little fingers curling around my gun, trying to stop me from doing the inevitable

“Stop, please.”

“Why are you with Demetre What business do you have with Demetri? Why are you sleeping around with that Russian bastard?”

Those blue eyes gaze at me like a kaleidoscope. like a **glass** broken into pieces and I couldn't care

less.

I look at her **and** I see her with Demetri kissing which explains the smudged lipstick, fucking him which explains the bedroom hair she's sporting right now and I lose it

"Stop this. Just...just stop."

"Then make a choice, sweetheart. Nothing's for free in this world if your loyalty can be bought by

Chapter 27

like. Dee and I were-."

Dee? Did she just call him...Dee?

I unholster my gun from my back, a few waiters mutter under whispered voltes telling the customers to evacuate as soon as they can.

I could care less about firing my Glock in a public restaurant or my name appearing in the papers.

Or that cop Jefferson Miller finding a reason to finally put me behind bars.

The little minx holds my hand, her little fingers curling around my gun, trying to stop me from doing the inevitable.

"Stop, please."

"Why are you with Demetri? What business do you have with Demetri? Why are you sleeping around with that Russian bastard?"

Those blue eyes gaze at me like a kaleidoscope, like a glass broken into pieces and I couldn't care

less.

I look at her and I see her with Demetri kissing which explains the smudged lipstick, fucking him. which explains the bedroom hair she's sporting right now and I lose it.

"Stop this. Just...just stop."

“Then make a choice, sweetheart. Nothing’s for free in this world if your loyalty can be bought by

Chapter 27

quick sex.

Walk back to Demetri, crawl back to his sheets or come to me where your life will be a living hell after this. No rainbows, no privileges, no unicorns just me and my demands. And you want to hear one of the demands I’ll dish out to you when you

crawl back to me?

I want you to scrub that man off you and afterward, I expect you on my bed, naked, prim and proper for me to take.

Make a choice, nurse.”

Her hand tightens around my trigger–happy

hand.

Then with tears welling in her eyes, she whispers, “Let’s go...home.”

“Get the child from Demetri. Take her home to

her crib“, I order Maximo.

I hold my nurse’s hand and the gun in one palm

and walk out of Seven Seas restaurant like a

scorned man.

And this scorned man?

He’s going to punish her alright.

Chapter 28

ALEXIA GREEN.

“You hired people to work with me?”

A cheery Millie in my arms, I almost want to sink

between the men beside me as we all stare at the

four individuals conversing in my new clinic.

“Technically the boss did but you need people to help you, Lexy. It’s a huge clinic you’ll be bringing Millie along to work, that’s a lot of work

for one woman.”

I swallow nervously.

The clinic is huge just as Jagger says.

Metallic fancy sinks everywhere I look, a few wards separated by spick blue curtains, white tiled. floors and an impeccable lighting system, to think that I own this feels a little bit overwhelming and

exciting.

“I guess.”

Did Volkov do all this for me?

Even the air in here feels fancy.

I bet the air conditioners in here cost about a

thousand dollars each.

“You ready to meet your new servants?”

This chapter is unlocked. **Enjoy reading!**

Chapter 28

“Don’t call them servants, Jett. They are associates, calling them servants makes me look like I’m some big boss. A disrespectful mean big boss.”

“You are their boss“, Jagger affirms.

I swaddle Millie, a vast pit of nervousness growing in my stomach.

Of the four individuals, there’s one man and three women.

One woman with a simple dress matched together with a cream cardigan. She seems. likable.

The other woman is dressed in black clothes and goes for like an 'emo' vibe with those boots that look like the ones on Vogue cover models.

And the last woman, well apart from her healthy head of brown hair, there's nothing wrong with her.

Neither is anything wrong with the man sending me a small smile my way.

"Ok fine, let's meet my associates."

"Fucking finally," Jett cusses.

My hand is already slapping his hard stomach

before we take the first step,

"Don't cuss at my baby."

Chapter 28

"Sorry, ma'am. Ducking finally."

Two steps in and the fresh air that dusts the squeaky-clean floor turns ugly.

Heavy boots sound behind is, tension flocks the air like a bad omen.

Jett and Jagger turn around and I watch as they each take out their guns from behind their jeans.

I don't want to turn around, simply because I'm afraid whatever monsters standing behind me won't only attack me but my baby.

The **baby** sucking that's sucking off her bottle of milk like a greedy cute monkey you want to hold forever and never let go.

No.

This can't be happening.

"Give us the woman and the baby and everything will go smoothly. No one gets hurt, no one dies."

The Russian accent is heavy in the man's tone and

my ears perk up.

They want me and Millie?

Why do Russian men want me and Millie?

Are they with Demetri? No, he promised to leave me alone. He wouldn't go back on his promise

but how much do I know about the man?

"Yeah? I would say the same to you, man. Walk

Chapter 28

away, don't start anything you can't finish", Jagger threatens and from my periphery I see him. already raising his gun to aim.

My associates are already terrified as they look at
the mess ensuing right now.

I glance at my baby.

I do the math.

If they decide to shoot, Millie and I are as good as dead.

I turn around.

The two men are Russian alright and their guns are already out too.

"What do you want with me?"

"Our boss wants a word with you."

"Who is your boss? Did he authorize you to shoot.

at a bunch of people who've done absolutely nothing to you?"

"We are not going to shoot if you cooperate."

"Who is your boss?"

"Demetri. Demetri Sokolov."

That good for nothing liar!

“Jett?”

“Get behind me, Lexy. No one’s leaving, no one’s going anywhere with Demetri’s men.”

Chapter 28

“Tent Look at me Please, just look at ther

The gun in his hand, jett side eyes me

“Tm carrying Millie night now. There are from innocent people behind me if you engage someone is going to get hurt. I can’t lone my baby”

“You are not going with them.”

“He’s not going to hurt me. I have something on Demetri and I know he’s not going to hurt me.”

“Jet, drop your gun“, Jagger’s resigned tome filters through the air.

“Are you insane? Boss is gonna kill in if we give her to them without putting up a fight.”

“We are going to die either way if we pull the trigger while trying to protect everyone here from getting shot. Drop your weapon.”

Jett lowers his gun.

Millie kicks her feet, slapping her bottle.

Demetri’s men usher me out of my clinic.

All I can think of?

Will Volkov find me in time before Demetri does whatever horrendous thing he’s **planning**?

“Can I hold her?”

Chapter 28

“Jett? Look at me. Please, jou kok a met

The gun in his hand, Jett side eyes me.

"I'm carrying Millie right now. There are four innocent people behind me **if** you engage someone is going to get hurt. I can't lose my baby."

"You are not going with them.*

"He's not going to hurt me. I have something on Demetri and I know he's not going to hurt me."

"Jett, drop your gun", Jagger's resigned tone filters through the air.

"Are you insane? Boss is gonna kill us if we give her to them without putting up a **fight**."

"We are going to die either way if we **pull** the trigger while trying to protect everyone here from getting shot. Drop your weapon."

Jett lowers his gun.

Millie kicks her feet, slapping her bottle.

Demetri's men usher me out of my clinic.

All I can think of?

Will Volkov find me in time before Demetri does

whatever horrendous thing he's planning?

"Can I hold her?"

Chapter 28

"Jett? Look at me. Please, just look at me?"

The gun in his hand, Jett side-eyes me.

"I'm carrying Millie right now. There are four innocent people behind me, if you engage someone is going to get hurt. I can't lose my baby."

"You are not going with them."

"He's not going to hurt me. I have something on Demetri and I know he's not going to hurt me."

"Jett, drop your gun", Jagger's resigned tone filters through the air.

"Are you insane? Boss is gonna kill us if we give her to them without putting up a fight."

“We are going to die either way if we pull the trigger while trying to protect everyone here from getting shot. Drop your weapon.”

Jett lowers his gun.

Millie kicks her feet, slapping her bottle.

Demetri’s men usher me out of my clinic.

All I can think of?

Will Volkov find me in time before Demetri does

whatever horrendous thing he’s planning?

“Can I hold her?”

Chapter 28

No, you cannot hold Millie.

I resign back to the chair with my baby who’s almost done with the milk inside her bottle.

Confusion mars every inch of my body **as** I blink at the sight in front of me.

“Why are you in Chicago? Why are you

summoning me with a bunch of men who have guns? We had a deal!”

Demetri looms in the dark corners of the study leaning against the wall, legs crossed at the

ankles.

“I didn’t want this either, Mrs. Green. Frankly speaking, America as a country rattles my body in the wrong way.”

“How old is she?”

My eyes lapse back to the woman in front of me.

The woman who hasn’t stopped asking whether

she can hold Millie.

“Why did you bring your boyfriend to Chicago,
malyshka?”

She chuckles lightly. My left brow lifts.

“So sorry for everything but malyshka is something Dee calls me. That’s not my name and I think we got on, on the wrong foot.”

“The wrong foot? I’m in a creepy study room

Chapter 28

where my daughter and I are captives, I think we are way past the wrong foot, miss.”

Demetri snickers, “Told you, you would like this

American woman.”

“Don’t call her American woman, Dee. It’s disrespectful.”

“Sorry“, Demetri apologizes and I feel like I’m in

an alternate universe. /

Demetri Sokolov apologizing?

Who is this woman?

“Can I tell you a story?”

“Yeah?”

I breathe out but the saliva I swallow tells me this story is going to be anything but a fairy tale.

“There were two siblings. A boy born to continue. a legacy and a girl born to take the family to great heights by marrying into another powerful family that would solidify the power the family

had.

“The father of the family didn’t like the girl very much. He had always been an ambitious man who wanted boys to strengthen the family.

One day the girl, out of curiosity like all kids are at the age of five, went into her father's study and by accident broke her father's watch.

Chapter 28

A watch that had been in the family for decades. Angry, the father seized this as an opportunity to take out his anger on the girl.

"Their mother could only stand and watch because their society was a patriarchal one. Women had no say, men controlled everything.

Before the father could hit her daughter, his only son begged for mercy. Only by begging for mercy, he looked weak in his father's eyes..."

"Wait, wait, why are you telling me all this?" I ask.

She smiles sadly. "Because you have to understand everything from the beginning. The girl in the story is me, Alexia and this is the story of my life. Can I go on?"

I nod.

I don't know what to say to her.

"My brother, he offered himself for punishment. instead of me. He begged for mercy on my behalf and my father gave him the opposite.

So for every little mistake I made, my father locked my brother in our basement for weeks. And every Wednesday of that week, my father. would go in there with his belt in hand, with his anger on his sleeve and beat my brother till he

bled.

"And every Wednesday I would cry myself to sleep as I listened to my brother's shrieks. My

L

Chapter 28

father said that was the only way of teaching my brother that women made him weak, that women would only lead to his death, that he had to give up his love for me because nothing was as useless as that.

"When we reached eighteen, my brother got the courage to do what our mother failed to do. He got us out of that hellhole. With no money, no connections but two plane tickets to here, *he* raised me, Alezia. My brother raised me and sent me to college to

have a better life than he ever had. College was college. And it wouldn't have been more fun especially and most especially when I met my sister, Carissa."

"Your sister? You didn't mention you had a sister."

And I'm a hundred percent sure I listened to her story keenly.

Malyshka's eyes go wide like she's trying not to let the tears fall. Demetri is already off the wall coming to sit next to her and rubbing his callous hand on her thigh to calm her down.

"I'm okay. I'm okay. I didn't know I had a sister too. It was a huge campus; it was a huge city but what were the chances of meeting my twin sister? It was fate. Carissa thought so too. Her parents adopted her and when we did a little digging. I found out my mother gave her away during birth to protect her from my father's wrath. My father

Chapter 28

father said that was the only way of teaching my brother that women made him weak, that women would only lead to his death, that he had to give up his love for me because nothing was as useless as that.

"When we reached eighteen, my brother got the courage to do what our mother failed to do. He got us out of that hellhole. With no money, no connections but two plane tickets to here, he raised me, Alexia. My brother raised me and sent me to college to have a better life than he ever had. College was college. And it wouldn't have been more fun especially and most especially when I met my sister, Carissa,"

"Your sister? You didn't mention you had a sister."

And I'm a hundred percent sure I listened to her story keenly.

Malyshka's eyes go wide like she's trying not to let the tears fall. Demetri is already off the wall coming to sit next to her and rubbing his callous hand on her thigh to calm her down.

"I'm okay, I'm okay. I didn't know I had a sister too. It was a huge campus; it was a huge city but what were the chances of meeting my twin sister? It was fate, Carissa thought so too. Her parents. adopted her and when we did a little digging, I found out my mother gave her away during birth to protect her from my father's wrath. My father

Chapter 28

hated me. If he had twin girls, not me or Carisa would survive. My brother didn't know he had a sister too and I planned on telling him.

“No, Carissa and I planned on telling **him** but on the day, we were supposed to meet just outside our college, her....her boyfriend sent **his** friends to take her. I would have looked for her, I loved **my** sister. I was going to tell my brother everything so that he would start looking for her but...**but**...”

“I kidnapped her“, Demetri adds in, like it pains

him to even admit it.

I’m near tears but I try to act like this story **isn’t** affecting me at all.

“Why? Why would you do that?” I ask.

Malyshka entwines her hand with Demetri before

she looks up to me, “He wanted to start a war with my brother.”

“Of course he did“, I scoff.

Demetri liked starting wars with everyone. Including my boss, Volkov.

“He took me to Russia that night. A month later,

he told me about Carissa’s death. But the

surprising thing of all? My brother thought I was

dead. I was alive, Carissa was the one who was

dead but he didn’t know that. And I didn’t want

him to find out I was alive because I fell in love **a**

second time with Dee. With Demetri. If my

Chapter 28

brother found out I was alive and I was kidnapped by Demetri, he would go on a murder rampage and I wouldn’t want that. I love my brother but I also love this man with all my life.”

My throat bobs with emotions as I struggle to speak up.

“H—how do I fit into the story? I don’t know you, I don’t know your brother and I don’t know Carissa, sorry for her death by the way.”

"Because....Rhett Kingston and his friends killed my sister. Your ex took my sister away from me."

The bomb she drops has me flinching back as I tighten my grip on my baby.

Rhett was Carissa's boyfriend?

I knew he was a psycho, a rapist but killing an innocent woman?

"I—I didn't know. I had nothing to do

"I know you don't. He was seeing you and Carissa at the same time and I don't blame you but Rhett for everything."

"Okay."

"But I am still going to ask for two favors from you, Alexia."

What the hell is going on today?

I don't think I can keep up with everything.

Chapter 28

My fear has elevated by a hundred, my hate for Rhett churns my skin and worry occupies every pore in my body.

"I love Demetri so much but I also love a man who has been my shoulder to cry on for years while I was growing up. I can only hope he

forgives me and wants to talk. As for my brother, he hasn't let any woman near him since my 'fake' death apart from our nanny. You are the only one he seems to listen to so I beg you of this, help him recover. Thaw that cold heart of his and

teach him love is not weak. Teach him that violence is not the only thing he can have in his life. That is all I beg of you."

I might be crazy for asking her this.

My mind tries to wrap around her words and I feel a headache coming in.

"These men who are they?"

"I need your help getting to my first love, Maximo DiMarco. And I need you to help my brother, Christian Volkov move on with his life.

My name is Catelina Sofia Volkov, it's a pleasure to meet you. Demetri has told me a lot about

you."

Chapter 29

ALEXIA GREEN.

"Then make a choice, sweetheart. Nothing's for free in this world if your loyalty can be bought by quick sex. Walk back to Demetri, crawl back to his

sheets or come to me where your life will be a living hell after this. No rainbows, no privileges, no unicorns just me and my demands. And you

want to hear one of the demands I'll dish out to

you when you crawl back to me? I want you to

scrub that man off you and afterward? I expect you on my bed, naked, prim and proper for me. to take. Make a choice, nurse."

I did not sleep with Demetri.

My hair is a tangled mess because I have spent almost an hour trying to wrap my mind around your sister's confessions. My hair's a mess because I have been running my fingers over my scalp trying to decipher what's what.

I can not leave you because your sister begged me to stick around in exchange for paying whatever Rhett owes you back.

But Rhett didn't just take money from you, did

he?

He took your sister. The only thing that mattered.

Chapter 29

to you and you want to know something?

Catelina is alive.

You don't have to live like this because your sister
is alive.

I should say all that but I promised Kat I wasn't going to ruin whatever relationship she
had with

Demetri.

I'm to the point of exhaustion and tears when I interlink my hands with a steaming
furious.

Volkov.

na

I try to swallow my emotions and put on a brave
face.

"Let's go....home."

I give myself up like a pig stuffed with an apple to the mouth on a silver platter to this
man.

From the coolness of the gun in his hand, and the tight hold his fingers grip mine, I know
that tonight is going to end up badly.

As he puts his gun back to where it was behind his pants, orders Maximo to bring Millie
home and yanks my left wrist so painfully, a few burning questions plague my mind.

Why am I tolerating this?

Why am I allowing this to happen to me?

Because of Rhett? Because he murdered an

Chapter 29

innocent girl that I feel guilty of? Because I think I can do what Catelina asked me of
and heal this man?

I heal wounds.

This man isn't wounded, no he is scarred and the difference between wounds and scars
is wounds. heal, scars linger and fester and mess with your body in all sorts of ways.

Scars can't be healed.

His dark vehicle is already awaiting us by the time. we exit the restaurant.

Volkov doesn't even tip the valet as he yanks his car keys, walks me to the side of the passenger door, opens the door for me and I hop in,

A second later he gets into the car, hands on the wheel, eyes on the road, he starts driving.

All the while I look at my left wrist which has already turned red.

I try not to sob.

Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry.

Oh God.

A tear falls down my cheek and I wipe it away. only for another bout of fresh tears to attack me out of nowhere.

He doesn't even look my way.

Chapter 29

He doesn't hand me a tissue.

He just sits there, drives, jaw locked, eyes. emotionless.

While I, pathetically crying, wanting to say so much but being restrained by my promise to his

sister.

'I don't open my doors for traitors. I don't protect those who double-cross me.'

I remember his words and they sound like getting

a shot of acid to my ears.

If he thinks I'm a traitor for hanging out with Demetri that means he trusted me in the first

place.

This man who has been brooding, seeking revenge after his sister's death, let me into his life and trusted me and now that trust is broken?

"Christian-."

"Don't."

His voice cuts mine down before I can even go further.

So, for the next fifteen minutes, I look out the window and hide my tears.

I swallow down the bitterness and accept my fate.

My fate comes in the form of a grand hotel with gleaming windows, a height that of a skyscraper

Chapter 29

and a luxurious logo that says 'Davenport' and screams expensive hotel.

This isn't home.

I don't get to voice out my discovery because Volkov unbuckles his seat belt and hops out of the

car.

The next time I see him, he's standing just outside my car window illustrating with his finger for me

to hop out.

I open the door.

His cologne, damp air, the smell of rain hits me face first.

We don't exchange words.

He slams the door behind me shut, once more. taking my wrist and dragging me around to wherever he sees fit.

"Mr. Volkov, welcome to Davenport. It's been quite some time; can I interest you in-."

“No“, Vicious dismisses the receptionist so fast, I almost flinch at the word ‘no‘ on her behalf.

Her eyes fall on me and she gives me a look of pity and awe.

Couple minutes later, Vicious and I are standing in an elevator as he presses ‘P‘ on one of the

buttons.

B

Chapter 29

The tension inside is enough to drown a fish. The rattling in my chest is enough to drown out the sound of a moving freight train.

The look in his eyes is enough to incinerate everything around us and leave ash in its wake.

And yet?

I obey.

For the first time since I met this man, I obey because I get to see the man who calls himself my

boss, my debt collector, my master.

And this master has the very intent to do

everything bad his twisted mind thinks of and the silly thing going on in my mind is?

If he does this, will he not be angry with me anymore? If he does this, will he revert back to being the Christian that held me in that shower, the Christian that held me on the couch in Russia,

the Christian that....

The elevator doors part, Christian walks in with

me and the room inside is so breathtaking I would have had time to gawk if it wasn't his own version of a slaughterhouse.

Low hanging lights that look like they are made of cedar, a built-in kitchen by the side that doesn't take too much space to make everything look like it's squeezed in, the living room which is farther inside and looks like a lounge room with

Chapter 29

the light from glass-floor windows dazzling it with a modern country feel.

And the windows? I have a feeling if there weren't stormy grey nimbus clouds, they'd give a spectacular view of the sunrise and sunset.

The spiral stairs leading to whatever it's upstairs are also made with wood and attached to the

red-bricked wall that houses a few ornaments.

Christian steps into the room.

My wrist in his hand, I walk behind him matching his lengthy strides.

He only lets go when he sits on the couch, eyes zeroing in on me and turning bland like there's nothing interesting he sees about me.

An action that stings but I suck it up. Suck it up

like a buttercup, Lexy.

"Strip."

The word is delivered coolly.

But the impact it has on me?

It shatters and completely rearranges my insides.

Hands reaching out to my back for the zip to my dress. I drag it down.

The dress gets stuck around my waist where my hips start to bulge and I pull it down completely letting it fall to the ground and pool around my

L

feet.

"The bra and panties go too, Mrs. Kingston. You've already done it with Demetri, I shouldn't have to tell you what to do,"

The words keep on coming and coming-

Each word stronger than the last.

Every bit of venom spitting from his mouth, punches my inside one punch after the other.

I take my bra off.

Thunder growls behind me and I almost jump.

I shimmer my way out of my panties. Every piece of my clothing falls to the ground. Every piece of me spiraling down with it.

I'm naked and bare to him.

Standing like a prized good and nothing more.

"Remember what I said if you made the choice to come work for me for reasons, I have no clue about? Bathroom's upstairs in the master bedroom, the one with the big bed, you can't miss it. Scrub every place he touched off of you, scrub that man's filth from what's mine. When you are done, I want you in the middle of that bed, waiting for me like how a good little slave does for his master. Do you hear me, Mrs.

Kingston?"

Crystal fucking clear.

Chapter 29

"Y—yes." My betraying voice cracks.

Christian dismisses me like a dog.

My unsteady feet lead me upstairs.

I find the master bedroom alright.

I also find the bathroom equipped with every type of body wash there is.

I step into the shower cabinet; I scrub myself clean of his touch.

But instead of Demetri's touch?

I wipe myself of Christian's touch knocking myself over and over for feeling like this.

For feeling like his indifference bothers me.

When I'm clean everywhere, I pick the towel. from one of the racks and I dry myself.

I hang the towel back to the little hooks once I'm
done.

Like I was commanded, my shaking hand finds.

the doorknob and the sound of heavy rain echoes.

from outside.

Opening the door feels like I'm hammering myself down to the ground.

Time to sit on the bed and wait for him, I guess.

Expecting to find the bed empty, Christian is already seated at the edge of the
mattress, his eyes graze every inch of me and instead of the

Chapter 29

fire I saw the other night in them, I see nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

He doesn't call me to where he is seated.

My feet take a mind of their own and walk to
him.

I don't even question what I'm doing when I sit on his lap and I feel his cold hands; the
very edge of his fingertips sinking into the line on my back.

You wanted me like this?

Here I am, do your worst.

Chapter 30

Chapter 30

Chapter 30

ALEXIA GREEN.

He doesn't kiss me.

Yet he holds me like fragile glass.

He doesn't look me in the eye.

Yet his hands do the talking and the seeing.

He pushes my hair away from my neck, capturing it in his fist till it hurts but not enough to yank my hair from my scalp.

I don't yelp from the pain.

I moan.

Like a wanton mess, my head lolls back and I give him a view of my chest offering it for his

devouring.

I don't feel his mouth on my skin.

No.

He uses his teeth to taste me.

He uses his teeth to bite me. To bite every inch of skin he can find.

When I feel pain, the cool lick of his tongue comes crushing on my skin, massaging everything away.

Chapter 30

He tortuously builds a trail of marks from my neck till my stomach burns hot, and my head dissolves in a mixture of heat and needy passion.

One fist in my hair to steady me, his other hand explores my body like an engineer learning the schematics of a building. I feel him on my stomach, patting my navel and doing the opposite of what I want.

I want him to go south.

I want him to end this torture.

To be done with his cruelty and we can move on.

Can I call this torture though?

If this was torture, he wouldn't go through the formalities of touching me, he would do it and be

done with it.

If this was torture, I would be screaming, I would be running out of my mind trying to get him off

of me.

Just like that night with Brad and Rhett and everyone who was present that day, I would scream for this to be over.

I'm two seconds away from convulsing in

pleasure when his big hand takes my left breast in

his grasp.

His hand completely eats my breast till he is full with it and that's not enough for him.

1

Chapter 30

He squeezes, he kneads, his teeth land on my right nipple and he bites. Hard.

My body arches off his lap, doses of pleasure coursing through my body like adrenaline, like a rush that mounts the throbbing in my pussy to a whole new level I never thought I would feel.

Painfully full and pearled, he does the same to my left breast.

Biting, licking, leaving room to want more and

more.

My thighs already feel slick against his crotch.

The same crotch that is covered with suit pants
and is as hard as iron beneath me.

The same crotch that is poking my pussy and wanting to be free.

The same crotch my pussy is hauntingly begging
for.

I'm too distracted with him licking the underside of my boobs to notice his hand
disappear
between us.

The next time I feel Christian Volkov, two of his thick fingers pump inside my eager
pussy embedding themselves all the way to the hilt till my knees shake and my hands
reach out to hold his shoulders.

He doesn't move.

Chapter 30

Two seconds with two of his fingers inside me
and I lose it.

My hips start bucking, my eyes fall down to his.

I don't speak. He doesn't either.

What he sees is his slave bouncing up and down his fingers like a greedy person who's
never felt anything remotely good as this.

I don't correct his thoughts. Because it's the truth.

One finger the other night felt good..

Two fingers? They stretch me out, they hit my g-spot. They cross me to the promised
land.

A spot only this bastard discovered.

Rhett never made me feel like this. Rhett never had sex with me till my insides started
tingling. Rhett never found that spot that Vicious has found with his fingers only and not
the real thing.

My insides shouldn't be tingling in the first place.

But I would be lying if I said listening to my pussy take his fingers in and out didn't make me weep

for more.

My toes curl, I feel like peeing, my eyes hold his glaring ones and I ride out my orgasm with a staring contest going on between us.

What I don't expect next?

I don't expect this man to stand with me naked in

Setting

15249

Chapter 30

his arms.

I don't expect this man to smack my body against a wall slightly,

I don't expect this man to gp my hips, place my thighs on each of his shoulders and bury his head between my legs.

My back arches off the wall when **his** mouth latches on my clit sucking it into his warm mouth and teasing it with a tongue that could go to a war of dueling and win that competition with a gold

prize.

Rhett never went down on me. He said he would

never kneel for a

woman,

Christian isn't exactly kneeling and he isn't. exactly going down on me in the literal sense but the way he eats me out has my lungs gasping for

air.

His teeth grasp my little mound tugging slightly and letting it go before his tongue licks everything his fingers did for me.

Licking me clean.

He doesn't give me time to come down from a

high.

His tongue is everywhere, between my folds, back to my clit, hovering outside my hole before he dives in like he could care less about me having a

heart attack.

Chapter 30

This is him seeking his own pleasure, I realize. This is him feeding off his favorite meal and leaving no crumbs.

As soon as another wave of orgasm hits me and warm liquid trickles down my legs to Christian's shoulders, spraying everywhere, Christian

murmurs with excitement in his voice.

"A squirter."

I realize then and then, I might have challenged a maniac and this angry maniac might make sure I never make it to see the light of day again.