



Chapter 29

King

As soon as Alyssa retreats upstairs, I nearly lose my shit. I follow Gray outside, trailing behind him and his annoying-ass wife. I can feel the fury surging through me as he opens the back door of Alyssa's car and ushers Christine inside. 1

Mason's got the unfortunate task of dropping them off. Poor bastard. But better him than me—I don't have the patience for that bullshit.

Gray meets me back at the doorstep, still fuming from the conversation with Alyssa.

When she started crying—when Gray made her fucking cry—I had to fight the urge to pull her into my lap and comfort her right in front of her brother. I've never wanted to break his jaw so badly in my life, but I guess seeing her in pain does something to me. It makes me want to go on a goddamn warpath.

It's not like I'm afraid of Gray, but I know starting shit will only lead to more conflict. I don't have the time or patience for that. Otherwise, I'd gladly tell him I've fucked his sister, and I'm going to keep doing it. His next niece or nephew? They're going to come out of this ballsack, and there's nothing he can do about it. 1

"Why didn't you tell me?" Gray hisses, eyes boring into me.

I deadpan. "Just like your wedding, none of that was mine to tell.

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And...I wasn't aware of all the details until now. You pushed her too far when you brought up her mom."

I think she'd be proud of the way I'm holding back right now, not driving my fist into her brother's face like I want to.

His jaw tightens. "If she's mad at me, I'll give her a few days to cool off, but I will be bringing her back home to mom's house. She needs protection from Isaac." 1

No, something growls inside of me. She's mine.

My teeth grind together. "And what if she doesn't want to go?"

"Too fucking bad."

I'd love to tell him that right now, he's the last person she'd want to go with, but I believe she already told him that herself.

"If she doesn't want to go with you, I won't allow you to take her choice away," I say coolly, steadying my gaze. "That fucker is still out there, and you live closer to him than I do. If she feels safer here, she can stay however long she wants to."

Forever if I get my way.

He stares at me for a long moment, and I know he's thinking, thinking about what I get out of this. Finally, he mutters, "Fine. But all three of you need to watch over her, and keep your fucking hands to yourself."

I tilt my head. "Don't be gross, Pres. She's like a sister to me. To all of us."



That isn't entirely a lie. I did enjoy teasing her in high school like one does a little sister until thoughts of choking her with my dick came to mind.

Gray's eyes narrow slightly, but he nods. "Good. I need you to meet me at the clubhouse at 9 tonight. Mr. Bruno's officially a month late on his payment," Gray mutters, changing the subject.

"Finger?" I ask, smirking.

He nods. "Finger."

Yeah, the bastard is probably going to end up with a broken nose too. I need to release some pent-up rage from today's events.

I give Gray a half-assed salute as he heads to the car. Niko and Mason come out of the house together, their expressions carefully blank.

"You coming?" I ask Niko.

He shrugs. "Zuri always takes a nap after a big meal. Guess she loves the new crib because she just passed out," he says with a grin. "Anyways, I'm coming with Mace so he doesn't have to suffer alone. Christine is-

He trails off, glancing over his shoulder as if Gray might pop out to the car any second and hit him for talking about his wife.

But...fucking annoying is what he was going to say.

We all grunt in agreement.



"What about Alyssa?"

Sympathy passes in his eyes. "Mace told me what happened. We checked on her before he came out. She politely told us to get the fuck out," he says, gritting his teeth like her tears hurt him too.

I know exactly how he fucking feels.

"I'll deal with her," I tell them. "I've got work to do, so both of you will stay with her tonight."

They nod, heading to the car. Niko stops beside me. "Take care of her, King. She's fragile right now," he murmurs.

"I know."

The only thing on my mind is taking care of her. In every way.

I head back into the house, finding Alyssa lying on the bed, staring off into space. The baby monitor's next to her, but it's like she's in another world, a haunted look in her eyes. Tears streak her cheeks, and it twists something inside my chest.

I quietly close the door, and she comes back to life, lifting her head to look at me. Her gaze flickers with disappointment when she sees it's me, but it's gone just as quickly as it came.

I let out a low, deep chuckle. "Why the long face? Expecting someone else?" I tease, leaning against the door, my arms folded.

She lets out a strangled laugh that sounds more like she's trying not to sob. "Is he gone?" Her voice is hollow.

I nod, my tone turning serious. "Yes, kitten. If you're expecting an apology from him, don't hold your breath."

It's better to get her used to the new Gray now, to save her from more hurt later.

Her eyes fall to the floor. "Oh."

The disappointment radiating off her lights a fire in me, something primal that wants to destroy whoever's caused her pain.

But I can't.

"You did a good job, standing up for yourself down there," I say, my voice gruff.

Her eyes snap back up to me, the shock evident on her face. "You're not just saying that because you pity me, right?" 1

I stare at her, unblinking. "Does it look like I pity you?"

She hesitates, biting her lips before whispering, "I...I didn't mean to go off like that or share any of those details. He just...triggered me."

I'm not good with comfort, never have been. It's hard to show compassion when you've never been shown it yourself. I don't even know what came over me earlier—seeing her have a panic attack that I caused...my body just acted.

I place a finger under her chin, forcing her to look at me as I brush my thumb over her bottom lip. "You're strong, kitten. So fucking strong. And so beautiful."



Her words replay in my head: The one time he was too drunk to be disgusted by my body, he wanted to fuck me in the ass, but when he couldn't get past the hemorrhoids, I guess he settled for my bloody, barely-healed vagina.

Yeah, I'm going to enjoy killing that fucker. Not only did he fucking abuse and rape her, he put insecurities in her head that festered, but I'll eradicate them. And when I finally fuck her in front of her husband before I kill him, I'll show her exactly what he missed out on.

Alyssa's hazel eyes ignite with need, and she licks the tip of my thumb. My cock stiffens instantly.

"What are you asking for, kitten?" I purr.

"I want you to use me like a toy, King."



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