



Locked

HEARTS

PART
TWO

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

T. L. SMITH

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WARNING

This Ebook contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language and may be considered offensive to some readers. This e-book is intended for adults ONLY. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

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BLURB

When the king of the underworld wants you.

You have no place to run.

No matter how hard you try, no matter where you go.

He will find you.

It's just a matter of, do you want him to find you.

Or do you want to run.

VARIETY GOSSIP

The King of the Underworld

It seems our notorious bad boy is still, and will most likely forever be, just that. He has been spotted with an old flame, but there's no news of the woman he seemed so attached to.

Does anyone know what happened there?

CHAPTER ONE

SAILOR

I lied.

It's the first thing that runs through my mind every morning before my hand touches my belly.

I lied.

To Keir.

And I've managed to stay away from him too.

I hope it lasts, this willpower I've managed to find and to dig deep to maintain.

Carrying a child was something I thought I would never do. *Ever.*

My body was defective, and it didn't understand what *I* wanted.

But, somehow, along the way, with this man, it happened—I'm pregnant.

I wonder if he's married her already.

Is she pregnant with his child as well?

I hate the bitch and hope I never see her again.

Sighing, I pull my bag further up on my shoulder as I smile at Henry, the barista.

"You should be on leave," he says, shaking his head.

Quickly I gaze down at my belly and smile. "I will be, next week." My shoulders shrug without me thinking about it because not much seems to matter right now except the baby and me.

“Your feet are swollen, and you look tired,” Henry states categorically.

He’s right, for the past couple of months my feet and ankles have been swelling badly to the point of pain. Henry tells me to sit as often as I can, but my job is to serve customers, so standing is a must.

When this happened, I moved back to my hometown and am staying at my old house. I thought about moving out, but Benny insisted I take the third room to use as a nursery. I’ve managed to save enough money to have some time off with the baby once he or she has arrived.

Right now, I don’t know the sex.

To be honest, I was shocked and so grateful—every word and feeling you could think of—when I realized this baby was even happening—it’s more than a miracle and it means everything to me.

Things flew through my head after the initial shock settled.

Could Dillan’s sperm have been defective?

Did my body reject it?

Or is this God’s punishment for everything I’ve gone through by giving me a baby with a murderer?

“Take tomorrow off.” Henry’s nice, one of the best people I have ever worked with. I have clients on the side because I want to keep saving. And having this job as well, as tiring as it may be some days, is the only way I can do that.

“I can’t,” I reply as he walks over and hands me a cup of herbal tea. I smile up at him.

Henry’s young, an amazing barista, and also the owner’s son.

“You can. I’ll cover for you. You know I can.”

My teeth bite down on my lip at his insistence. “I need the money.”

“You’ll still get paid. You’re only meant to be on for four hours tomorrow. Think of it as my early baby gift to you.” He touches my belly and smiles. I used to think it was weird how he did that, but now I’ve become accustomed to the tender act.

“Thank you.” And I mean it.

I’m due in a week. The doctor has told me I could go anytime. I’m healthy, and more importantly, the baby is healthy, which means more to me than you could ever imagine.

Getting into a car I bought for five hundred dollars off Facebook, I drive home.

Benny’s easy to live with and the bonus is how well we get along. I help when he needs it, and I do all the cooking.

It just works.

And... I’m so much happier than I was with Dillan.

Though, that’s not hard to achieve because I was miserable with him.

And Ellie? Thoughts of her often cross my mind. How she craved attention and sought it in all the wrong places. I know that feeling, I think I was like that with Dillan. But her betrayal was difficult to process.

Did she even want to be my friend?

Or was she using me as well?

To distract myself from my raging thoughts, I shake my head.

Then my mind goes to how the people closest to me are now all dead. It still doesn’t feel real even all these months later.

My husband.

Then Ellie.

Who else is left?

My hand touches my belly as I pull up to the front of my house—my childhood home. I grew up here. I even have the same room I had back when I was a child, which should be comforting, but it’s not. This isn’t where I want to be.

When I was sixteen, I climbed out my bedroom window almost every night to get drunk, stoned, and hang with people I once called friends. We would roam the streets, do things we shouldn’t be doing, and I paid the price. It’s why I saw Dillan as a fresh start. *How wrong was I to think that?*

I struggle to climb out of the car and then lock it behind me. And when I say it's a struggle, believe me, it is. I am huge.

"Hello, sweetheart. I've missed you, lollipop."

Well fuck! My whole body locks tight.

My feet halt immediately and my mouth opens at those words, *that voice*.

I'm dreaming, right? Because, believe me, I've dreamed of Keir constantly.

He's like a devil haunting your dreams—that's exactly who Keir is, a man but also a monster.

My very own devil.

"What's wrong, lollipop?"

I feel him now, his breath is tickling the back of my ear. He's close, so close, and now I can smell him. Every sense is heightened to his presence.

Wake up.

Wake up.

But I don't because he's real.

And now he's standing directly in front of me.

Butterflies take flight in my stomach—black ones because that's what he's known for. My hands touch together and I feel the sweat beading on the skin. I bite my lip as I look at Keir.

He shouldn't be here.

Why is he here?

How is he here?

That hard face stares back at me with a small, unnerving smile on his lips as his eyes travel the length of me, which leaves a trail of goosebumps in their wake. When those dark eyes land on my stomach, he pauses, softening for a fraction. His mouth twitches before he turns around to look at the house, then back at me, his eyes darken and he becomes demanding once again. "Inside... we need to talk."

"No." It's the first word I've managed to spit out at him, and it leaves my

mouth stronger than I thought it would.

Keir's head drops to the side. "We. Need. To. Talk." The anger brewing within him slices through each syllable.

His anger is palpable.

Unmistakable.

Blatant.

"Not today, I have things to do."

"You have nothing to do. I followed you from work."

"Stalker," I whisper under my breath. Not that this information is at all surprising to me.

"Proud of it," he replies at hearing my words. "Now, where do you want to talk? Because I am not leaving until we do."

Okay, I know he won't give up until he gets what he wants. But why now? Why here? I stuff the groan that wants to leave my throat and the instinct to touch him, or run, both are fighting to gain position in my mind right now.

"What are you going to do? Camp out front?" My hand goes to my hip, and I feel my skin blush as my temper flares.

"Yes," he replies. "Until I get what I want, and you know I will *get... what... I... want!*"

Pushing past him, I stomp my way to the front door and hear his footsteps right behind me. He won't give up, he won't leave until I submit to him.

Fuck! I struggle with the lock since I'm rushing, but as soon as it turns, I step inside and quickly slam the door behind me, locking it. Even though I know he can get in if he wants, I eventually hear his chuckle before his footsteps fade away.

Rushing to the window, I see him leaning against a black sports car with one foot over the other.

Surely, he won't stay there.

Will he?



*H*e does, all night.

I check every time I need to use the bathroom, and believe me, that's a lot.

More than a lot.

This baby loves to push on my bladder.

As I enter my room, I check the time as I trudge back to the bed—it's four in the morning. The light is on in his car, and he's checking something on his phone.

And that's when it happens.

That's when my water breaks.

Shit.

My heartbeat accelerates, my palms going clammy as I grab both the baby bag and mine with shaky hands.

Now is the time.

I am going to meet my baby.

Adrenaline, excitement, and fear swirl together inside me.

Once I have everything, I pull open the front door and pause when my eyes meet his across the driveway. His gaze falls to my stomach, and I watch in horror as he gets out of his car and makes his way toward me. I changed my pants, but even with the protection I am wearing the new ones are getting a little wet the longer I stand. His eyes drift to the two bags in my hands, and he leans forward, taking them from me without my consent—not that I fight him on it—then locks those dark, dangerous eyes on me and firmly states, “I’ll drive.”

I want to tell him “no” once again, but as soon as the word tries to escape me, I feel the first contraction and it hits me hard. I double over when it runs through my lower back, causing me to almost double over and lose my footing.

“I’ll carry you.” As the contraction ebbs, he lifts me. I want to argue, tell him that he shouldn’t be touching me, but I’m not sure I want to be alone right now. My hands go around his neck, and my eyes find his. The man is striding as if he’s on a mission, both bags still in hand as he carries me effortlessly.

“I still hate you,” I tell him when I realize how safe I feel in his arms. I’m frustrated with myself a little too because that statement couldn’t be further from the truth. Nowhere near this man is safe. Nowhere near this man is going to be secure or protected.

He says nothing just places me gently in his car and then places my bags in the back. I watch as he steps in front of the car, tucking his phone in his pocket before he slides in.

“Which hospital?”

I reply, and my body adjusts ever so slightly to not only keep distance between us but so I can watch him as well.

Make no mistake, just because I’m in the car with this man does not mean I trust him.

I trust him as much as I would a rattlesnake that’s coiled and ready to strike.

“You’re pregnant,” Keir states the obvious with one strong hand gripping the wheel as he drives while the other works the gearshift.

“Ding, ding, ding... the prize goes to the lucky guesser,” I reply sarcastically.

“Is it mine?”

His words shock me.

Because I’m not sure how to answer his question.

I had hoped to never have to answer that question. In truth, I had hoped never to see him again. Quite frankly it would be easier that way.

Just as I open my mouth to reply, another contraction hits me hard enough that both my hands go to my back as I lean forward, trying to contain

the pain. It does nothing.

A rough hand touches the middle of my back and starts rubbing in slow, small circles, and it helps. *He* helps. As soon as it passes and I'm not clenching every part of me, I turn my head to the side, still bent over, and simply gape at him.

Remembering he asked me a question, I finally answer with, "Does it matter?" Let's face it, I remember what he said to me all those months ago. If it's a girl, it doesn't matter. It could very much be a girl for all he knows.

"It matters," he replies as he pulls to a stop out the front of the hospital, his hands tight on the steering wheel, his lips in a thin line.

An orderly comes out with a wheelchair and opens my door. "Park the car and then come in. She will be taken to the delivery ward," the man states, but the boredom in his voice is clearly evident like he has said it a thousand times today already.

I feel Keir's eyes on me, but I choose not to look his way.



*I*t doesn't take him long. Did I really think it would? Keir isn't a man who's late or isn't where he needs or wants to be. So *why* is he here? Perhaps in hopes that I give him a boy? I'm not his chosen to marry and produce an heir. So if I do have a boy, does that mean Keir still wouldn't want him?

This is way too much to be thinking about right now. During labor.

Everything would be much better if he simply wasn't here.

Another contraction hits, and Keir is by my side. He goes to touch me, but I brush his hand away as I suck deeply on the gas to try to ease the pain.

It doesn't work.

"Sailor, I'm going to check how dilated you are. Let's see when we're having this baby," the nurse says cheerfully. My feet are propped up in

stirrups, and her hands go between my legs. “Wow! Okay... that was fast.”
She calls the doctor over to check. “You’re ready to push.”

“Do you have to be here?” I ask Keir.

Both the doctor and the nurse pause to stare at him.

“Yes.” He doesn’t give me an option to argue and before I can even think
of a comeback, I’m pushing.

And he’s right there.

Being the hero.

No. He is not a hero.

Far from it.

Keir is the devil.

One I fucked.

And now look at me.

CHAPTER TWO

SAILOR

*T*he asshole is pacing.
Back and forth.

Back and forth.

Keir lifts his eyes and stares at me, then starts pacing again. Non-stop. It's starting to make me crazy, repressed anger and anxiety swelling in my chest more and more with each step he takes.

"Get out," I say to him, careful not to raise my voice too much.

The doctor and nurses have left, and now it's just the three of us.

But he hasn't stopped pacing since the birth.

"That's not going to happen." He huffs, but he also doesn't glance my way. Adding to my annoyance, his phone hasn't stopped ringing. Like literally hasn't stopped.

It's driving me up the wall.

He is driving me up the wall.

I am tired and need some rest.

"Having a baby is meant to be exciting, but you are making it the total exact opposite. Stop pacing and turn off your goddamn phone or *fucking leave.*"

Keir stops, looks to me and the baby, then shakes his head. "You kept this from me." His words slice straight through me, particularly the way they left

his mouth full of venom.

“How do you know it’s yours?” I ask, my brow raised in challenge.

“Don’t play with me, Sailor.”

Oh, wow! Now that’s a rarity. He used my actual name. Keir scratches his head as he thinks about who knows what.

I let him be because at least now his stupid phone is off, and he isn’t pacing anymore.

My eyes gaze down at the cute tiny bundle of joy in my arms and wonder how you can compare any other love to this. This right here is the meaning of love.

“It’s a girl.” His voice is quiet and oddly subdued for him.

“I know. You can go now,” I whisper, too caught up in watching her. I don’t give him any more attention to see if he leaves, focusing my eyes solely on her perfect face as she makes cute little noises and starts to fuss. She’s currently lying on my naked chest—skin to skin as they suggested—and I move her to the side, positioning her to my breast to start feeding her. The midwife steps in to help, and as soon as my beautiful girl is latched, she leaves.

When I peek up again, Keir hasn’t moved, but now he’s watching us both with eager eyes.

“You don’t have to stay. I’m sure you have people to kill and lives to destroy,” I say, smirking at him.

He says nothing, just stays where he is, watching us. I look back down to my baby and smile as I run my hand through her hair. She has a lot of it, not unlike her father. When I glance back up, he has stepped closer.

“She looks like Dillan, right?” I say with false confidence I’m not proud of. And I know it’s wrong when it leaves my mouth, but I just want Keir to go.

“No, she looks exactly like I did as a baby.”

I bite my lip and tear my gaze away.

Goddammit! He never falls for my bullshit.

“Why are you still here? It’s not a boy, you are good to go...”

He runs his hand down his face, which now that I really look at him, appears pale and completely exasperated. “That’s my child.” I hear the certainty in his tone, and my chest tightens at the reality of the situation unfolding in front of me—of my baby being his daughter.

My blood fights to boil or run cold, I’m so sick with resentment.

“No, you’re wrong. She’s *mine*,” I say, smiling. “Her name is Wren. Wren, why don’t you say hello to Keir before he leaves.” She finishes suckling, and I lift her up onto my chest to burp her. Keir’s dark eyes are locked on me, and they’re unmoving.

“I’m not leaving.”

“Yes. You. Are. We don’t need you. Just be glad that I’m not after anything from you.”

“You never did want anything from me.”

“And I *never* will,” I add, steadying my breath. Kissing Wren’s head, I change boobs and she latches on right away to which I smile before I glance back to Keir.

“I’m not her. That woman was chosen for you. I don’t want nor need you. Please leave and let us be.”

“I’m not leaving. Are you deaf?” That last part slides over his tongue with venom.

“Now you’re throwing insults. That’s just great. No, I am not deaf, but I want to sleep. I’m exhausted.” Wren starts to fall asleep on my breast, so I lift and burp her again before lying her in the crib next to the bed. I turn away from Keir and face my beautiful little girl, and it isn’t long before my eyes become too heavy to keep open any longer.



*I*t's his voice that wakes me, but it's not his usual voice.
He's singing. *Who knew he could sing?*

When I open my eyes, Keir has Wren in his arms, rocking her back and forth as he sings to her. If I didn't just have a baby and didn't know what a dick he really is, it would make me want another.

But I do know who he is. Maybe not all of him, but enough, and none of it is good. Well, apart from the sex, that is more than good.

But look where that led me.

"Keir." He stops singing, and some part of me wishes I didn't speak. Though, the better part of me knows better. "Give me my baby."

He regards her once more, and it's the first real smile I have seen him pull. He steps closer but makes no move to hand her over. "She's beautiful," he whispers.

"She is." I don't disagree because she is the perfect blend of the two of us. And let's get our facts straight—Keir is a beautiful man. Very much so. "Give her to me," I repeat, stronger this time. I sit up and reach for her, and for just a short breath of a moment, I wonder if he will take her from me and that sets panic racing through my veins.

"I'm leaving." Keir hands Wren back, and the instant rush of relief I get does not go unmissed by him. "A driver will take you back to your house tomorrow." Then he finally leaves, without another word.

And I'm left to wonder what the hell just happened.



*T*he driver Keir sends is Joey, who has a black eye and a broken wrist.

"Hi," I say as he steps into my room. His eyes lift then they fall to Wren in my arms before they find mine. "Not to sound rude, but why are you

here?” I ask.

“I’m your driver.”

“I realize that! Is this your punishment?” I ask.

He ambles in, grabs a bag, and lifts it with his good arm. “Is this all?” He ignores my question, then stares at me expectantly when I don’t answer.

“That bag over there too.” I nod to the bag behind me, and he hefts that one up too.

“Is this your punishment? I’m guessing you told him since he turned up and stalked me,” I push again while standing. I asked him not to tell Keir I was pregnant, at the time though, I had believed I could not carry. And that was the case, until Wren.

“Yes,” he finally answers. “Can we go now?” Joey makes a move to the door, and I follow closely behind him.

“Did he do that to you?” I ask when we reach the elevator.

He harrumphs in reply but doesn’t say anything more as he enters the elevator and pushes the lobby button.

“When did you tell him?” I keep pushing because I want to know.

As soon as the doors open, he marches straight out the exit to a waiting car. Opening the back door, there’s a car seat already installed as he heads to the trunk to put our bags inside.

“Do you need help securing her?”

“Have you ever put a baby in a car seat before?” I ask.

“Once, but she wasn’t that small.” Joey nods to Wren.

“Her name is Wren.” I smile at him. “It’s okay, I took lessons so I should be fine.” I place her in the seat, and it isn’t as hard as I thought it would be. Thankfully. When she’s safely buckled in tight, I shut the door.

Joey has the car started, so the air is already running to cool the car to a nice temperature.

“Did he do that to you?” I ask Joey again.

“Yes,” he answers. “Though, I deserved it. And don’t you dare go back to

him saying I told you.”

“Why did you tell him?”

I didn’t think he would.

I had hoped he wouldn’t.

“I didn’t. He found out somehow, he has his ways. Then he put two and two together and knew I knew.”

“He couldn’t have found out,” I say, confused. “I left right away.”

“When Keir has an obsession, it doesn’t take long for him to find it if it goes missing.” Joey ends the conversation by walking to the driver’s side and getting in.

I climb into the back seat and watch Wren the whole way home. “Is he coming back?” I ask when we stop at my place. I look up at the old house which is nothing like what Keir is used to. His house is a five-star palace, while mine is an old, run-down, needs a new coat of paint and possibly everything else you can think of, but it works. It works for me.

“Do you need help getting out?” He avoids the question. *Of course, he does.*

“Joey, *is he coming back?*”

“It’s you. And as I stated, he always finds his way back to things he is obsessed with.”

That shit doesn’t sit right with me, so I climb out of the car and grab Wren. Joey walks into the house with our bags and for some reason I let him. He turns his nose up when he enters which is an insult, but I guess he’s used to living in luxury, and this is far from luxurious.

“You can just put the things down and go. No need to stay longer than you have to. Thank you.” I spin around to face him and watch his eyes scouting the place.

Benny walks out with a bottle of beer in one hand. “You’re back. And that’s nice of the hospital to send you with a driver.” Benny walks over to Wren and smiles. “She looks so much like you, apart from that hair. You had

none as a little one.” Benny nods to Joey before he walks off again.

“You live with a man?” Joey closes his eyes and takes a breath so deep I can hear it. “That isn’t your father. Shit! I’m asking for a second black eye.”

“Benny is old,” I say, shaking my head. “I care for him, and in return I live here in my childhood home. He is my uncle.”

“You grew up here?” He turns his nose up again, eyes squinting in disbelief, and if I didn’t have a baby in my arms, I would literally kick him out.

“You need to leave.”

“I’ll be out front if you need me.”

“I won’t need you, just go.” I follow him to the front door, and as soon as he walks out, I shut it behind him and promptly turn the lock.

Wren makes a cute sound, and I remember how I have done all of this for her.

And I will be doing a lot more.

CHAPTER THREE

“**S**he’s home, and the place is a shithole.” Joey’s voice echoes through the Bluetooth in my car. “She told me not to come back.” I stay silent as I listen to him speak. I’m still fucking furious, and me breaking his arm is the least of his worries. If he wasn’t my brother, you can bet your ass he would be dead.

Six feet fucking under.

So instead of killing him, which is still an option I am considering, I broke his fucking hand and beat his fucking ass.

“She lives with a guy,” he says when I give him no response.

“What?” I didn’t look into where she was living. I assumed it was her place, as it’s the same address as her parents.

“She said she cares for him. He’s old.”

Of course, she does.

“Do I stay?” he asks, and those three words instantly infuriate me.

“What do you think?” I bite back.

“I stay.”

“Of course you fucking stay, dickhead.” I hang up on him.

The day I found out she was pregnant, I tracked her down, even though I told myself not to. After months of not seeing her, I told myself to let it be. Let *her* be. I knew better, though. A part of me knew I wouldn’t be settled

until I saw her again and I was right.

She plagues my mind, like a fucking disease, so much so I actually thought of killing her. Finally doing it. Finding her and slicing her fucking throat, just so that face wouldn't enter into my mind again. But no, the one I would carry in my memory would be the one of her dead.

I had moved on, or so I thought.

It's always the way though, right?

You move on, and like a leech those memories stick to you.

She's in the back of my mind—all the damn time.

I should have killed her instead of her husband.

My life would be so much easier right now if only I had followed through.

So much fucking easier.

“Is it true?” Roberto asks as I walk into my penthouse. He licks his lips and raises an eyebrow. “Is it true?”

“Is what true?”

“Did Sailor have a baby? And is it yours?” I didn't share that information when I found out. The first thing I did was beat the living shit out of my brother, then I located her and left. Now, I'm back.

“She did and it is.”

His hand scrubs his face. “Shit, what are you going to do?”

“Nothing.” His eyes go wide at my words. “She had a girl,” I tell him, and he nods. He gets it. Girls aren't valued. It's the boys we want. Old school, yes. But it works. The women get to enter into contracts to secure protection for their families, and we get male heirs to keep our legacy alive.

“What about Sailor?” Roberto asks.

“What about her?”

He sits at the table, his hands coming up and he rests them on the top, as I take the seat where I left the paperwork I was reviewing when I found out about the pregnancy.

“You didn’t go looking for her because of the baby. Joey didn’t tell you that until after. So what about Sailor?”

“Nothing,” I say.

“If only it were nothing, but we both know it’s not. You want her, and you’ve never wanted anyone like you do her. I know it’s not my place to say —”

“So don’t,” I interrupt.

“But I’ve seen you with women all my life, boss. We grew up together. And this one you were meant to kill, yet you didn’t. Then you should have when you thought she was working for Romarc, yet you didn’t. You let her go.”

“I knew she wasn’t working for him,” I reply.

“If you thought for a second I was, you would shoot first and ask questions later,” he points out.

He’s right, I would.

“With her, you’re wearing rose-colored glasses, and even when you said it was over and she left, you still went searching for her.”

“What’s your damn point?”

“It’s that you aren’t going to let this go. And especially now she has your child. You know you aren’t. You’re not like our fathers.”

“No, I’m worse.”

His lip quirks up. “You are, no denying that. But you also know the value of family. It’s why your brother isn’t dead right now for lying to you.”

“Give me time, he may very well be soon.”

Roberto shakes his head. “Do you plan to tell your mother?”

“About the baby?” I ask. He nods. “No.”

Roberto knows my mother wants grandchildren. And unlike my father, who rots in the ground where he belongs, she doesn’t care about the sex. She was lucky to have boys because God only knew what would have happened otherwise with a father like him.

I don't seem to be lucky to have a boy straight off. Though, I can't deny that Wren is the perfect blend of her mother and me.

"So, what do we do?" Roberto asks.

"I don't know."

His eyes shoot up at my words.

I always know what to do in any given situation, but with her, I never know.

"Is Joey still with her?"

"Yes."

"For how long?" he pushes.

I slam my hands down on the table. "Enough! Fucking enough. I know what you're doing, Roberto. You want me to see that I should end it. That this isn't what's right for me. I get it, I fucking do. But guess what?" I stand, leaning over the table. "I don't give a fuck what any of you fuckers think. All I need to do right now is figure out what *I* am going to do. It's not every day you get told you are going to be a father."

"Twice," Roberto says, turning and leaving.

Fuck.

CHAPTER FOUR

SAILOR

*J*oe stays for days, which turns into weeks, then into months. He leaves at night and comes back during the day. He drives me wherever I need to go, but we hardly speak. More so him than me. I ask questions, but I get nothing in response. It must be his punishment for not telling Keir about the pregnancy.

If it is, he's not telling me any different, so I can only assume.

I haven't heard from Keir. I'm not sure if that's a blessing or not.

Wren and I have managed to find a routine that works for us. At first, I was stressed, with little to no sleep, and constantly wondering if everything I was doing was right.

Raising a little human is hard.

Harder than they can ever prepare you for.

And I tried to prepare myself.

I read every book I could lay my hands on and went to every class I could get into.

Wren sighs as she opens her eyes, and I can't help but get lost in them. She is perfect. Literal perfection wrapped in front of me, and she's all mine.

It hurts to think about all the others before her that I lost. Would they have looked like her, with the same long lashes? Or would they look like him, my dead husband? Leaning down, I kiss her head and tell her how

beautiful she is, and how much I love her.

Somewhere amongst those words that float from my mouth, I lose track of those thoughts that plague me and put all my energy into Wren.

Utter perfection.

Mine.

My parents left a week or so ago. They came to meet Wren and help me out a little bit. And even though they waited to come, I'm glad they did. It gave me enough time to bond with my girl.

Six months to be exact.

Of nothing but her and me. Oh, and Benny, and sometimes Joey.

Keir disappeared just as quickly as he had come back. I haven't heard from him, but I know he has eyes on me. Joey, to be precise.

I've gone to work a few times to see Henry. He's asked me out a few times, which I didn't expect, but I turned him down because I don't see him that way.

Henry doesn't realize it, but I'm saving him from a lifetime of problems.

Because that's what happens to me—trouble always follows.

And who knows what Keir might do, I don't want anything happening to Henry.

Carrying Wren on my hip, I walk to the front door and pull it open. The first thing I see is the black car that's always parked at the curb. But this one is different, and a shiver racks through me as I realize...

... I'm under no delusion that he's going to leave me alone anytime soon.

Now he knows I have his child, I had hoped that would be the end of it since Wren is not a boy. But as I watch him get out of his car—two black shoes followed by two strong legs in a designer suit—I know he isn't going to leave. *Ever*. He will just keep coming back, again and again.

Wren looks at him, and I wonder if that's the way I looked at him. Fear mixed with curiosity. If so, I was doomed from the beginning.

Condemned.

Cursed.

Fated.

He's wearing glasses, and his hair is slicked back to perfection. His jacket somehow is crisp and doesn't look like he's worn it for a few hours on the drive here. Because I don't live down the road anymore. I live many towns away. Obviously, that's still not enough distance between us if he can just show up whenever he wants.

It's been months since I've seen him, but I wish it were longer.

Wren makes a sound, and I pull her up farther on my hip. I look like shit compared to Keir.

My shorts probably haven't been washed in...

... well, I am not sure.

My hair's in a messy bun that was thrown up early this morning.

My shirt is sporting the remains of Wren's food from earlier—pumpkin I believe.

I bite the inside of my cheek as he gets closer to me. When he stops, I take a deep breath to prepare for what he's going to say. And why on earth does he have to smell so damn good?

I smell like pumpkin.

Pumpkin.

He smells like he just stepped out of a high-end men's store.

Fucking luxury.

Asshole.

"Didn't expect to see you." Words manage to leave my mouth, and he lifts his sunglasses from his face so I can see his dark eyes—the exact same dark eyes my daughter has—and he looks from me to her. She curls into my arm as he stares at her, and I watch as Keir offers her a small smile.

"Can I come in?" He nods to the house.

I'm so shocked with how polite his words are, that he repeats himself as I gape at him without responding. "Sailor, can I come in?"

“Um... sure.” I step inside and hold the door open. Keir follows me in, and his eyes assess the place again. “Why are you here?” I ask, glancing back out the door, not seeing any sign of Joey. I shut the door with a bit of hesitation and remain frozen in front of it.

“Is there not somewhere we can sit?”

Yeah, the couch is full of toys as well as the floor. He eyes the mess, then looks back to me. I walk to the kitchen where the four-seater table is located and nod. He pulls a seat out and sits. Why does his presence take up so much space in this room? It’s not his place, so it shouldn’t feel like he has complete control. Yet, as always, it does.

“Why are you here?” I repeat. Wren stays where she is, face stuck in my shoulder but watching him. She’s interested, and I don’t blame her. I watch as his eyes flick to her, then back to me.

“It’s time.”

“Time for what?” I ask, confused.

“Time for you to come home.” His words shock me so much my head pulls back.

What on earth is he talking about? Then it clicks. My free hand clenches and he notices. He sits back, ready for what I’m going to say.

“*I am home.* Now, if you would kindly fuck off, that would be appreciated.” I point to the door, and he makes no move to leave. Instead, his hand lifts to the table and he starts tapping his fingers, one at a time over and over again.

“She looks like you,” he says, and I say nothing in return, because to me she looks exactly like him. “But she has my eyes.” And his hair, but he doesn’t comment on that. “Sailor...” when he says my name, his fingers stop tapping, “... I can provide you a better life. One where you won’t have to work.”

“And what does that entail for me?” I ask, leaning in close. “To be what? Your whore! While you marry someone else?”

“You would never be my whore.” I notice how he doesn’t correct me on marrying someone else and that shit hurts more than anything. It shouldn’t after all this time, after wanting nothing more than to move on, but it damn well does.

“You still plan on marrying her?” I ask. “Even after...” My voice breaks just a little bit.

“Come home. Bring my daughter and come home.”

“And what if I don’t?” I oppose.

“You know what happens to people who challenge me. I always have my way, Sailor.” He stands, strides over to me, and looks down at Wren in my arms. “Can I hold her?” Wren lifts her head from my shoulder and looks at him. Usually with strangers she avoids all contact, but she moves and reaches out for him as he offers her his hands. A small part of me breaks when she goes into his arms so willingly. I have to remind myself he *is* her father, and she *is* my gift. And that no matter what, I would do anything and everything to make her happy in this life.

“I want my old apartment back. I don’t want to live with you. And you aren’t welcome to come over whenever you want. We will set visitations like normal people do.” The words leave me in a rush as I watch my daughter look up to the man who rocked my life and my world, in the worst and best possible ways. How can I hate someone so much but appreciate everything about them at the same time? It’s because of her, I know it is. *Wren*.

“You’re negotiating?”

“I will stay exactly where I am otherwise.”

“No, you won’t,” he bites out through gritted teeth. “I gave you time. Now is not the time to argue.”

I smirk up at him. “No, I won’t.” Knowing full well the minute I can, I’m running.

“Fine. Instead of me hunting you down and kidnapping you, then trapping your ass, how about we negotiate?” Wren reaches up and touches his face

and he doesn't push her hand away, just looks at her as he speaks to me. "You want your own place, and I want you with me."

"You can't have your cake and eat it too," I snap.

He smiles at Wren, and it makes it so much harder to stay angry at him. I hate that she instantly trusts and loves him. She always wants me, but for some reason she seems lost in him right now.

I feel ya, sister. I feel ya. He's easy to get lost in.

"If that's the saying you want to go with." He shrugs, not denying it.

"I'll be in a place owned by you, remember," I point out. "But that doesn't mean you can pop over unannounced," I reiterate, sitting taller.

"Why? Do you plan to have company?" He's careful with how he words it, and I'm not sure if it's because he has Wren in his hands or because he doesn't want me to say no.

"Why does it matter?" I shoot back. I shouldn't be playing with fire, but I can't help myself. He reaches up and Wren grabs hold of his hand and wraps her little fingers around one of his. She smiles and giggles, and I melt, just melt. I didn't know I wanted to see this. I assumed I could do this all on my own, and I have.

But seeing them together? Now I am questioning, *is it mean of me to keep him away from her?*

"I still want you. Let's make no mistake there, Sailor." He gets straight to the point. "I will *not* share you." His eyes move from our daughter to me. "Do you understand?"

"Luckily for you, I'm not yours to share." I smile sweetly at him. "And I won't negotiate with you. If you think out of all of this you still get me, you're wrong," I point out.

Benny walks in, limping. His eyes fall to Keir, and he pauses before he looks at me. "We have company," he states, straightening his back. "Hello." He nods to Keir, and I shake my head.

"Benny, this is Keir."

Keir walks over with Wren still attached to his hip and offers him his hand. “Wren’s father,” Keir announces.

“Mmm...” Benny shakes his head, but not for long. “I’ll let you two be.” He turns and walks away.

“Her father?” I ask him when Benny’s gone. “You haven’t seen her for six months, and all of a sudden you’re her *father*?” I chuckle. “Tell me...” I pause before continuing, “... if I was a random one-night stand who just so happened to have your child, what would happen then?”

“I would have shot you the minute I found out you were pregnant,” he replies coldly, making my heartbeat pick up.

“You would have shot me?” My breath hitches. “I’m glad I never told you then.”

“Not you. We’ve established this, Sailor. You said any other girl. I would have shot *any other girl* but not you.”

“Doesn’t make me feel any better,” I mumble.

“I should have shot you when I found out, so it wouldn’t incite a war between the families.”

“A war?” I ask, confused.

“Pack your bags.” Keir walks to the living room and then straight to my bedroom. I follow and watch him open the door before he steps in and sits on the bed with Wren. “We’re leaving today.”

No more discussion.

That’s it.

Well, that isn’t how it’s going to go anymore.

CHAPTER FIVE

KEIR

“*Y*ou haven’t agreed to anything I mentioned.” I had hoped she would forget. Wren touches my face, and I’m amazed by her. She’s so quiet and calm. I’m in love with her already. *Why did it take me so long to come back for them?*

“What?”

“I want the old apartment. I want you to call before you come over. You are not my boyfriend nor my lover. You are Wren’s father and that’s it.” Sailor’s arms cross over her chest, pushing her boobs up and I smirk, and she looks down at her top, which is covered in stains, then scowls at me.

“I’ll call first,” I tell her.

“Thank you.” She moves to the closet, pauses, her hand still on the handle before she speaks. “You won’t ever take her from me, will you?” Her soft eyes look over her shoulder at me, and the vulnerability there is hard to take.

“Never.”

She blinks a few times before she turns back and starts to pack her things. “I have to speak to Benny. Can you watch her?” She leans down, her face directly in front of mine, but it’s not me she’s looking at. She leans in farther and kisses Wren’s cheek before she straightens. I nod and watch her walk out.

Wren starts making some noises, her hands patting my face.

“Yeah, yeah, I know. I miss her already too.”

I actually haven't held a baby before Wren, and I'm glad I never did. Wren makes more noises, and before long she starts to cry just as Sailor steps back into the room.

“I'm gonna have to organize a helper for Benny. I was helping him, but now—”

“Joey can stay and help until you find someone.”

Her eyes go wide. “No! No way. He wouldn't know what to do.”

“Leave a list for him,” I tell her, standing and handing her Wren. “I'll be back in thirty minutes to collect you both.”



Joey is waiting out the front when I step outside. I haven't spoken to him today, and he didn't know I was coming until I arrived. He pulls himself off the car when I get closer and stands tall.

“She's coming back with me,” I tell him, and he smiles. “You're staying to look after the old man.”

His smile falls instantly as do his shoulders. “Really?” he whines.

“You want another black eye?” I question.

“No,” he mumbles. “You haven't forgiven me yet? I've done everything you've asked. I want to come home.”

“You can, after he's taken care of.”

“How long is that going to take?”

“However long it takes Sailor to find a new caregiver.” I look to his car, then back to mine. “Get that baby seat in my car.”

“She actually agreed to go with you?” Surprise laces his tone as he does what I asked and grabs the car seat. I've missed my brother, even if he is a lying sack of shit. Doesn't mean I don't want him around.

“She did.”

“Any news on Romarc?” he asks, lifting the seat from his car and shifting it to mine.

“He hasn’t come out of hiding yet, but he will. News is spreading fast that he’s back to selling. Won’t take him long until he slips up.”

“What do you plan to do with him?” my brother asks as he clips in the seat and slides his body back out.

“I plan to burn him to the fucking ground.”

“At least you didn’t just say shoot him.”

“That too,” I reply, smirking. I managed once to put thirteen bullets into a guy without killing him. The fourteenth one was the kill shot. I wonder how many I could get in Romarc before the end game.

“What now?” Joey asks.

“Now, show me where her boss lives.” I smirk.

“Fuck!” Joey sighs but gets in the car and drives me straight to a small coffee shop. I get out and Joey stays close behind me as I enter.

He’s the only one there. Music is blaring, and when he finally notices us, he turns the music down and walks to the counter. “What can I get ya?” he asks, looking straight at me. I pull my gun from my trousers and place it on the counter. He freezes and raises his hand. “Take what you want, I don’t have much.” His hand moves and he pops the cash register. I watch as his creamy skin goes bright red. How his hands shake as I stand in front of him.

“Sailor...” I say her name, and he blinks a few times before his hands lower. “Tell me... do you spy on all your employees?”

“What?” He shakes his head.

Joey walks around the counter to this lowlife, reaches into his apron, then pulls out his phone and unlocks it using the douche’s face before he throws it to me. I go straight to his camera roll and shake my head.

“It’s not what you think,” he says, hands up in the air again.

I turn the phone around to face him and his face reddens even more. “What *I* think is that *you’re* spying on Sailor. Taking photos of her for your

own pleasure.” Dropping the phone to the floor, I stomp on it and smash it to pieces.

He goes to yell, but when my hand touches the gun on the counter, his mouth shuts again. Then he says, “She knew. She liked it.”

Slime. That’s all I see when I look at him. Scum. Sludge. Filth. Someone who takes advantage of young women.

“And she’s going to love what I do to you.” I lock the door and turn off the lights. “Did you ever touch her?” I ask.

“Her hand, only ever her hand.” I slowly make my way back to the counter as I screw a silencer on the gun.

“But you wish it were more, correct?” He doesn’t respond, his eyes trained on the gun. “Don’t lie to me,” I push.

“Yes, I like her,” he whines, his body visibly trembling now.

“Because you were honest, you can keep your life.”

A rush of breath leaves him. “Thank you.”

“Just not your hand,” I say and pull the trigger.

Joey automatically reaches for the guy’s mouth and covers it with a cloth to muffle his screams.

“Tidy this mess, and if he wants to talk...” I look down at him as he falls to the floor, “... I’ll be back. And next time I won’t be so nice.”



Two suitcases are sitting out front when I return, and I watch as she brings out a third. Wren’s no longer on her hip. She’s wearing a loose top with bike shorts. There are marks all over the shirt, but it doesn’t make her any less attractive.

Could anything? I’m afraid not.

Six months to try to get over her, and again it wasn’t enough. I feel a lifetime may not even be enough.

Those little doe eyes squint as she looks at me. “You’re back.”

“Did you think I wouldn’t be?” I ask, moving in closer to her.

“I assumed you would get your brother to help, since that’s what you are good at. Directing others to do your dirty work,” she bites back.

How I’ve missed her, and that mouth in more ways than one.

“You have a problem with Joey?”

“No, just with you.” She smiles, showing her teeth so it’s more of a sneer, before going back inside. Wren is in a swing, asleep with a teddy clutched between her hands.

“Problem with me? Can’t say I haven’t heard that before,” I reply, lifting my eyes from our daughter to her.

“I’m sure everyone you meet tells you that because you’re a real asshole.” She drops another quick, sarcastic smile and turns back, grabbing a baby bag. Stepping forward, I reach out and take it from her. When I’m this close, it takes a lot for me to not touch her. I get a whiff of that hidden berry smell that surrounds her, and I want to bury my head between her legs.

“Keir.”

“Say it again,” I tell her.

Her hands plant on my chest and she pushes me back so my body isn’t practically on hers. “Back the fuck up.”

“You know I like it when you talk dirty.”

She rolls her eyes as I reluctantly step back. “How dirty you like it? So dirty that when I wake in the middle of the night to clean my child’s diaper, I imagine running it all over your face? That dirty?” She steps closer to me, stands on her tippy-toes, and bites at my mouth but doesn’t touch me at all. “I don’t want you, Keir. *Remember that.* The reason I’m coming back is *not* for you.”

She pauses, her lashes fanning her face as she looks up at me. “It’s because of Wren. She doesn’t need to grow up without knowing you. You’re her father. Better the devil you know and can keep close...” She turns

quickly and walks out the door, picking up a bag full of toys, and leaves me standing there.

My cock hard, and my need for her even stronger.

CHAPTER SIX

SAILOR

The car ride was... quiet. I chose not to speak to him. He sat in the back, with Wren in between us, while one of his men drove. When she woke, he spoke to her softly. I like the way he speaks to her, and it's as if she understands him. He talks to her like she's an adult, there's no baby talk like I do. No ohhh and ahhh, just straight conversation. Keir gives her his full attention, and she does the same.

The car comes to a stop when we reach the front of my old building—*his* building, I should say.

“Do you own the building?” I ask as I reach for my bag.

“Yes.”

Figures. Don't know why I even bothered to ask.

I get out of the car and go to the trunk to grab the diaper bag. When I go back to get Wren, Keir already has her on his hip.

“I would like her to meet my mother.”

Wow. Ummm, okay. That came out of left field.

“I'm not comfortable with being away from her.” I bite my lip. It's true. It's not that I don't want him to have her to himself. It's just that she's mine. Yes, technically, she's his too. But she's *mine*. Okay, that sounded slightly crazy even to me. But I don't want to share her even though I know I have to, and the thought kills me a little inside every time I think about it.

“I want her to meet you as well. Can you be ready later?” The driver has already put all my things on some sort of cart to take inside. The only bag that’s left is the one I have in my hand.

“I have to purchase some furniture,” I say, walking over to Keir and reaching for Wren. She comes easily.

“Be ready at five.” Keir gets back in the car as the driver comes back out, passing me a set of keys before he leaves.

“He’s so demanding,” I whisper to Wren. She smiles as I make my way into my old apartment. It’s small, but not small enough that Wren and I won’t fit. And what I do like about it is that it’s local to everything.

Opening the door, I stop at the threshold. Stepping back out, I check I have the right door. *Yep, number thirteen.* There’s a brand-new couch—*what did he do with the old one?*—a television, a dining table, and it’s already fully equipped. Moving farther inside, my old bedroom has a new bed, and the office, which was small, is now a nursery. And he’s added doors.

Our bags sit there waiting as I place Wren in her crib, then I pull her bags into the room and start unpacking.

Time passes so quickly as I am engrossed in getting things organized, and as I’m putting away the last of her clothes, I look at the time. *Shit.*

I grab something cute for her to wear and pull her from the crib, where she played nice with her toys while I unpacked, then take her to the shower with me. We get in and I start washing her, realizing too late that her shower seat is still packed. I glance at the shower floor, not wanting to put her down, when his voice rings through the bathroom.

“Give her to me.” I turn quickly, almost slipping at the nearness of his voice.

“*Wh.. what* are you doing in here?” I squeal.

“Give Wren to me so you can finish getting ready, woman.” I scowl at him, passing Wren over and he takes her, not caring that his jacket is getting wet. “Your body has changed.” Looking back over my shoulder, I see him

taking his time staring at me as he wraps Wren in a towel. She giggles as he holds her close.

“That’s what happens after you have a baby,” I say. I stare back at him, unblinking, eyes wide, waiting for him to comment further. I want to ask him if he means it’s changed for the worse or better, but I keep my lips sealed shut. I shouldn’t care what he thinks. Instead, I say something else. “You were supposed to wait for me. You agreed to call before you came in.”

His eyes rake over me one last time before he looks at Wren. “Let’s get you dressed.” Then he adds, “I did call. Twice.” Keir leaves the room.

After finishing my shower, I quickly change into something clean. Sliding a lilac dress over my head, followed by a denim jacket and I pull on some Converse shoes. Once I check myself in the mirror, I walk out to find Wren already dressed and Keir studying her bottles on the counter.

“You dressed her?”

He glances back over his shoulder. “I googled how to do it,” he answers, and I’m not sure if he’s being serious or not. “But you need to show me this.” He nods to her formula, and I walk over to give him a lesson on how to prepare her bottle. Keir pays close attention, taking in the steps and measurements, then nods his head and plucks the bottle from me before feeding her. “You look beautiful.”

“Why are you doing this?” I ask.

He switches his attention from Wren to me while I chose to ignore his comment regarding how I look.

“My mother is waiting. Are you ready?”

Sighing, I prepare her other bottles, and then we leave.

He never answered my question.



he lives not far from where I do.

S “Do you live here as well?” I ask, remembering he also lives in the city, not just in his large house where he kept me.

“I do. I have the entire top floor of the building two down from here.”

Okay. *Holy shit.*

“And she knows I’m coming?” The car comes to a stop and the driver gets out to open our doors. Keir holds Wren as if it’s natural for him, and I hate him a little bit for that fact.

“She knows she’s meeting Wren...”

“But not me,” I clarify as we get out.

Keir doesn’t respond, he simply makes his way to the building’s front door with me following closely behind.

“Your mom is going to hate me,” I half-whisper, but he hears me all the same.

“It’s a possibility,” he replies as we enter the building.

“Thanks for the vote of confidence, it was just what I needed to hear.” I huff as we take the elevator to his mother’s floor. When we exit the elevator, there’s a door standing open and a lady with silver hair waits there unsmiling.

“Mamma, you look good,” Keir says, approaching and kissing both her cheeks. “This is Wren.” I watch as his mamma smiles softly at Wren, who sticks to Keir, not letting go.

“She’s attached to you already,” his mother comments.

“This is Sailor, Wren’s mother.” Keir steps to the side so I can come up next to him.

“Nice to meet you.” I give her a soft smile, but she doesn’t return the gesture. Instead, her eyes travel up and down the length of me before she looks to Keir.

“Paige has met her already and approves of you being around her?”

Her words shock me.

What the hell does that mean?

“Paige, as in...” Do I say *the bitch who tried to kill me?*

“Yes, her,” Keir says, avoiding eye contact with me.

Then, without caring, I ask, “Why the hell would she care what you do with me?”

“Oh, come on, dear, you didn’t really think you would end up as a happy family with my son here, did you? He is a boss, after all. And what are you?” Her left brow raises, and I can see why Keir is such an asshole because his mother is a raging bitch.

“Answer me, Keir.” I don’t look at his mother as I address him.

That woman, I can deal with later. It’s her son I have an issue with right now.

“Because I’m to be married to her. You know this.”

I shake my head. “Even after?” *Surely not.* That bitch tried to kill me, and he threatened her because of it.

“The contract still stands,” he states unemotionally.

“Don’t lie. You’re a powerful man, as your mother *so kindly* put it. You could break it off if you wanted to.”

“I’m not discussing any more of this here with you now.”

“That’s fine. Give me my daughter and we’ll leave.” I hold my hands out to take Wren, who wiggles to get to me. At first, my heart jumps a beat thinking he may not pass her to me, but he eventually does.

“Stay. At least come in for a drink,” Keir says.

I should deny, I want to leave. But I’m not here for me, I’m here for Wren.

I turn to face his mother. “I would love a drink.”

The old bag doesn’t smile or even attempt to move until Keir walks in, then she follows. I hold Wren close to me as we head inside.

I can see where he gets his taste in décor—everything is so dark and expensive. The couch is a dark gray and is in an L shape. The dining room table isn’t as big as Keir’s, but it’s still impressive. It seats six people and has

large wooden legs with black velvet chairs, and it backs up to a large, white kitchen. Keir pulls out a seat at the table for me and then does the same for himself. His mother sits opposite us with a drink tray already on the table.

“So, how’s life?” I ask her, smiling. It’s fake, as fake as this relationship is right now. Non-existent. But I am trying because that’s the right thing to do, right?

“Bit of attitude, I see. This must be why my son was attracted to you.” His mother picks up a small piece of cake and bites into it, so I do the same thing.

“No, actually... he kidnapped me. Did he *not* tell you?” I look at Keir, who’s watching me.

His mother’s dark eyes flick to him, then back to me. “No, he did not.”

“Figured as much.” I shrug. “Knocked me up as well. After he told me he never wanted to see me again, that is.”

“I didn’t know,” Keir interjects.

I wave him off. “Doesn’t matter if you knew. You said you didn’t want girls. Only boys to carry on the line.”

“Boys *do* come in handy.”

“Girls are just as important and are just as fierce, dominating, and headstrong. You name it, what a boy can do a girl can do too.”

“But they shouldn’t, and they can’t,” his mother jumps in.

I ignore her and focus on Keir. “You think a girl can’t be you?” I ask him.

“No.”

“I bet you *I* could be you.” I straighten my spine. He shakes his head, brushing me off. “I bet I could be you,” I repeat.

“You can’t. No one can. It’s why I am who I am.” His mother reaches over the table and grabs his hand. “But I won’t lie to you, I think if any woman had a chance it would be you. You are feisty.”

“Better than your papa, that’s for sure,” his mother adds.

“You couldn’t kill if you had to,” he snaps.

“Sure,” I bite back.

“I shot your friend. Did I tell you that?” I stare at him, confused. “What was his name... Harry? No, *Henry*.”

Well damn! If I wasn't holding Wren, I would get up and move away. But I remain seated right next to him. “Was going to kill him but chose to shoot him in his hand instead. I think he got taught a valuable lesson.”

I'm angry now.

How dare he do something like that.

Henry was always so kind to me.

Dammit! Even being my friend was enough to get him in trouble.

“And what's that?”

“To not perve on what's *mine*.”

“He never—”

Keir interrupts with his hand and then pulls his phone from his pocket and brings up pictures showing Henry hiding behind a garden bush in front of my house, holding his camera up to my window.

Well, shit.

“You didn't have to shoot him.”

Asshole.

“How about dinner?” his mother asks and walks around the table. Wren and I both look at her as she stops next to us.

“Can Wren help me get dinner out?” she asks nicely, clapping her hands at Wren. The last thing I want to do is give *this* woman *my* child, even if she is her grandmother. So I decide to leave it up to Wren, and she does what I don't want her to do, she opens her arms and goes to her. I groan softly as she takes her and walks into the kitchen.

“You want to be me for a day?” he challenges once they're out of hearing range. “You really think you could do what I do?” he asks, picking up a piece of pineapple and sucking it in between his lips.

I lick mine as I watch him and answer, “I know I can.”

“Done! I’ll pick Wren up tomorrow and Roberto will collect you.” He sits back, crossing his arms over his chest. “This is going to be interesting.”

“If you say so.” I shrug my shoulders. “Maybe I’ll retire your ass and make you my nanny.”

He throws his head back and chuckles.

And for the first time, I resist the urge to kick him in the balls.

CHAPTER SEVEN

KEIR

“Why are you staring at her like that.” My mamma sits opposite me while Sailor is using the bathroom.

“Like what?” I ask her, curious.

Wren is asleep and lying in a portable crib next to me.

Dinner was filled with tension, clearly my mother and Sailor were not comfortable with each other but somehow we got through it.

“Like she’s more than you say she is.” My mamma’s not dumb—she knows. You can’t put anything over on her and in some ways that is a great thing, but in others not so much, like now. “And why are you still punishing your brother? He did what he thought was right.”

“He lied to me,” I point out.

“So did a lot of people.”

“And those that I know of are dead.”

“She’s not.” Mamma lifts her wine glass in Sailor’s direction. “Actually, I don’t think she ever will be...” She pauses and takes a large drink before continuing, “I wasn’t your father’s first choice. You know that, right?” I’d heard my asshole father say that numerous times. When the old bastard got drunk, he would ramble about a pretty blonde who stole his heart. He never cared about Mamma or her feelings when he was drunk.

“Hmmm,” is all I can give in response.

She waves me off. “I know in the end it was the blonde he wished was with him, even though I gave him everything he wanted. It’s the only reason I stayed around so long.” She looks to make sure Sailor isn’t there before she returns her eyes to me. “I know your father still saw that woman. Do you plan to do the same? To see Sailor on the side? Have her as your dirty little secret while you’re off marrying Paige?” I choose not to answer. “Your father should have left me... he should have left me so he could be with the woman he wanted. Instead, he kept me around like a stray cat, came to me when he needed things, and left to always be with her. Do you know what that does to a woman, how that makes her feel?” She answers her own question, “Like shit.”

I wasn’t aware he still had a relationship with this other woman. I guess in the end he was good at hiding things.

“I have a feeling this Sailor won’t be happy as your side piece, Keir. Are you prepared for that?”

“I will *never* be a side piece,” Sailor says as she returns and smiles at my mother. “Thank you for giving him the correct advice, but it’s not necessary. You see, your son and I are not intimate any longer. I don’t plan to ever be again.”

Those words, those stinking words that have just left her mouth make me fucking mad—no I am furious, there’s no denying that. My eyes track her as she walks over to me at the table and looks down, so I retort with, “No one has ever said you will be.”

“Good! Just so you’re aware.” She nods and looks over to Wren. “It was lovely meeting you, but I’m afraid I have to go and get Wren to bed.”

My mother stands, goes to Sailor, and kisses her cheek. “I would like to visit you and Wren more often, if that’s okay. My sons never have enough time for me anymore.”

“That’s not true, Mamma. We love you.”

“Well, bring your brother back,” she retorts, at which Sailor looks to me

and just stares silently with her head slightly tilted to the side.

“But would that be okay?” My mother directs her question to Sailor. “If I visited? I would love to spend more time with her.”

Sailor bites her lip before she answers, “Yes, of course.”

“Wonderful. Now my son will be the perfect gentleman and drive you home.” My mother steps back and Sailor coughs and splutters at the part about being a gentleman because we both know I’m anything but.



“*I* don’t plan to stay here long,” Sailor announces as we walk out of Wren’s room. She gently closes the door behind her and looks at me. “You’re marrying her, and you can’t have me on the side, supporting Wren and me.” She shakes her head. “It’s so wrong on all levels.”

“You *are* the mother of my child. It’s what any man would do.”

“But you aren’t like any other man. We’ve established this already, Keir.”

I move closer to her. My fingers itch to touch her face, to drag them along the edge, then lift her chin so her lips can press against mine.

“Yes, we have,” I reply. Against my better judgment, but I do it anyway, my fingers brush her chin.

However, she quickly steps back and looks down, shaking her head.

“See...” she waves her finger between us, “... this *cannot* happen. Now or ever.” Her head continues to shake, slowly moving back and forth like she’s trying to reiterate that fact to herself. But then she surprises me with, “Tell me about her.”

Now I step back. That’s not a conversation I *ever* want to have with Sailor.

“That’s what I thought. You don’t want that conversation, right?”

“You should get some sleep.” Quickly, I make my way to the door but stop at her voice.

“But, Keir...” I turn back to face her, “... don’t you want to eat some pussy?” She moves her dress to the side to reveal the black panties she’s wearing. When I make a quick move toward her, she drops the dress. “See, asshole? That’s not going to happen *now* or *ever*. Get that in your mind because two can play games and keep secrets.”

Closing my eyes, I sigh then pull open the door and pause. “Be ready tomorrow morning.”

“I’ll be waiting patiently with excitement.” I step out, but she has me pausing again when she asks, “I’ll have full control, right? They’ll do whatever I say?”

“Yes.”

“This is going to be so much fun.” She claps her hands together, and I fight the smile that pulls on my lips.

“*Bellissima.*” Her mouth drops at my word, but I shut the door in haste and walk away from her.

She could destroy everything I’ve built in one single day—what my family has taken a lifetime to build.

But she’s worth it.

CHAPTER EIGHT

SAILOR

He's early, and he has breakfast in his hand as he walks through the door. He knocked this time, which is a plus, and a complete surprise.

"You look good." His eyes assess me, and the heat is there but his stone face tries to hide the fact.

I'm dressed in a black suit. Like him. Except today he isn't dressed in his usual full business attire. Instead, he's wearing no jacket and only a white button-up shirt with trousers.

He looks amazing.

I'm wearing a white shirt—buttoned to just above my breasts, so there is some cleavage showing—underneath a black jacket, and my black knee-high boots under trousers that fit me perfectly. I'm nervous as my palms are sweaty so I wipe them gently on my pants as I walk through and ask, "Do I meet them anywhere?"

Keir pulls out a croissant for me and I smile when I see the gooey chocolate inside.

"No. Roberto should be here soon to collect you." Once his hands are free, he reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a gun, then a belt with a holster, and walks over to me. Lifting my jacket, he situates the belt around my waist before he slides the gun into the holster.

His fingers linger.

He lingers.

His smell encases me, circling around me and I hate that I enjoy it. I hate that I want him to linger. His touch on my waist is soft, but he is anything but soft.

“Why do I need a gun?” I change my train of thought, because if I linger the way he does it won’t end well.

“Because some people may need to be taught a lesson,” he bites out and steps away from me. Wren begins to cry, and Keir goes to get her, coming back with our daughter snuggled in his arms and calm as can be. If I didn’t already know what a pain it is to be the mother of his child, I would consider having another with him.

“Her bottles are done, and her nappies are in her room. She’ll sleep around lunchtime for about two hours.” He nods as a knock sounds on my door. “How much money will I earn today?” I ask, smiling. He shakes his head, not answering me as I open the door. When I swing it back, Roberto’s standing there. “Hey.” I offer him a wave, but he looks in to see Keir and then checks back to me.

“Ready, boss?”

Keir told me they would do whatever I said, but I didn’t expect them to be so *willing*.

“I mean... I should earn enough to pay for this place for a month or so, right?” I ask Keir. Roberto coughs and it’s obvious there’s a problem. “What?” I ask.

“You want to know about money?” he asks.

“How much will we make today doing what we do?” I question Roberto again. He turns his head toward Keir, but I click my fingers in front of his face. “He’s not in charge today.” Roberto looks back to me.

“Half a mill,” he answers.

Well shit! If I had something in my mouth, you can guarantee it would be

no longer in there. I gape at Keir, who's rocking Wren on his hip.

"You earn this daily?" I ask.

"No, weekly," he answers.

"Fuck me," I say breathlessly. I kiss Wren on her cheek and smile at her before I lock eyes with Keir. "Look after my daughter."

"*Our* daughter," he corrects.

"Yeah, yeah..." I brush him off and walk to Roberto, smiling.

"Let's go make some money."



*P*robably I should have asked more questions, did more research, and that was a stupid mistake.

However, no matter what I had to win this argument.

Women are just as powerful as men, and our daughter will be too. Of that I have no doubt.

Seeing me wiping my mouth with my hand, Roberto offers me a handkerchief to finish the job. I take it and stand straight, shoulders back. I threw up, and I'm sure they all heard it, but I'm appreciative none of them have commented.

The funniest part? The guy whose finger just got chopped off seems more concerned for me than himself.

"He said he'll pay," I tell Roberto, waving the handkerchief at the man in question.

"He's been saying that for months. The boss extended his time and today is the due date."

"You can take what I have," the guy moans, the agony on his face palpable.

I'm with Roberto and two other men—Keir's men who do the dirty work.

"It's not enough. We opened your register."

The guy huffs as he shivers from looking down at where his finger is now located on the floor. “I have a safe.”

“Where is it?” Roberto looks surprised. “You never told us this before.”

“Because you’re monsters,” the guy with the missing finger replies through gritted teeth.

“Well, mister, it was *you* who made a deal with the monsters, right?” I state not needing a reply.

He bares his teeth at me as the two men—let’s call them Ren and Stimpy—start throwing things around this man’s store.

“I didn’t have a choice!” he screams. “We never do.”

“You always have a choice,” Roberto answers. “You just chose wrongly.” He smiles, showing his teeth.

One of the guys finds the safe, and within minutes has it open.

Wow, that’s a cool trick.

“Jimmy can crack anything,” Roberto says, answering the look of awe on my face.

And he has a name!

“He’s a cousin of Keir’s,” he points out. “But Francis...” he points to the other dude who’s now pulling a huge amount of bills from the safe, “... he’s Paige’s cousin.”

Of course, he is. That would explain why he didn’t want to listen to anything I said earlier and would only listen when Roberto barked an order.

“You guys are close with their family,” I ask him.

“Yes,” he answers categorically, then looks back to the owner of the shop.

“Pete, we’ll be back next week, and payment *will be made*. Or... you lose the hand. Understand?” I say while taping the barrel of my gun against his temple while bending down so we’re face to face. Pete’s wide eyes swing to me, then back to Roberto.

“You just took *all* of my money.”

Roberto taps his shoulder. "I'm sure you can make more." He walks off, smiling.

I look directly at Pete. "You should probably listen. I mean... I think they weren't as mean today because *he* isn't here." I give the word 'he' extra annunciation, then shrug and walk off after Roberto.

"Where to now?" I ask.

"The club."

"Which one?" Roberto eyes me as he holds open the door.

"Oh, that one." He nods as I get in. I haven't been there since the night Dillan was shot. And if I am being perfectly honest here, I'm not sure I'm ready to go back, but I can't back out now.

Jimmy and Francis sit silently as we drive.

I check my phone to see if Wren is okay, but Keir hasn't messaged me, so I call him and he answers straight away. "How are we doing today, boss lady?"

I roll my eyes at his words. "How is Wren?" I ask, ignoring his question.

"After you tell me how you are."

"I'm fine. Now, how is she?"

"She, as you put it, is fine."

Out of the corner of my eye, Roberto's watching me so I turn to him. "Have you been telling Keir how my day is going?"

Keir laughs through the phone.

"Yes. He asked."

"How many times?" I ask Roberto.

"Four... so far."

"Now, if only he cared this much for people like he does his business," I sass, knowing he can hear me. "Next time, ask me, *asshole*." I hang up the phone and turn in my seat to look straight ahead.

"If I may..." Roberto says.

"You may *not*," I snap, not caring what he's about to say, as we come to a

stop out front of the alleyway that leads to the club. It's also the alleyway where Dillan lost his life.

I hate that he's no longer here.

Yes, I may not love him anymore, or possibly never truly did love him, but a part of me believed in him, even if he didn't believe in us.

Roberto and the other two men exit the car, leaving me alone inside for a moment. I eventually slide out and walk to the door where they're all waiting. They've been pretty good all morning because I haven't gotten in the way, but I can tell Francis doesn't seem too impressed that I'm here or that he has to wait for me.

As soon as we enter, I walk down the stairs to find someone I did not expect to.

Paige.

Her long, dark hair is slick and straight, and her dress hugs her body as she sits there talking to someone. When her eyes find mine, she offers me a smile that I know is fake. Just as she is. Two men are chatting not far away from her, not concerned that she's here or that we are.

"What are you doing here?" Roberto asks, his eyes flicking to Paige, then her men. If I remember correctly, one is her brother.

"I had plans to meet Keir. Did he forget already?" She lifts her hand, and that's when I see it, a large diamond on her finger. She makes sure it shines bright for all to see as she moves her hand around in the artificial light. I try to give her no reaction because that's what she wants. But seeing that ring, looking at it with my own two eyes, I'm not going to lie and say it doesn't hurt. A lot!

"You knew he wasn't working today."

"Oh, yes, that's right... he let her play boss." She pushes her long hair over her shoulder in some sort of sexy gesture which just comes off as her being a cunt. "Didn't, like... your husband die here or something?" she questions.

Ignore, ignore, ignore...

... brush that shit aside.

The bar owner watches us from his perch on a nearby stool.

“Can’t believe you came back. How desperate are you, even after he chose *me* over *you*?” She chuckles, and again, I say nothing.

Ignore...

... shrug that bullshit off.

“Jake.” Roberto steps forward and shakes the hand of the club owner. The owner speaks quietly to him and pulls out a large bag of money. Roberto mentioned they offer protection here, and the owner pays handsomely to have Keir’s name associated with this club.

“Do you think you and that *thing* of yours will come to the wedding?”

“*Paige...*” Francis’s voice is a warning, but she brushes him off as she steps closer to me.

“You mean his daughter?” I ask, keeping my voice steady even though she’s pushing my every single button with that comment. She knows it too. I can handle runaway comments about me, but I *will not* stand to hear someone badmouth my child.

She blinks a few times, then puffs her lips. “Yeah, that thing.”

“I guess you would have to ask her father that question, now wouldn’t you?” I state with a big fake grin of my own.

“No, I *will* decide. That thing isn’t a boy, so as soon as I give him that, the two of you will be *long* forgotten.”

“If you say so.” I widen my grin and send her a wink.

When Roberto steps in next to me, she can’t help herself. “It must feel *real* shitty being a charity case. I mean... look at you.” Her eyes rake me up and down. “What is that exactly? A suit from Target?” She cackles away at her joke.

“It is. Don’t you just love it? Look how good my body looks in it.” I do a small spin for her, and when I face her again, her cheeks are red and it’s clear

she's angry. Her hand lifts and she slaps me across the face, *hard*. So hard that I fall backward but manage to catch myself on the edge of the bar. My hand comes up to my face, feeling the burn, my eyes water then they find Roberto.

"I want you to remove her hand," I tell him, but he doesn't move or even acknowledge me. "Did you not hear me?" I ask. "She slapped me. Keir would have done worse if I were him. Now, cut that thing off." Blood be damned, I don't fucking care. This bitch needs to know she's not a queen, and she cannot treat people the way she does because of who she is, or who she's going to marry.

"I can't."

Paige smiles at Roberto's answer, and she steps back up to me, invading my personal space.

"You and that kid of yours *will* be gone before you know it."

Goddammit! I'm not a violent person, I swear. But her face irritates me so much that I can't help but slap her back. And when I do, I know I shock her because her eyes go wide when the sound echoes through the room. My hand stings so bad I have to shake it before I pull the gun from the holster at my hip and point it straight at her face. "You ever think of speaking ill of my child, or even mention her again, I will fucking *end you*."

The bitch doesn't move, she simply stares at the gun.

"Sailor, lower the gun," Roberto says calmly.

"If you touch me, I'll shoot her, I don't fucking care! One person I know has died here, right in that alley. Why not make it two? I always like things to be even."

Hands touch and snake up my arm. The gun is removed from my fingers, and when I turn around to swear at whoever it is, Keir is standing there putting his gun back under his suit jacket.

"Where is my daughter?" I ask him outraged.

"With my mamma. And what did I tell you about '*my*,'" he says.

“What you forgot to mention was that you’re actually engaged. To a fucking *puttana* **whore** at that,” I snarl, making sure I get right in his face. “And all your men are fired. Fuck them all... and *fuck you.*” I turn and get right in Paige’s face. “Fuck you the most, you pathetic cunt.”

CHAPTER NINE

KEIR

“Sailor.” I follow her as she storms off.
Of course, I do. Why wouldn't I?

“Keir.” Paige's voice echoes from behind.

We both turn, Sailor stopping at the door as she looks back. I'm not far from her and Paige is not far behind me, following us.

“That's right, Keir, go back to your fiancée,” Sailor says, sneering, tearing off her jacket and throwing it to the floor as she continues to the exit.

“Target trash,” Paige says, and I know Sailor hears her, but she continues and walks out.

Turning to face Paige, I take a deep breath. “You have no boundaries, do you?”

She steps closer, her hand coming up to my chest, touching it with her gaudy, painted fingernails and her acidic sweet smile. “It's what you like about me. I didn't hear you complain when you fucked me.”

I remove her hand, then glare at Roberto. “Did you know she was going to be here?” I ask him.

“No, boss.”

I look to her cousin, but he shakes his head as well.

“How did you know Sailor was going to be here?” I ask.

Paige taps her fingers on my chest. “Silly! I know your every move, as a

good wife should.”

I yank her hand away from my chest. “You are *not* my wife,” I reply, pulling away from her and going toward the door.

“Yet. *Remember that* as you chase that hussy,” she screams after me.

I open the doors, scanning the area, but Sailor’s nowhere to be found.

“Boss.” I turn to Francis, whose hands are in his pockets.

“Now’s not the time,” I tell him as I walk to the car. The driver holds the door open for me, but Francis is right behind me.

“She was good, boss. Stayed calm. Didn’t bite at Paige’s words, until...” He glances back over his shoulder. “What I’m trying to say is, she’s nice.”

“I don’t care if you think someone is nice, Francis. Since when has *nice* had a place in what we do?” He shakes his head. “What did Paige say that set her off?” He looks down to the ground, not wanting to tell me. “Francis, I can either pull it from your lips or you can tell me.”

“She spoke badly about her daughter... said she was a thing.”

“She what?” I state, not quite understanding. But I shouldn’t be surprised. Paige is all kinds of fucked up.

That’s why she *would* be my perfect partner.

She *would* have no boundaries, as I don’t.

But I do have a boundary now.

Wren is a boundary you don’t cross.

Licking my lips, I shake my head. Removing my jacket, I walk around to my driver dropping the gun I removed from Sailor and hold out my hand. He places my trusted weapon in my hand, and Francis looks to both of us before he steps out of the way as I make my way back to the club.

Paige is standing there, two of her goons on protection detail on either side of her. One is her brother. His hand looks all nice and healed since our last altercation.

“I can’t shoot you,” I tell her, smiling. She smiles back at me, relief flooding through her. “But I can shoot them.” I aim the gun and shoot her

cousin first, and as he drops, Roberto swears from somewhere close behind me.

“Keir, what are you doing?” she screams.

“Word to the wise, Paige...” I aim the gun at her brother. His eyes are wide with fear, and I hate him. Every time I see him, I think of when I saw Sailor broken and bleeding with his filthy hand on her shoulder. “Don’t ever talk ill of my daughter again, do you understand?” I snarl at her.

Paige looks to her brother before looking back to me.

“That child isn’t a boy,” Paige says, and her brother curses under his breath. “*You* shouldn’t care.” Her hands come together, and she purses her lips.

I turn to Roberto. “How did Sailor do today?”

He smirks. “She did great.”

“You would follow the lead of a woman?” I ask, but also direct the question to Jimmy and Francis. Roberto nods, Jimmy does as well.

Francis glances at Paige before he answers, “Just not her.” He nods to his cousin.

“Wren is my next heir,” I declare, and Paige screams.

I shoot before I can think about anything else and watch as Paige’s brother falls to the ground. “Seems you keep getting your family killed with that mouth of yours. Soon, you will have no one,” I declare and walk out.

“Keir...”

I don’t stop this time, but I can hear her footsteps as she chases me.

“You can’t do this.” Her hands grab the back of my jacket, and she pulls me to turn toward her. “I love you.”

I sigh heavily, completely sick of her shit, and turn around to face her. My hand sneaks up and touches her face. “You *are* beautiful.” I stroke her face gently. She smiles at me—not even caring that I just shot her brother and that he’s currently dead right now not even twenty feet from her—as they are the words she needs to hear.

How delusional is she?

“But you need help. And the kind of help you need, I cannot give you.”

“She doesn’t love you, not like I do,” she screams.

“And that’s okay because I love her enough for the both of us.” I see it happen right before my eyes, it’s written all over her face. She *will* do anything to have me, be anyone I need her to be. She would be my perfect wife. But luckily for me, I’m not after perfect. I’m after something that only I can obtain. I’m after a woman whose husband I killed just because I couldn’t bear the thought of killing her.

I should have.

I tell myself this every day.

But I can’t.

No matter what.

“I’ll kill her, Keir. I’ll destroy her.”

“With what family, Paige? You have no one left. All those loyal to you are now dead at my hand, those that you thought are family, are loyal to me. You are of no value to me any longer,” I point out.

“But I am. It’s a boy... I was going to tell you tonight when I came over to surprise you. Your son will be amazing.” Her smile is glowing as she waits for my reaction.

Sinister.

Evil.

Just like we both are.

VARIETY GOSSIP

The King of the Underworld

The mother of his child and his fiancée.

Can we discuss TENSION?

Oh, yes, you read that right. Our king is a father, and let me tell you, what a hot father he makes. But what is going to happen?

Who is he going to choose?

The mother?

Or the fiancée?

Tell us what you all think.

CHAPTER TEN

SAILOR

Wren is asleep on Keir's mother's chest when I walk in. She spots me and smiles, but when she sees my red eyes, her smile drops.

"I take it my son found you."

I nod and shut the door behind me, then step closer to them. "How was she?"

My question makes her smile. "A delight. She truly is amazing, so content and giggly. I just can't get enough. Secretly I always wanted a girl but was glad when I had boys..." she sighs, "... for obvious reasons."

"Hmmm," I hum, walking to the fridge and pulling out a large bottle of wine.

"I know you probably think he won't love her the same as a boy, Sailor." I turn to face his mother with the wine bottle in my hand as she stands with my daughter cuddled to her chest. "I would have agreed with you if I hadn't seen how he was with her. And I know my son, Sailor." Her eyes lock on me. "He loves this little girl very much. So much so, that I don't think anyone will ever compare."

She heads to Wren's room as I look between the glass and the bottle and decide *fuck it*, then drink straight from the bottle. The front door opens moments later, and Keir walks in, looking like a million fucking dollars. I

should throw the bottle at him, but why waste good wine. I know I sure as shit don't want to, I want to drink the lot maybe even from the bottle. My care factor is at rock bottom right now.

“Oh, good, you're back,” his mother says then she kisses his cheek and grabs her jacket. She does the same to me with an added smile. “I'll see you this week, Sailor. I'll call before I come.” I nod, surprised that she's now showing me some sort of respect.

She grips her son's shoulder on her way out. “Walk me to my car.”

Keir's eyes find mine, but I look away and lift the bottle and drink some more. I hear the front door shut as I make my way to my daughter's room.

Was it stupid to follow him here when I should have stayed in my old house away from everything?

But did he even give me a choice?

Staring at Wren as she sleeps gives me peace. I'm not really sure why, but somehow it cools my shot nerves to know she's safe. *Would she be safe in this life?*

It's partly my fault we have found ourselves in this situation. I had sex with the most dangerous man I have ever encountered—spread my legs for him and welcomed him with open arms.

Why did the sex have to be so good?

I'm not mad at the outcome, basically because I never thought I could have a child. I tried and tried with Dillan. And when she came along, I didn't believe it to be real. How could it be real after all of the previous disappointments? So I'm super thankful for her, and even to *him* for giving her to me. But I am mad at the situation. Just a little.

Leaning down, I kiss Wren's forehead and turn off her light. When I turn to leave, I almost run into him. Keir's standing in the doorway, hands in his pockets and lips in a straight line as he watches us. Watches *me*.

“We should talk.”

I nod, trying to sidestep past him through the door, but he doesn't move a

damn inch. So I push my way through, and my breasts brush against him, which makes his eyes darken a fraction more as he watches me with intent.

“Stop looking at me like that.” The words come out rushed, flustered, almost agitated.

“How am I looking at you?” he asks.

“You know how.”

“Tell me?”

“Like you want to fuck me.”

“That’s because I do.” There’s no remorse, not a care in the world, he simply states what he’s thinking.

“You have a fiancée,” I say and somehow manage to squeeze past him.

“And you *had* a husband.” His words hurt. “But we both know I don’t feel for her what I feel for you.” He grabs my hand as I try to escape and places it on his dick. I feel his hardness beneath his trousers, and it takes everything in me to not move in closer, to have him touch me.

It’s been a long time since a man has touched me.

Keir was the last.

And I’ve thought about his touch on many occasions.

Pulling my hand back, I move to the couch to get away from him.

This can’t be happening.

I put the bottle of wine down that I have been drinking and decide *no more*. It might make me do something I don’t want to do with him, even if my body is screaming at me to do otherwise.

“I’ll stay, so you can sleep.” He sits on the couch next to me, giving me no space whatsoever. I hold my breath, the smell of him intoxicating me.

This really isn’t fair.

He isn’t fair.

“You should go. I don’t have the energy to have you in my space right now,” I whisper, not looking his way.

Keir’s hand comes up and touches my chin and his fingers stroke down

until he gets to my shoulder. “I’ll leave, but first...” His lips touch my neck, and I exhale at the sensation, the feeling one that I resent but miss so much. If I wasn’t already on the couch, my body would mold into whatever shape he wants. His dark eyes lock onto mine, and in them they hold secrets, weapons that I just don’t want to look at right now. “Just a taste.” His fingers move my face until my lips touch his.

Just a taste, no more, I tell myself.

So why, when his other hand moves my body toward him, do I let him?

And why do I moan into his mouth when he pulls my lips apart and slides his tongue in?

It’s not fair.

I go to push him away but, somehow, my fingers glide over his muscles and my hands tangle behind his head and pull him even closer to me. He takes it as all the invitation he needs. His hands slide under me and lift me ever so slightly before he slips a pillow under my lower half and places me down on it, all while never breaking our kiss.

I’m going to put it down to the wine.

I’ve simply had too much wine.

Yet, I somehow feel more sober than I ever have been.

Shit! It’s really not the wine, is it?

His lips break free from mine but stay on my body as his hands work their way to my trousers before he slips his hand in and touches me where I need him the most. He kisses down my neck to my open shirt where he has no problem working the buttons with one hand until my breasts are free. His mouth hovers over them, then with a lick of his lips, he takes my nipple into his mouth and sucks, then bites, and I shiver beneath him.

A small part of me is telling me to stop this, that this cannot go on, but as he releases one nipple and goes to the next, I know my body will not let me say no to this man. I want him as badly as I want my next breath, which is coming out in gasps as he plays with every part of me.

How can he be so magical?

His fingers push in and out of me, and all the while, I grind on his hand, my hands in his hair as he kisses, bites, and licks my breast. I've never been much for breast play, but I can't get enough of what he's doing to them.

My shirt is pulled open farther, and I hear the buttons pop as it's yanked. His hand leaves between my legs to pull my trousers all the way off. I wiggle and kick to help remove them, then I look up at him.

Bad mistake.

Big, bad mistake.

I'm laid back on the couch, shirt ruined, breathing heavily, trousers removed, while he is still fully clothed. I glance at the expensive watch on his wrist, then back to his eyes.

"Do you touch her like you touch me?" I ask, pulling the pillow out from under me and sitting up. When I'm seated, I come face-to-face with his hard cock behind his pants.

I know he wants me.

I know, I'm not blind.

But I'm also not stupid.

Despite what I just let happen.

"Lollipop."

Oh, there it is. No more Sailor.

I sit up straighter, pulling my wrecked shirt over my breasts, and shake my head. Standing so I'm directly in front of him, I smile up at him. "It's time you leave."

Keir captures my wrist as I make for the door. And in a move so fast I barely have time to register it, his hand slides straight back between my legs where I am wet for him, and he pushes his finger in, then leans down to my ear. "Let me release you." His fingers start to move, and for a moment I begin to fall into him, then I realize what he's doing and open my eyes.

"Do you release her the same way?" I ask, venom clear as day in my

voice.

Have you ever had a man's fingers inside you, on the verge of making you come, while trying to get him to see reason?

My mind and heart want him to stop.

But my body does not.

Evil bitch.

She knows what he can give us, but my mind knows it's wrong to want it.

So I reach down and pull his hand away. He doesn't fight me, just lifts his hand to his mouth and starts sucking his fingers clean. And damn you, body, it makes me want to reach up and taste myself on his lips.

"I think it's best you leave," I say.

"You could be right." He readjusts himself in his trousers, and I watch him like a needy whore. "I'll be seeing you soon, lollipop." He smirks before he turns and heads toward the door. He looks back as he opens it, his eyes taking me in. "You are my favorite flavor, you know that, right?"

"Just not your only one," I bite back, then walk away, hoping and praying he leaves and doesn't come after me. When I hear the door shut with a click, I step into Wren's room. She's sound asleep, so I make my way to my bedroom, grabbing my lucky rabbit and finishing the job I almost let him do.

Why do I fall for it? For him?

Why can I not stay away?

I did.

I did so well for a while.

But we all knew it was a matter of time before he came back for me.

Sometimes I think it's because of Wren, but my soul knows better. I've never felt a connection with anyone like I do with Keir, and I hate that fact the most. That out of everyone, it's him who I see when I close my eyes. It's him who I see when I look into my daughter's eyes.

But most of all, it's him who makes my heart pitter-patter.

Fuck-knuckle that he is.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

KEIR

“*W*hat do you plan to do?” Roberto asks as the door opens and Joey walks in. He eyes us as he goes straight for my liquor cabinet, pouring himself a drink before he joins us.

“About?” I ask Roberto.

“Paige. What do you plan to do about her?” he asks.

Francis looks on silently.

“What do you think I should do? She’s your cousin, after all,” I ask Francis.

“Do you believe what she says?” Roberto asks him.

I pin Francis with a look, waiting for him to answer. In our line of work, blood is thick, but loyalty is thicker, and Francis has never given me a reason to not trust him. In fact, he has chosen us over his own blood multiple times.

Loyalty comes first. My men *will* stay loyal to me, even more loyal than to their wives.

“She’s crazy, we all know that,” Francis states, and Joey nods in agreement. “But if she *is* having a boy, you know that changes things.”

I scrub my hand down my face.

“A boy?” Joey asks.

We haven’t filled him in. He looks around for confirmation, and Roberto tells him what’s happened. When he’s done, Joey shakes his head. “Can you

believe what she says, though? Where is the proof it's a boy?"

"Ultrasound tomorrow," I tell him. "To confirm if she's lying or telling the truth."

"She's lying," Joey says with conviction.

"We will see tomorrow."

"And Romarc? What's going on there?" Joey asks. No one has been allowed to update him on anything as he stayed with Sailor. He eyes us before I answer.

"He sent a present to the house." Jimmy walks in holding a dead snake. It was Paige's pet.

"Fuck, he's killing animals now? That's low." Joey shakes his head. "You haven't seen him yet?"

"He's been good at hiding, but he's getting antsy. Seems he needs to step up his distribution since somehow it keeps going missing," Roberto says, throwing a grape into his mouth and smirking.

"You've been taking it." Joey nods, happy with that. "Any of the boys rat him out?"

"None, but he's good. He sends it down the line, so it passes at least three hands before it gets to the men on the street who sell it. And by the time we get to that distribution step, they have no idea."

"He'll slip eventually. Romarc likes to have his name on people's lips. It's why he wanted us gone," Joey says, grinning. "He's too cocky for his own good."

"What do you plan to do with him, boss?" Francis asks.

"Maybe the same thing he did to that snake." I motion to the dead reptile and smile with malicious intent.

"Sounds real fucking good." Joey nods.



My mother walks in, which in of itself is rare. She never comes over unannounced—it's not who she is. My father trained her well. But she smiles as she enters my apartment and walks over to Joey, who stayed because he got fucking plastered, and kisses the top of his head. "Missed you, baby."

She's never treated us different, even knowing the power I hold. To her, I'm her son and that's it. We hardly speak of work with her, even though she knows more about what we do than most women.

Our father had her on a tight leash, even hit her a few times, which didn't sit well with us. But he never stayed around for long. The only time he did was when it was a special occasion, and I think Mamma liked it that way. She didn't have to deal with him, and she got us from the deal. That's what she tells us now, no matter how much hate she had for our father. He was just a body who gave her her biggest blessings. *Us.*

"I made you breakfast." She pulls her famous cookies out of her bag and places them on the counter. Joey doesn't waste any time before he dives into them while I sip my coffee.

"Thanks, Mamma," Joey says and kisses her cheek.

"Tell me, Joey, what do you think of Sailor?" Joey's eyes flick up over to me. My mother chimes in, "Don't worry about what Keir has to say."

I shrug and he opens his mouth before he shuts it again.

My mother's brows pinch together as she looks at me. "Keir," she chides, in a tone that only a mother uses.

"What do you think of Sailor, Joey?" I ask him.

"Will you kill me if I tell you?" he asks.

I think about his words and smile. "Not today."

Joey deflates before he turns to our mother. "She is his kryptonite."

I puzzle over his answer. "What does that mean?"

"She should be dead," he says casually.

Well, that is the truth. She should be dead. But she is very much alive and

will stay that way, regardless of his or anyone else's opinion.

"He has never had a problem killing for payment before. He raises that gun of his and shoots, then we clean up the mess." His eyes find mine. "Yet, you shot her husband, then sent me to watch her for months." I can tell he's angry about that, but I don't care. "So, I think he should have killed her when he had the chance, because now she has a baby with him, that woman has so much control over him she isn't even aware of it."

"She has *no control* over me," I point out, and both my mother and Joey look at me. "You honestly think anyone can control me?" I smile while shaking my head.

"I heard about what happened yesterday," Joey says, biting into another cookie. "How about you give me the keys to the kingdom for a day?"

"You know that's never going to happen."

"See? What did it take for her to get them?"

"She didn't take them. I let her see that this is a man's job, not a woman's."

"But you declared everything will go to Wren, so you believe her?"

My fist slams down on the kitchen counter, and my mother jumps a little, but Joey is used to my temperament. He continues to eat his cookie, not even blinking at my outburst.

"I didn't believe her, I believe those who are loyal to me."

Roberto walks in and goes straight over to my mother, kissing her cheek before he also steals a cookie. "Why is everyone so quiet?" he asks.

"How was Sailor yesterday?" I ask, and Roberto looks around the room before he answers, "Great, until the altercation with Paige."

My mother's brows raise. She knew Paige was there, we just don't share too many details with her.

"But even that she handled well. Paige was taunting her, calling Wren names. It was only then that she snapped."

My mother bites her lip.

Joey averts his eyes and says nothing.

“There is your fucking answer,” I say to Joey. “Any more stupid questions?”

“Yeah, just two. Why is Paige waiting for you downstairs? And did you know Sailor is on her way?”

Oh, fuck! I’m moving before anyone can say anything else. Reaching for my cell on the way out, I see a text from Sailor asking if she can come over so I can watch Wren while she goes to a doctor’s appointment.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

“I’ll come with you. Hopefully, I can help.” Quickly we step out and into the elevator, my mother coming with me. “I didn’t agree with this at first, just so you are aware,” she says, then turns to face me. “But I see her, and I like Sailor. She isn’t like any of the other women in our life. More than that, she’s a wonderful mother.”

I don’t disagree.

If only it were as easy as telling her she will be mine forever.

It’s not, though.

Not in this fucked up world.

CHAPTER TWELVE

SAILOR

*K*eir never answered, but he doesn't live far, so I'm hoping he's still asleep and that's why he never responded. Wren plays happily with the new toy I got her as she sits in the stroller. I went to bed last night and all I could think about was how his hands touched me, how he looked at me like no one else existed.

But others do exist.

It's a lie, and I'm living it.

As I gaze at my daughter, I think about the way she looks at her father, and I can't take her away from him. It's not fair to Wren to do something like that. He doesn't hurt me. Yes, he fucks with my emotions, but who doesn't.

I lift my head when I hear, "You have got to be kidding me," as I walk into the building to find Paige standing there. "What the fuck are you doing here? And..." her eyes drop to my daughter, and she scrunches up her nose, "... with that?"

I have patience.

I do.

But with this bitch of a woman, I do not. I turn the stroller around so Wren can't see her and step nice and close, keeping my voice even. "Keir doesn't love you, Paige. How delusional are you?" My words are mean, but she needs to understand.

She flicks her hair behind her ear. “You don’t know that. We’re happy.” I scoff at her as she holds up her left hand. “You see this? This shows that he does, in fact, love me. Where is yours?”

“I wouldn’t accept one even if he gave me one. Because, unlike you, I’m not desperate.” I continue past her, and I can hear her follow as I push the stroller toward the elevator.

“Where are you going?”

“My daughter needs to see her father.”

“You aren’t allowed up there.”

It’s then I notice she’s waiting in the lobby, and that fact brings a real smile to my face. “You aren’t allowed? Oh, wow! Yes, I see it now... true love right there.” I smirk, pushing the button. “Did you know I am allowed?”

Paige’s face turns red as she steps closer to me. “I keep my word, trash. I *will* kill you.”

The elevator doors open, and Keir and his mother are standing there. His mother’s face is stone as she stares at Paige.

“Mrs. Rossi, it’s so good to see you.”

His mother looks to me, then back at Paige. “Why are you here?”

Keir stares at me, not even blinking, and I feel the burn all the way to my soul. “Sailor...”

I nod as I face him. “Keir...” I break eye contact and focus on Wren. “I need you to watch my daughter, so I can go to the doctor.”

“Why are you going to the doctor? And it’s *our* daughter,” he states.

“I need birth control.”

“You plan to be fucking other people?” he growls, absolutely no shame that others are standing around, one of them being his mother.

“As long as one of them isn’t you, that’s all that matters,” I retort, removing the bag from my shoulder and handing it to him.

“As if he would touch you anyway,” Paige scoffs.

I face her. “He did... last night, in fact. I had to kick his ass out.”

Paige rolls her eyes and then looks at Keir. When he doesn't deny it, her face goes even redder, and her hands bunch up at her sides into fists. "You slept with her," she seethes.

"I'm going to take Wren upstairs. It was good seeing you again, Sailor," his mother says and steps back into the elevator, taking Wren up with her.

I'm glad. She shouldn't be around all this crazy.

"Have fun, you two." I take a last look at Paige and Keir as I wave my hand and head off, not wanting to be a part of any of that bullshit. I'm not going to lie, I get a pang of jealousy that he's marrying her, but that's normal, right?

I've been married, and it didn't really turn out how I had hoped, and I don't plan on getting married again. *Why trap myself when I don't have to?*

"No birth control," Keir says angrily, coming up behind me as I pass through the doors. I pull my purse up my shoulder and shake my head.

"Take that bag to our daughter," I say before I spin around and keep walking. He can't follow me—Wren needs that bag, it holds all her bottles and diapers.

"Let me come."

"No," I scoff out while shaking my head at his words. "That is *not* happening. I'm a grown-ass adult, I can do things by myself. I don't need you to come with me."

"That may be true, but I want to come."

I look past him to see Paige standing in the lobby against the glass wall, watching us.

"Go back to your fiancée and stop annoying me. The only way we are connected now is because of Wren. We don't need to have conversations about anything except her," I inform him. "Now, please... go so I'm not late." I turn, but his hand captures my arm, and he pulls me around to face him. Keir steps closer so our bodies are touching and looks down into my eyes.

Why, when I look at him, do I feel the need to run my hands through his hair and hold him to me?

I don't, thank goodness, because that would be bad.

"Please wait. I wish to accompany you..." I pause at his words then shake my head.

"I'll call when I'm on my way back to pick up Wren," I reply before I get into the closest cab and drive off.

I don't look back.



*K*eir doesn't open his door when I arrive to pick up Wren. I knock but no one answers. I ran a few errands while I was out and have just managed to come back to get Wren before dinner. Turning the handle, the door opens, and I head inside. I hear the soft sound of a television when I enter, and I find both Keir and Wren asleep. He's lying on his couch in front of his television with Wren snuggled on his chest. I walk over and go to reach for her, but my wrists are captured, and dark, sleepy eyes stare back at me.

"She was upset. I have only just managed to get her to sleep. Let her be." I pull my hands away and he lets them go. Looking around, I see not much has changed since I was here last.

"Which house do you stay in the most?" I ask.

"This is my winter house," he says, moving slightly to a sitting position while keeping Wren in place on his chest. "The house you were at is my summer one."

I nod. That makes sense. The other one is near the beach and has an amazing pool.

"I have a room ready at the other house for her," he mentions, and my eyes find him, amazed by his admission. "I hope you will both accompany

me next weekend. It's meant to be warm."

"What about your fiancée?"

"She's not invited."

"Why are you marrying her? And don't tell me it's because of a contract. Clearly, you don't want her if you're trying to fuck me."

"I did fuck her."

His words make me stop.

What the ever-loving fuck?

"Not long after I found out," he says, nodding to Wren, who is still sound asleep.

"Why?" I ask, shaking my head. "Actually, don't answer that... I don't want to know." Then it slips from my mouth before I can make it stop, "Is she the reason you never came back?"

"Yes."

Hmmm.

"So, tell me... why are you marrying her?" I ask. "And why are you trying to sleep with me when you're with her?"

"I slept with her once. Haven't touched her romantically in months," he says, and for some reason I believe him. "I don't see her the way I see you."

"You should stop that right there," I say, shaking my head to will my pesky feelings away from coming to the surface. "I never want to be considered a third wheel. Nor the other woman. And that's what you're making me... the *other woman*. What happened the other night will never happen again. It was a mistake." I turn away and begin packing her diaper bag.

"The contract states if I break it, she has a right to my fortune and can also kill my brother."

I balk at his words. "What?" I shake my head, utter disbelief making me pause. "Who on God's green earth would put in a contract to allow their child to be killed if it was broken? I'm guessing that was your father, right?"

“Correct. He knew Joey and I were close, so he used that to his advantage. By adding the bit about Joey, he knew I would follow the contract to the letter of the law.”

My eyes flick to Wren, then to him. “You should marry her, then.”

“Or I could kill her.” He smiles and mischief touches his eyes making them twinkle.

“I’m sure there’s something in there about that as well,” I reply with an eye roll.

“There is.”

“See.” I throw up my hands. “Why the contract to begin with?” I ask. “What is the point?”

“It’s how our families have stayed so powerful for so long. We enter into contracts to ensure our bloodlines stay pure and have the right connections. Back when I was younger, Paige’s father was my father’s second in charge. He saved my father’s life multiple times, but toward the end, he took a bullet for him. And in doing so, a contract was served to protect his family and ensure that everything he did would not go unnoticed. We protect our own, Sailor, with a vengeance.”

“That’s great and all, but marrying someone you don’t love? What a fucked-up life. You think you would know that from what your mother went through.” Walking back to him with the bag and stroller now in hand, I lean down and pick up Wren from his chest. As I do, my hands scrape over him and he sucks in a breath of air when I’m close. Our eyes lock. “What happens if you kill her?”

“I lose everything.”

“I’m sure your men wouldn’t just leave you.”

“Everyone is hungry for power, Sailor. Everyone.”

“I’m not,” I tell him, pulling Wren up and into my arms. She hardly makes a sound as I lay her into her stroller.

“You, my sweet lollipop, are irreplaceable. I wish I could have met you in

another life, under different circumstances...”

His words shock me.

Keir rises from the couch and goes straight to the kitchen and pours himself a stiff drink. His eyes are cast down, and I can see the tension radiating from him as he stands there, one hand braced on the counter while the other lifts the glass of brown liquid to his lips.

Demons haunt him.

Ones I’m not sure I’m ready to see.

Ones I’m not sure should be released.

“We’ll come out for the weekend,” I finally say. “But, Keir...” he looks up at me, “... I’m not sharing a bed or room with you.”

“If you say so.” He smirks.

“I just won’t come.”

“No, come.” I nod and head toward the door. “My driver is downstairs to take you both home.” Keir turns and leaves us standing there, and I wonder why his face holds such a haunted look. I don’t think I’ve ever seen that look on him before, and I’m not sure I want to know the reason why either.

The elevator dings, and I step in, taking one last glance back.

Maybe being him isn’t as easy as I thought.

Maybe it’s everything you wish you never had but can’t give up.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

KEIR

She's back. Does she ever leave? I know if Paige killed my family, I would never want to see her face again. Yet, here we are, in front of each other like it's normal. Like anything about this is normal.

"I want you to stop seeing her," Paige demands as she walks into my apartment. How the hell did she get past security when they all know she isn't permitted to enter? *Maybe I should start locking it?* Her hands are on her hips and her face is dead serious.

"Do you really think you can come in here and tell me what to do?"

"If you want to see your son, you *will* do what I say." I throw my head back and laugh at her. I haven't questioned her before or asked her why I have never been invited to any of the baby appointments. She just showed up one day and said she was pregnant, and she needed a ring. Because we aren't allowed to have a baby out of wedlock. That child needs to be brought into the world with our last names matching.

I'm really getting sick of old family laws.

Contracts.

Her.

It was a mistake sleeping with Paige. I know this. I got back from watching the most magical thing ever—the birth of my child—and only planned to stay a few months before I returned and brought them home. But

then I fucked up. I slept with her for the first and only time two months after I'd been back. And just before I was going to leave, she showed up with a pregnancy test, telling me to stay. I had already decided I was *not* going to marry her. *Fuck the contract.* Those who wanted to contest me, I would kill.

But...

... babies change things.

And I knew Sailor would *not* accept it.

I'd fucked up.

Badly.

Yes, Sailor and I weren't together, but I doubt that would have mattered to her. It mattered to me. I hadn't fucked anyone since she left, not that I didn't try, but Paige came at the right time. The perfect time because I was drunk, horny as fuck, and only wanted one person.

I'm pretty certain as I fucked Paige, I even called her lollipop.

That woman is nothing like my sweet lollipop.

The words she just said hit me, and it takes everything in me to not walk over and strangle her to death. *Who the fuck does she think she is, threatening me?*

"We have an appointment for you to see your son. Do you plan on canceling on me today like you did the other day?" she asks. "And by the way, your men aren't doing shit. Today, I found a dead rat at my door. Aren't they meant to be protecting me?" she yells.

"Stop fucking leaving the house when you aren't meant to," I bark at her.

"I can't stay tucked away like a prisoner. Why does he want me scared anyway?" I look at the ring on her hand and know exactly why. Romarc likes to hurt those close to you before he goes after what he wants. He has a reputation, but it never applied to me because he knew if he fucked with me, I would end his fucking life. He thinks hurting Paige because she's my fiancée affects me. It doesn't, but I will protect her because if she is carrying my child, which I have doubts, I can't have someone hurting what is mine.

“Can I move in here?” She eyes the apartment, and I immediately grab my jacket and head for the elevator. The doorman doesn’t let just anyone up, so she snuck in, because no one else would be stupid enough to enter my apartment.

“That’s not happening,” I say as we get into the elevator.

She huffs, and it’s not as cute or adorable as when Sailor does it. In fact, everything Paige does annoys me. I would never willingly choose her to be in my life. Even growing up when she would come around with her father, I avoided her like the plague. In fact, Roberto used to have a crush on her, and we used to give him absolute shit about it.

I actually don’t even remember fucking Paige. I was so fucking drunk that I only remember her hands rubbing over my body as I pushed her away. But back she would come until it was too late.

“It would be for the best.” Her fingers touch her belly, and she rubs circles as she does.

“No.”

“Do you not care?” she asks. “What if they hurt us?” Her voice goes up in pitch, and I do everything in me to not cringe.

“I have someone with you, so don’t act like you are a victim here.” We get into the car, and she crosses her legs one over the other and scoots closer to me. Her hand lands on my shoulder and I turn to face her.

“We could do it right here, in this car.” Her hand slides down my shoulder to my chest. I capture it, stopping her from going any farther.

“That’s not going to happen either,” I state, pulling her hand free. When I look at Paige, I don’t see what I want. No, what I want is a cute little brunette with ink covering one leg and a pair of doe eyes staring back at me. I especially love it when those eyes are mad.

Paige is... well, Paige.

Needy.

Pathetic.

And not what I want.

“I would let you call me that again...” She pauses. “Lollipop.”

Dammit! That name slipped from my lips when Paige’s lips touched mine. I don’t really recall much else, but she let me nonetheless. I don’t tell her that name’s not reserved for her, that it’s for someone else. She turns back around when I give her no answer, and she doesn’t speak the rest of the way. I work on my cell until the car comes to a stop. When we get out, she steps closer to me and slides her hand in mine.

I pull free and she spins to face me.

“We are going to see our baby, Keir. Don’t you think you should at least act interested?” Her red lips pout, and I nod but don’t give her my hand back.

“I’m interested, or I wouldn’t be here,” I tell her as I open the door. She walks in and I follow behind her. After she checks us in, we wait for the doctor to call us through. When he does, she lays back on the bed with her shirt pulled up and the doctor starts the ultrasound. He asks a lot of questions, and she answers them all.

Did Sailor have to do all this by herself?

I hate that I know she did.

I hate that I never got to do this with her.

It’s my own fault, though.

I tried to not want her. To leave her be.

That was a mistake.

I wanted her from the minute I saw her in that club, and I still want her to this day. That fact is never going to change.

“It’s a boy. If you look right here, you can see...”

We both look at the spot the doctor points to.

Then Paige looks over to me, beaming. “It’s a boy! I told you. Aren’t you excited?” I give her a half-hearted smile and sit back.

The doctor asks more questions, and I tune them all out as I work out what I’m going to do.

How am I going to do it?

When I look back up at Paige and see her smiling as she looks at me and then the screen, I can see there's hope there.

There is no hope left for Sailor and me.

I have squashed it with my stupidity.

And why would someone so perfect like her want me anyway?

I did kill her husband, after all.

But the fucked-up thing is, I'd do it all over again if it led me to her.

In a damn heartbeat.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

SAILOR

*K*eir has been quiet all week. I've only seen him twice, and today, I'm going out to his other house for the weekend. Well, Wren and I are. Our bags are packed when he arrives, looking devilishly handsome but also tired.

"She needs a few things." I nod to where her portable crib, stroller, and a few other things are located. He goes over to the pile of items and studies them.

"She has a crib at the house already."

"Oh," I say, surprised by his words.

He looks around. "And clothes." He glances at the bag, then back to me. "Do you need all this stuff?"

"Yes, but we can leave the bed." He lifts two bags as I slide Wren into the stroller, she claps her hands as I give her a fruit stick to chew on. When I turn back to Keir, he's already walking toward the door. "What's wrong?" I ask, but he doesn't look back, just gets in the elevator and goes down. I wait for him to come back up and it doesn't take him long to return.

"Paige is in the car waiting for us."

"Say what?" I ask because I must have heard that shit wrong. "Did you just say...?" I shake my head. Clearly not after everything that's been going on would he have her anywhere near me, or our child, whom she clearly

doesn't like.

"She will be on her best behavior."

"I highly doubt that. And I want to say I'll stay here and let you take Wren, but I don't trust that woman around my baby."

Damn this all to hell! I shouldn't go. Why would I choose to put myself in that situation? I know I don't want to.

"Please come. The whole family is attending to meet Wren. They're all looking forward to it."

"If she starts, you'll shoot her," I say. Giving him as stern a look as I can. "Since you had no problem shooting my husband, I'm sure you won't have a problem shooting that bitch." He ignores my comment and reaches for the last bag before he walks to the elevator again and is waiting for me. We take the trip down in silence, and when we get to the lobby, Paige is sitting in his car, smiling our way.

Behind Keir's car, Roberto and Joey are in another car. "I'm going to ride with them." I turn the stroller and Keir follows me.

"No. With me." He touches me, but I pull away quickly.

"That's not going to happen. *She* is in there and I would like to not spend my afternoon with *her* if I can help it."

Joey is out of the car and standing in front of me. I pull Wren out of her stroller and hand her to Joey, who willingly takes her, but he looks wary.

"She's your niece, hold her properly." I move his hand to adjust it and Wren smiles up at him.

"I'll come with you." Keir is right behind me. I move to face him and notice how close he is. Putting my hand on his chest, I look around him to see that bitch watching us.

"Your fiancée is waiting, and we need to move as it's Wren's nap time and I would like to read while we drive." I give him a pointed look before adding, "In silence."

Roberto has the car seat already set up. I take Wren back from Joey and

strap her in. Standing back up straight, I shut the door, then turn to see all three sets of eyes are on me. I smile at all the boys and clap my hands. “Let’s go, this momma wants to swim.” It’s the one sad thing about living in the city, there are no pools with wide-open views to die for. I slide into the car, shut the door behind me, and watch as Keir says something to Joey before he makes his way over to his car, and *her*. They pull out first and we are not far behind them.

I do as I said I was going to...

... I read the whole way and it’s energizing.



*W*e all arrive at the same time. Joey gets out and helps me with the baby’s things as Paige glues herself to Keir. As soon as I have Wren in my arms, who is waking up and due for a diaper change and bottle, Keir strides over with *her* heels clacking not far behind him.

“Can someone show me to the room?”

“You know where the room is,” Keir says, and I feel all eyes on me.

“I’ll be staying wherever Wren’s room is located.” I smile and head toward the house. It’s been so long since I’ve been in here. This place held me hostage, but also opened me up to so many things.

First, that my ex-husband was an asshole.

Second, I had somehow fallen in with the mafia boss who held me hostage.

And third, I wanted his hands to roam my body and keep doing it forever.

“You really do like to make him antsy,” Joey comments, following close behind me with the bags. I walk past Keir’s room. The same one I stayed in with him and wonder if *she* will be in there as well.

We did things in that room—things that gave me Wren.

I step closer to the door and look inside. Not much has changed apart

from how now there is a vase of flowers on the window ledge where I used to sit. Shaking my head, I step out of his doorway and keep walking to the next room. When I look inside, I smile because it's the prettiest little girl's room I've ever seen.

"Look, Wren, isn't this pretty?" I smile at her as I step inside the room.

Joey places her bags on the floor, and I move over to the large seat.

"It folds out to a bed. Though, there's also a spare room next door," Joey informs me, nodding to the couch slash bed combo.

"Just leave my things in here, thanks. This is fine." I place Wren on the floor in front of a bunch of toys. She immediately grabs for them while I ready her bottle and grab a clean diaper from the bag. "Can you watch her while I heat this up?" I ask. He nods and walks in, looking down at Wren. "You can get on the floor with her. She won't bite." I laugh before I make my way to the kitchen. While waiting for the bottle to warm, I hear arguing.

Stepping closer to the door, I listen...

"You want me. I'm your fiancée, remember that, Keir."

My spine straightens.

"I'm working, Paige. Go away." His voice is cold, hard, almost flinty in sound. Keir is so unemotional when he talks to her that he sounds angry, confused, but dominant. He doesn't talk to me like that.

"We could have some fun. You have that big shower. I'm sure we could play in there." I hear her make kissing sounds and it makes me shiver.

"Get off of me. Fucking hell, Paige. Fuck off."

"She doesn't want you, but I do. Remember that." I hear her heels and quickly grab the bottle before I head back out the other door so I don't run into either one of them. When I return to the room, I find Joey passing Wren a doll while Paige sits on the couch, her legs crossed, watching. When she sees me, her eyes narrow, but she doesn't make a move to leave.

"Thanks, Joey," I say, bending down and reaching for Wren. I glance at Paige and then walk out, not wanting to even deal with asking her to move—I

am not wasting my energy on that.

“You don’t want to be near me,” Paige calls after me, but I keep moving. I make my way to the living area and take a seat, and the bitch follows like a bad smell. “You’ll have to get used to me, you know. I’m marrying her father.” Her eyes fall to Wren. “Maybe he and I can raise her.”

Everything in me locks tight at her words.

Take my child?

Not a chance in hell.

I would rather die a thousand deaths than hand her over to this woman.

A thousand deaths.

“Get the fuck away from me,” I say through gritted teeth.

Wren drinks her bottle, having no idea what’s happening around her.

Lucky for her.

“Why must you talk to me like that when I’m only trying to be nice?” she says, and something in her voice changes.

“You are as nice as a fucking scorpion. Pretty from a distance but poisonous up close.” Her eyes go hard, and she looks behind me.

I turn and Keir’s standing there watching the interaction. “Get your fiancée away from me,” I demand. “And tell her to stay out of Wren’s room while you’re at it.”

Paige smiles softly at Keir. He doesn’t speak, just takes one look at me, our eyes locking, before he opens his mouth to say, “Go... make yourself busy, Paige.”

I hear her growl, then huff.

“*Paige,*” Keir warns her.

When I look away from Keir to find her gone, I sigh in relief.

“I know you don’t see me as a threat, and I’m not even on your radar,” I say, looking down at Wren and smiling at her before I look back at Keir. “But if you ever think you can take my child away from me, I will find a way to slice you in every way possible, and I will smile when you take your last

dying fucking breath.”

“That turned dark quickly.” He takes the empty seat where Paige was.

“What can I say, gotta keep you on your toes somehow.” I smile but it’s all fake as I am steaming mad. He smiles back and it’s the first one I’ve seen from him in the last few days that actually looks real. His hand scrubs down his face, and I can tell something is stressing him, but I’m not sure I want to know what.

Or that I even care.

No, that’s a lie. I care. More than I should.

“Is there a reason we are all here?” I ask.

Wren reaches up and pulls on my hair after she finishes her bottle, and Keir watches our interaction with eyes that hold so many secrets. I wonder if he will ever tell me anything.

“I need you safe. What better way than here with me.” I stifle a yawn and place Wren on the floor. She’s doing that thing where she gets on all fours and starts rocking back and forth, wanting to move, but not quite doing it.

“You didn’t care about me months ago.”

“That’s a lie,” he snaps.

I look down at Wren. “I raised her by myself for months. Where were you once you knew about her?” I shouldn’t be having this conversation with him right now. But then again, why not? I thought I could get by without asking him, but I just can’t.

“I had Joey with you.”

I nod. That is true, but I hardly spoke to Joey. Yes, he drove me places and got things when I needed them, but that was it. It’s not the same and he knows it.

“Why weren’t you there?” I ask.

“I didn’t want you, or to be around you.”

Wow! Um, okay, didn’t expect that answer at all.

“I thought that way anyway. Figured if I thought it long enough, it would

come true. Plus, you had a girl, and I shouldn't want a girl." His eyes go soft as they fall to Wren. "I want Wren with every fiber of my being..." his dark eyes lock on mine, "... and I want you even more."

My head starts shaking and he rises from his seat and moves over to me. I look up as he leans down, his face coming close to mine. "I want you, Sailor. I want you more than anything." He reaches for my hand and places it on his crotch—his cock, to be precise. I'm so shocked by what he's doing that I just stare at where my hand is being held and gasp. He leans down farther, his lips coming near my ear. "Tell me you want me too."

"You have a fiancée," I state. "This can't happen."

"But it can, and it will." His mouth moves to my cheek, then his nose drags along, smelling me, as he comes near my mouth. In seconds, his mouth is connected to mine and his lips sweep across my closed ones before his tongue darts in. He pushes me so my back hits the couch and he leans down over me. "Tell me you will stay with me... in my bed."

"*Enough.*" Paige's voice rings through the room, but Keir makes no move to get up. I have to push at his chest to get him off me. He may not care that she's there, but I do.

"Get off me, Keir," I say, even though his mouth is still there, on me, wanting me.

He sighs and finally stands, adjusts his cock, then stares at Paige.

"What the fuck do you want?"

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Paige looks at me as if she didn't just interrupt something. I cock my head to the side, waiting for her stupid reply. "What. Do. You. Want?" I reiterate.

Her eyes are wide, and she looks at Sailor as if she's an inconvenience. Wren makes a sound from the floor and Sailor stands to grab her, but Paige reaches her first and picks her up. I feel Sailor go stiff next to me, then she lifts her hands toward Wren. "Give her to me."

Paige studies Wren for a moment, then looks at me. "She doesn't even look like you. How do you know she's yours?"

Sailor doesn't waste any time stepping forward and removing Wren from Paige's grip, and luckily for her, Paige lets go easily.

"I'm starving. Think dinner will be ready soon?" Joey walks in, rubbing his belly. He pauses as Sailor walks past him, shoving his shoulder as she goes. His brows pinch together, and he shakes his head. "What's up her ass?"

"Yeah, I would like to know who's up there as well," Paige states as the doorbell rings.

Joey claps his hands together. "The boys are here." And he's gone.

I look back to Paige, my stare set on her as I step closer.

"You don't want her. Not really," she says flippantly. "It's just a phase. She'll be gone and I will still be here. When will you see that?" Paige's hand

lifts and she brushes it across my face. I capture it and pull it away, holding it, wanting to break it but knowing better.

“It’s not you I want, it’s her. Always her,” I growl as someone whistles.

We both turn to find Lucas and Joey standing there.

My cousin eyes Paige, then me. “Nice to see you again,” he says. I greet him with a nod. “Did I tell you I brought company?” I look behind him to see two beauties. They offer a little wave and I give nothing back.

“I told you not to bring anyone.”

He huffs and turns back to the girls. “Go to the hotel, I’ll be fucking you both later.” They giggle before they turn and leave. Lucas likes pain with his sex. I wonder if they know that? And not your average pain. Sometimes he goes too far and kills them. Believe me, he’s done it more than once, and we’ve had to help him clean up the mess.

“What’s the bitch doing here?” He nods to Paige as Sailor enters, without Wren. She smiles when she sees Lucas, and I’m taken aback. No one smiles when they see Lucas. “How’s the musk going?” he asks her. He steps up to her, and I watch as he leans in close to her neck and sniffs her.

She gives him a small laugh before she speaks, “I’m afraid it’s changed. More of a dirtier musk now,” she answers. Which in turn makes him smile. Lucas doesn’t smile much. “You here for dinner?” He nods at Sailor and offers her his elbow, and she takes it as they start for the dining room.

“Where is Wren?” I ask her. She doesn’t let go of Lucas when she answers me, “Asleep,” she replies, then walks off with him.

“Keir.” Paige’s hand lands on my arm and I pull it away. “Keir, try with me. It could be so good.”

Ignoring her, I follow them.



Sailor stayed seated between Joey and Lucas, even though I told her to move.

She refused. She is the only person who doesn't listen to me when I bark out a command.

It's infuriating, annoying, but oh so sexy.

Lucas pours her another glass of wine, and she leans in telling him something. He says something back and she throws her head back, laughing.

Her long neck is tanned, and I remember how it tastes. How my tongue made a clear line up until I got to her lips. Those fuckable lips.

Maybe it's an obsession.

Maybe I need to fuck her out of my system.

It has to be that.

There can't be another reason. *Can there?*

Everyone looks to her because it's hard not to. She is hypnotizing. Not the timid person she was when she had dinner with us the first time. Now she is more free, open. And I want to slice off my cousin's fucking arm.

Paige sits next to me, and her fingers move over and touch mine. She smiles when I glance at her.

"I hear congratulations are in order," Lucas says, nodding to Paige and me.

Paige lifts her hand and shows the ring. I watch as Sailor drinks the rest of her wine in her glass.

"Yes, we can't wait. Just have to sort out a date."

"I wasn't talking about that," Lucas says, and I focus on Sailor. "The baby."

Sailor's eyes go wide, and she pauses mid-drink. I hear her cough before she pulls it away and Lucas rubs her back.

"You didn't know?" he asks, then turns back to me. He winks, and I want to smash his face into the fucking table. "Maybe since you're done with her, you wouldn't mind sharing?" he asks me, then looks at Sailor, his hand still on her.

I move from the table so fast that my chair falls over behind me as I make

my way to him. He's too busy giving her sex eyes that it takes him a second to notice me coming for him. But that second costs him, because I tear his chair away from the table and he falls to the floor. One of my hands is around his throat, my knee on his chest, and my other hand has my gun in it. "What did you say?" I snarl.

Lucas is far from serious, I know he likes to stir the pot. So when he starts laughing, I loosen my grip on his throat.

He looks past me and says, "Seems your fiancé doesn't want you. How about we fuck?" I look up to see Paige standing there. His eyes then move to Sailor, who has remained in her seat. "Sorry, love, it's not you, it's him." He nods to me, and I punch him in the face for being an asshole before I remove my knee from his chest and stand, holstering my gun.

"Why do you care about her?" Paige screams and points a finger at Sailor. Sailor doesn't even look our way, too focused on the wine in front of her. "She's trash. Absolute trash. I come from a good family, a good name. Our son..." she rubs her belly and I hear Sailor cough and place her wine back on the table, "... will have everything. He will be the next *you*. Aren't you excited for that?"

Everyone at the table stays quiet, except Lucas.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

SAILOR

“*I*t’s not him, it’s you,” Lucas says to Paige as he gets up from the floor. I’m not even sure how to comprehend what’s just happened.

I push my seat back and stand.

Lucas leans down and whispers in my ear, “Want to get out of here?”

I shake my head and move away from all of them.

Dinner was nice.

Until it wasn’t.

“See? She runs. She doesn’t want anything to do with you.” I hear Paige huff before she screams, “Yet, here I am, showing you I’m willing to give you everything.”

“Remove your hand, Paige.” I hear Keir say before their voices become distant as I make my way to Wren’s room.

A baby. I wonder if he even planned to tell me that little snippet of information, or did he think he could just keep it from me? He had to have known I didn’t know. Of course, I knew about the ring as she has made that incredibly obvious. But I wonder why she never mentioned that she’s pregnant.

As soon as I get to the room, I see my baby girl asleep. I’m lucky she sleeps the full night now. There were times when she woke me up every two

hours, and it was pure unadulterated hell. Not having anyone to help me when I was so tired I couldn't lift a finger to do anything but care for Wren. There were times when I thought I was going out of my mind. Times when I considered calling Keir, telling him what an asshole he was. But this was my choice, and I wanted to make sure I was in the right headspace when he eventually found out.

I hear who I assume is Keir's footsteps coming down the hall. Somehow I just know it's him. I shut the door behind me and flip the lock. Leaning back against it, I slide to the floor.

"Sailor." His voice isn't hostile, it's soft, and Keir is never soft.

"Fuck you, Keir. Fuck. You! I tried doing this. I did. I wouldn't have cared about her, but you keep on showing me that you care more for her than me." Paige huffs out something unintelligible as I check the crib and see Wren, thankfully, is still sleeping. Even though tonight has been a shitshow of them yelling for some reason this gorgeous girl sleeps through it. "How could you, after everything?" Paige's voice is even louder now.

I push up from the floor and open the door, and both sets of eyes fall to me.

"You!" Paige lunges toward me, looking completely unhinged, but Keir captures her with his arm and pushes her back.

"Don't," Keir warns her.

"My child is sleeping in here, take this shit elsewhere," I say to them.

"How does it feel?" Paige asks, standing tall, her head dropping to the side.

"Not sure what you're talking about."

"To have my sloppy seconds." She smiles in a way that turns my stomach and looks to Keir. "You disgust me!" I can't help the laugh that bubbles up from inside me. "Stop laughing, *you whore!*" she screams. "You ruined our relationship. You ruined *us*."

"I did no such thing. The two of you did that all by yourselves. If

anything, you fucked-up people have ruined my normal life and I am sick of it.”

“I did kidnap you and kill your husband,” Keir comments. His eyes are dark and serious as he stares at me. “And I would do it all again.”

“Arrrggghhh.” Paige throws her hands up in the air and storms off.

Keir doesn’t follow her, instead he turns his full attention to me. “Stay with me tonight.” My mouth falls open in shock at his words, at the gall of this man.

“Are you serious right now?” I bark at him as I point to where Paige just left. “Go after your other baby mamma and your fiancée.”

“I don’t remember fucking her. Her hands were on me and I thought it was you.” I shake my head because that makes no sense. “She got to me at the right time.”

“Why are you playing the victim? It doesn’t look good on you.”

He scrubs his hand through his hair. “I’m not. I’m telling you that I fucked her once, and I don’t even remember it. I haven’t wanted or touched another woman since you.”

“Except your damn fiancée,” I spit back, then cross my arms over my chest. “I have. I have fucked, sucked, and had pleasure while I was *not* with you.”

His brows pinch together, mouth pressing into a hard line. “You’re lying.”

“How would you know?”

“Because...” he steps forward and his finger lifts my chin until I have no choice but to look him square in the eye, “... these big, beautiful eyes only see me.” He leans in, and without stopping him, he kisses my cheek before he walks off.



he left.” I overhear Joey say to Keir as I enter the room. Keir is dressed in his
“**S**usual attire, his trousers neatly pressed, no jacket on today, and
his blue shirt rolled up at the sleeves.

“What do you mean?” Keir asks, half-listening as he looks down at something on his cell phone. I glance down at what I’m wearing. It’s warmer, so I have on a long maxi dress that has a split up one leg, and my hair is tied up in a high ponytail.

“I mean... no one has seen her since last night. And Lucas said he saw a cab leaving as he was getting into his car.”

Keir looks up from his cell, and when he does, his eyes find mine from across the room. “We can talk later,” he says to Joey, who looks my way before he turns and leaves. “How about we go down to the beach today?” he asks. “We usually spend the day down there. The cook prepares some food, and we drink and swim.”

“Sounds good,” I answer, walking over to him.

“I missed you last night.” His body is close to mine but not quite touching.

“How is your fiancée?” I ask with a nasty tone, then bite my bottom lip, realizing I shouldn’t be like this.

“Gone.” His eyes roam me, making me feel exposed.

“Shouldn’t you be chasing her?” He should be and not looking at me the way he is.

“I’d rather chase you.” A devilish smirk touches his lips.

“I’m not going to sleep with you while another woman wears your ring on her finger,” I scoff out loudly. He has to know it’s not healthy nor decent.

“It’s not *my* ring. Joey purchased it and gave it to her. I never even asked her to marry me. It was just...” he shrugs his shoulders, “... arranged.”

He didn’t even ask her to marry him?

Does he not see how fucked up this whole situation is?

Their whole relationship is *not* normal.

Normal people don't do this stuff. But I've realized he's far from normal. He is so used to taking and getting everything he wants, that when I won't give him anything, he just keeps on coming back, expecting more and more. I don't know if I have any more to give him, though. I gave him so much to begin with, much more than he deserved. More than anyone deserved.

I mean, he killed my fucking husband. Yes, I know we were over, but I still spent years with that man, and an old part of me loved him. But I think the new part of me loves this dark and dangerous man standing right in front of me. And it's this love that terrifies me the most because he's not used to giving, and I'm so used to taking.

I want someone to give love to me because I am worth it.

I am fucking worth it.

"I'd never let that be us," I say. "I am not her. You realize that, right? You can't just choose when you can have or not have me. You've done that already. For months at a time."

"I thought it was for the best... to let you go. I shouldn't have wanted you. It was fucked up. I should have killed you."

"Killing isn't always the answer, Keir," I say softly. "Have you thought, just maybe, that she is right for you, as she continuously points out? You both come from the same world..." I sigh. "I, on the other hand, was dragged into it. She knows it and wouldn't care if you came home with blood all over your hands. I would," I tell him honestly.

I lay my hand gently on his arm. "I would hate to hate you, not now, after everything. I want to be friends. We share a daughter. And soon you will have a son." I beam up at him.

Keir shakes his head and walks off, not giving me anything back in return.

"I've never seen him so..." I turn to Lucas, who is leaning against the wall not far from where Keir and I were just standing, "... lost." Lucas smiles. He has all the dark features that Keir and his family have, but there's

something different about him. Even more dangerous than Keir, and that's saying something. Yet, I don't feel threatened when I'm around him, but I can tell others do.

"Are you jealous of who he is?" I ask him, wanting to know. They all seem fine that Keir is boss, but I've come to wonder if that's really true. Just because he was the first born, I know Joey could do what he does, couldn't he?

"I like that you get straight to the point, unafraid to ask unwanted questions." His eyes roam me as he pushes off the wall. "Once, yes. I even thought of killing him." My eyes widen slightly at his honesty, and he smirks. "You see, the difference between us is, Keir thinks through everything he does. He is calculated, cold, and ruthless. Where I am..." he waves his hand in the air, "... more conniving, backstabbing, and downright deceitful. Our men would never follow me. Out of fear, maybe. But him?" He nods to where Keir just left. "They don't just follow him because they are scared of him. They do it because he's smart," he says and looks to where Wren is standing up in the crib down the hall, smacking it with her toy. "I heard a rumor he was even considering giving it all to her, even though she is a girl."

"Huh?" I say, taken aback.

"His grandfather did that... had a girl first. Did Keir ever tell you about her?" I shake my head at his words. "Keir's father killed his sister because girls aren't meant to lead. They are meant to cook, fuck, and breed, nothing more. Remember now, Keir was raised by him."

He steps into the room where Wren is playing and studies her. I stay close by because even though I don't mind Lucas, it doesn't mean I trust him.

"He didn't do it for her." He nods to Wren, then turns to me. "He did it for you. Take that how you wish, but don't forget that Keir does nothing without thinking every angle through first, and considering he's having a son and still wants to give it all to Wren, that's something. If it was me, I would have killed you when you were pregnant. Less hassle." He chuckles and

walks out of the room, leaving me alone with my daughter. I go to her and pick her up, then change her into swimmers with a hat and gather her bag.

Keir can choose his son to take over.

I don't want that responsibility for Wren.

But when she's older, I guess she can choose what she wants.

Keir, myself, *no one* will force anything on her the way it's been forced on him.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

KEIR

I've watched her play in the water all afternoon, her smile and laugh contagious.

"Just go down there," Joey says, sitting next to me.

"No."

"Do it." He nudges me. "I'm sure Wren would love it."

I don't go in the water, I come here for peace and tranquility and because the sound somehow soothes my soul. The city helps me think, the ocean helps me relax.

"And we all know if you don't fuck her soon, you're going to turn into our father." I drag my teeth over my bottom lip before I stand. Pulling my shirt over my head, I walk down to where Sailor is making a sandcastle while Wren looks on from a beach towel.

"Hi," Sailor says and lifts Wren, placing her in my lap. She moves over just a bit and then lies back, covering her eyes. I take a moment to study her. Her body has marks that weren't there before, but they do nothing to diminish her appeal. If anything, they make her even more attractive. Her tits are larger, and the one-piece bathing suit that she has on pushes them up, putting them on display.

"I can feel your stare, Keir." She pulls her arm off her eyes and gives me a look. "It's burning a hole right through me."

“I—”

“Boss.” We both turn to see Roberto staring at us.

“What is it?” I ask, annoyed at the interruption. His eyes flick to Wren, then to Sailor, before he answers me.

“Paige is missing.”

“No, she left yesterday and is probably cooling off somewhere.”

Roberto rubs the back of his head. “Yeah, that’s what I thought, but her cell and things are at her apartment.”

That’s odd. She doesn’t go anywhere without her shit.

“Who would want to take her? They would for sure ask for a refund.” Sailor laughs and I smile because she isn’t wrong.

“You have some nerve.”

We both startle at Roberto’s reaction.

“I’m sorry, I hope she’s okay,” Sailor says to him, sounding genuine. I’m not sure she’s telling the truth, though.

“Put someone on her house. If she isn’t back by tomorrow, we will look into it. But, Roberto…” he goes to walk off but pauses then looks back, “… you ever speak to Sailor like that again, I’ll chop off your left hand.”

He nods and leaves.

“Don’t do that,” Sailor says.

“Do what?”

“Threaten to hurt someone for speaking to me in a manner that you don’t agree with.”

Lucas comes down and plops himself right next to Sailor, leans in, and brushes his shoulder with hers. “I think it’s time you got wet.”

“No. I hate having sand in places it shouldn’t be,” Sailor says, brushing the sand from her legs.

“That’s the best part.” And before I can say anything, Lucas leans down, picks her up, throws her over his shoulder, and runs toward the water with her laughing. The last time I threw her over my shoulder she screamed, and

not with delight. Maybe I need to rectify that.

“Who knew Lucas could be human,” Joey says, sitting down next to me.

“Take her.”

“Again?” He huffs as I pass him Wren.

“She’s your niece.”

“Shut up!” he says as he places her on his lap.

Lucas smirks at me as I stand and walk toward the water. I swim to where they are splashing around and then Lucas turns, leaving me alone with Sailor.

“When was the last time you went swimming?” I ask her, remembering how much she loves it.

“The last time I was here,” she comments, looking distant now that we’re alone again. “Why am I here, Keir?”

I swim closer, and we both tread water.

“Because I want you here.”

“It feels like it’s a game of here and there. Want me... don’t want me...”

“I’ve always wanted you,” I tell her sincerely. “That has never changed.”

I swim closer and my hands go under the water and pull her to me. Her legs go willingly around my waist, as if this is a natural move, and I step us back so I can touch the bottom but still be under the cover of the water.

“You’re having a baby with another woman.”

“I am.” There’s no denying that and no point trying to.

“You are engaged to her.”

“I am, but I’m going to work a way out of it. You saw that she no longer wants me.” Sailor brushes my hair from my face, and I can’t help but lean into her touch.

Why does she make me feel like I’m a fucking god when she’s around? It’s like a high I never knew I wanted to chase, but I am chasing it with her.

“But she does, because she wants you. Regardless. And until that’s finalized, I will not fuck you.” She tries to push back from me, but I tighten my hold, pulling her back. “I will *not* be the other woman, Keir.”

“I don’t want you to be. I want it to be you, and only you.”

“You just want me to suck your cock.” She smirks.

“I’d rather taste your pussy. Oh, how I’ve missed that.”

Sailor bites her lip and pulls farther out of my arms. “Sort it out with your fiancée,” she calls out, heading back to the beach.

Fuck! I can’t get out of the water because my cock is hard as a rock right now, so I swim and burn it off.



*I*t’s late, everyone is asleep, but I’m pacing. Pacing because I need to work out what to do. I can’t do this any longer. This is not what I want.

My life has been planned out for me for so long, that I’m afraid to step off the path that has been set for me in some sort of fucking concrete. I could ruin it all because I’m falling in love with someone I shouldn’t.

My mother wants me to end it with Paige. I can deal with whatever is to come, whatever the fallout might be. I’ve been the boss for long enough that not many would turn against me.

I hope.

But what if they do?

That would not only mean I wouldn’t get Sailor in the end, but I would lose everything—possibly even my life. *Then what?*

A knock comes on the front door. It’s late, so I’m not sure who it could be at this hour. I pull the door open to see a man is standing there with a bag. “Delivery for Keir.”

“Who the fuck ordered something this late? And why are you even delivering this time of night?” I ask.

“Look, man, are you Keir? Because I have to go on to my next delivery.”

“Yes. Fucking hand it over.”

My eyes are on the bag.

What the fuck did someone order this late? Pizza?

I watch as he pulls something out of his bag. I get the first glint of something black and look up to notice the man is dressed in all black with no indication he's a delivery driver. His hand moves fast, but mine does as well. His gun goes off, but I manage to hit his arm just in time so the bullet goes wide, but it makes a loud noise as it hits the security screen.

"Fuck." He turns and starts running.

I'm already hyped up, so I start chasing him, and before he gets to his bike, I tackle him to the ground. He turns and manages to punch me, but it's not enough to stop me. I pin him and then knock him out cold with a hit to the face.

"What the fuck!" Joey comes out dressed in a pair of shorts. "You're shooting the Uber driver now?" He shakes his head. "Did he at least bring pizza?"

"Get the fuck over here and help me."

"Seems you have it under control," Joey says, shrugging.

For fuck's sake, I'm going to shrug those fucking shoulders right off of him soon. He huffs and walks over, then hits the guy in the face. I give him a look, honing in my last ounce of patience.

"What? You did it, why can't I?"

Lord help me.

Pulling the guy up, we're dragging him inside when we turn to find a car driving up the driveway. When it stops, a woman gets out, high-heeled boots click on the ground. As she gets closer, she smiles. "Heya, boys."

Joey groans and I shake my head.

"What do you want?"

"First, tell me what you're doing with the delivery driver." Piper, with her black hair and dark eyes, stares at me. She used to annoy me so fucking much growing up, and she still does.

“Your brother is inside. Go annoy him,” Joey comments as we walk inside and throw the dude to the floor. Joey goes to get more help while Piper stands there smiling at me.

“I’m a bit sad you never invite me to your gatherings anymore.” She waves her hand around the room.

“Why are you here this late?” I ask.

“I just flew in from Italy. Seeing family. Thought I would come see more since Paige is blowing up social media about you.”

“What?” I ask, confused.

“Do you ever check your Instagram?” She holds her hand up. “That’s right, you have people to do that now, don’t you?” She gives me an eye roll.

Piper’s always been full-on. Some would say she has bigger balls than her brother, Roberto.

“Anyway, you have well over one million followers on there at this point. Seems being an eligible bachelor makes all the girls horny for you.” She winks.

She’s right, I do have someone else control all social media for me, so I haven’t been on there for ages and I just don’t want to be. It’s not something I planned to keep, but in this day and age, social media is king. And it’s smart to have my finger in it because it’s great advertising for my businesses. If my followers know I’m going to be somewhere then they will come.

“Where is Phillip? I need help with my bags.”

“He isn’t your slave, get your own bags.”

Piper rolls her eyes and walks out.

“Fuck, she’s here.”

I turn to Roberto as he catches sight of his sister. I would laugh at his discomfort, but my delivery driver makes a weird sound and starts to wake.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

SAILOR

*I*t's noisy and people are yelling. That's my first thought when I wake up in the morning. *What the hell is going on?* I check on Wren to see her still asleep, then pull open the door to raised voices, and I'd know one of those voices anywhere.

That voice haunts me and excites me. *Keir*. But the others, I'm having trouble working out who is who. I creep closer to the disturbance, being sure to keep the door open to Wren's room in case she does wake.

"No, you need to leave. Fucking hell, Piper, what are you doing here?"

I step around the corner so I can see them all, including a woman I don't know, sitting on a chair, with one heel kicked up in the air, crossed over the other. And she's smirking as Roberto leans down and yells at her.

"She isn't staying, right?" Joey asks, raising a brow.

All the men are here, and Keir is standing back as they shout at and over each other.

Roberto throws his hands in the air. "Leave, Piper. Arghhh, you shouldn't be here."

"Why? All the rest of the family is here. It's not fair because I'm the girl that gets left out. Let's go, I bet I can kick your ass." She stands and pushes on Roberto's chest. Joey snickers, and it's then that Keir spots me.

"Sailor..." All eyes turn to me. Her eyes, the same as the rest of the

family's, almost twinkle when they land on me.

“So, this is the woman Paige doesn't like.” She smirks, strides over to me, and puts her arm through mine. “We are going to be *best of friends*.”

Keir groans at her words, and Roberto swears before he turns to Keir. “Kick her out!” Roberto barks.

“So, tell me... how's it been with all these men? Are they annoying you?”

Wren wakes, her cry making my head whip in the direction of her room.

Piper's eyes go wide, and she looks to me. “I wasn't aware of this...” She drops my arm as I pull away and hurry back to Wren's room. I hear Piper follow, her heels clicking along behind me. I reach Wren and lift her from the crib, and she stops crying immediately.

“I'm amazed Keir let you bring a kid,” she says, smiling at Wren. “She is cute, though.” I'm not sure if Wren is meant to be a secret, so I say nothing.

Roberto does, though. “She's Keir's daughter.”

Piper notices the venom in his voice and scrunches her nose up at him before she returns her eyes to me. “Welcome to the family.” She waves, then exits the room.

Roberto looks at me, then Wren, before he does the same.

“It's best you go out for the day.” Keir is standing in the doorway. It's then I notice his hands are red, the knuckles in particular. I choose not to ask about it because that's his business.

“I want to go exploring anyway. Do you have a car I can use?”

“Piper will take you,” Keir says as he walks in and kisses Wren on the cheek, then looks at me, his nose so close to mine his breath tickles my face. “Have a good day. Phillip will give you my credit card before you leave.”

I nod, unable to form words because I'm so focused on his lips.

“Spend as much as you want, buy what you want.”

Again, I nod.

Keir smirks, knowing full well what he's doing to me. He licks his lips,

steps back, then walks out of the room.

Wren makes a sound, and I remember I need to feed her and not think about how much I wanted him to kiss me in that moment.



*P*iper is loud, outgoing, and a lot to handle. But I kind of like it. I like her.

“I still can’t believe he has a daughter and you’re with him. I mean, when women are born into this family...” she points to herself, “... I am the older one, just so you know,” she keeps pace with me as we walk into a baby shop, “... we become second to our brothers. It’s always better when a man is born first, then the girl doesn’t expect anything, you know? But when you are born first, it’s harder. Way harder.” She sighs. “We all knew Roberto would go all-in with Keir. That he would become as high profile as he did. And he is. But I hate the fact that it wasn’t me. I can outshoot, outrun, almost do everything better than Roberto.”

“I’m sorry.”

She smiles at me. “What I’m saying is, that the girl is an afterthought. She doesn’t get to go on ‘work’ things.” She makes air quotes around the word *work*. “No, we stay at home, out of the spotlight, and are never allowed to enter *their world*.” She rolls her eyes. “Yet, here you are, at his place, protected by his people, and from the gossip I’ve heard from the boys, he idolizes her, which is rare.”

“You didn’t have a good relationship with your father?”

“I do, now that he’s retired and living his best life. I just went and spent a year with him in Italy.” She smirks. “Most of the family retire back home.”

“I bet it’s beautiful,” I say as we look around the baby store.

“It is. Hey, when was the last time you went out?”

“Out?” I question. “Like dancing and drinking?”

“Yep, the very same. Keir owns a club here and we can go and get free drinks and VIP treatment all night. What do you say?” she asks, clapping her hands excitedly.

“I have a child,” I remind her.

“And she has a father. Ask him to watch her.” She raises an eyebrow. “I’m sure he doesn’t say no to you very often.” She pulls a cute little pink suit from the rack. “Oh my God, get this. It’s the cutest.”

I reach for it and look at the price tag, then shake my head, passing it back.

“Do you not have his credit card?”

“Yes, but I don’t feel right using it.”

“Please. That man has more money than sense. Use it. It’s not for you, it’s for his daughter.”

Then she proceeds to grab so many clothes and baby things, that when I walk up to the counter and see the final price, I almost have a heart attack. I’ve never spent that much *ever*. It hurts my soul. She pries the card from my fingers and pays, because I can’t, then basically skips out of the store.

“Now, let’s get you a dress.”

I try to tell her no, but she has the card. And let’s be honest, she’s his family.

I’m sure she knows him better than I do.



Keir walks in as I lay Wren down to sleep. I haven’t seen him all afternoon because when I got back, he was gone. His knuckles are still red and raw, and he looks exhausted.

He offers me a tired smile. “Piper mentioned she’s taking you out.”

“I told her I had Wren,” I say, looking to the crib.

“You know she’s safe with me.” He steps closer and gazes down at her.

“She’s asleep. So what do you plan to wear?” he asks, looking to the bags of clothes piled on the bed. They’re mine, most are for Wren.

Dillan hated me going out, yet here Keir is, asking me what I’m wearing. Oh, how things have changed. How *I* have changed.

“I didn’t spend it, Piper did.” I bite my lip waiting for Keir to go crazy over the cost.

“It doesn’t matter. I told you to spend up big. I couldn’t care less that you did. I wouldn’t have given you the card otherwise.”

“You really don’t care?” I ask.

Money has always been something you ask for and expect to pay back, not something you are given. Yet here Keir is freely giving it to me.

“It’s mine, which makes it both of yours.” He nods to Wren. “Now, show me what you plan to wear.” He settles on the couch next to all my things, but he doesn’t seem to notice or care.

“Do you plan to watch me change too?” I ask with my hand on my hip.

He simply nods, leaning back and lifting one leg up on his knee as he waits for me to do exactly that.

Well, it’s not like he hasn’t seen me naked before. So what’s the difference.

Reaching for the bag with the black dress, I lift it out, then pull off my shirt followed by sliding my skirt down my legs. I turn back to see him watching me eagerly. He bites his lip and I turn back to face him, now only in a bra and panties.

I grab the other dress and hold it up for him.

“Black or green?” I wait for him to decide.

His eyes flick to each before they land on my face. “Black.”

I drop the green dress and slip on the black one, then turn around. Before I can say anything, his hands are on my back and he’s zipping up my dress with his breath near my ear. “I could bend you over and fuck you right here, right now.” His hand snakes around to my breast and he grips it hard, making

me gasp. “But I think I’ll make you wait, so you know the pain you’ve put me through waiting for you.” His hand drops, and he’s right, I want him. And if he moved to touch me more, I wouldn’t have said no.

“Piper is waiting for me.” I bend down, slipping on my heels. “You’ll look after Wren?” I ask him once more to be certain.

Keir steps back to me. Kisses my lips ever so softly, leaving them tingly when he pulls away. “With my life.” I manage to nod at his words as the door to the bedroom is pulled open and Piper is standing there in a green mini dress with glittery gold heels on her feet.

Keir makes a move to leave the room and Piper just smiles at him as he passes her.

When he’s gone, she whistles as she takes me in. “Girl, you look hot. Tell me, did you have a quickie in here?” She looks around, then back to me.

“Piper, stop with the questions,” Keir says, appearing behind her. “Wear these.” He passes me a box, and I know what it is straight away.

“Where are mine?” Piper whines.

“For your collection,” he says.

I gasp when I open the box because they are beautiful. Absolutely amazing.

When I was a little girl, they were the first thing I noticed—their shoes. And to this day, my taste in shoes is expensive. It’s why I used to rent them. But Keir, he understands my love language, and that scares me because it means he’s understanding me. And I’m not sure how I feel about that, or the fact that he’s buying them for me. *They are beautiful, but do they come with expectations?*

I already know his love language—touch.

He likes it when I touch him.

I can see the change in his eyes whenever I do.

When I first met him, I assumed the look was hatred or disgust. But now I know better.

“Put them on.” I do as he says, no questions asked, and they fit like a dream. Yes, by the end of the night my feet will be killing me like they never have before, but one thing for sure is that they will look amazing, even with the pain they will cause.

“Now, step back.”

I do, and I put my hand to my hip and smirk up at him. He manages to snap a photo before he nods and turns away, leaving.

“Let’s go.” I kiss Wren one last time before I get ready to leave. It’s been forever since I’ve done this—I feel kind of old now—but Piper talks and passes me glasses of wine on the ride there. When we arrive at the club, we’re ushered in and seated in a VIP area.

A little while later, just as I’m about to stand, Piper grabs my hand, pulls me back down, and starts laughing.

“What?” I ask, confused and a little tipsy. I’m three glasses in and can feel the wine hitting me, not to mention the shots she just ordered and we downed quickly.

“You will not believe what he did.” I look at her, eyes squinting and somewhat nervous, until she taps on Instagram and goes to his page. *Holy shit, he has a lot of followers.* She clicks on his stories and the first image is one of me.

And the caption reads...

If you see this girl tonight, stay away. She’s mine.

*O*h my God, he did not.
Did he?

No. Way.

“He just declared you his,” Piper says, throwing her head back, laughing.
But I don’t find this funny at all.

His?

What does that even mean?

CHAPTER NINETEEN

“**S**he’s going to kill you when she finds out,” Joey says, smacking his leg while he laughs continuously.

“How will she find out?” I ask.

“Are you joking? She’s with Piper, who loves to talk. And I can assure you, she will not miss a social media post about anyone.”

Shit. I didn’t think of that.

“It won’t be a problem,” I tell him.

Roberto walks in, his eyes red and strung out.

“You look like shit. When was the last time you slept?” Joey asks him.

I check my phone to pull up the camera that hovers over Wren’s crib—she’s still sound asleep.

“My sister.” Joey chuckles at his words.

“She sure can kick your ass. Probably mine too, come to think of it,” Joey says, shaking his head. People who first meet Joey think he’s silent, stand-offish, and doesn’t like anyone. But once you get to know him, you find out quickly that he hardly shuts up. He’s been good since he’s been back. He’s been great with Wren too. I haven’t fully forgiven him yet, but I’m on my way.

He did what he thought was right, even though it wasn’t.

Joey doesn’t get to make those decisions—that’s my job.

“I checked in on Paige.” We both groan at Roberto’s words. “No one has seen her. She’s pregnant, boss. You should be worried.”

“Francis,” I call out, and he steps into the room.

“Can you look into your cousin, see where she’s hiding?” I ask him.

He nods and walks off.

“That’s all you’re going to do?” Roberto asks.

“Why do you care?” I ask. “She doesn’t want you, Roberto, we have established this.”

“Because she is carrying a boy. A boy who will be next in charge.”

“Wren will be next in charge,” I remind him.

“We both know that can’t happen. She’s a girl just like Piper.”

“Wren is my heir. Now, go back out there and get the information I fucking need before I do it myself.”

Roberto huffs and storms out of the room.

Joey scrubs his face as he turns away from where Roberto went and looks back to me. “Something’s up with him.”

“He wants Paige, we all know it. He has since we were kids.”

“Yeah, I don’t think it’s that, though.”

My cell buzzes, and I look down to see Sailor’s name flash across the screen.

Sailor: *How dare you do that. I am not yours for you to declare to others.*

I smirk as I type my reply. I knew it would upset her. But I didn’t care because others needed to know she’s off-limits. Now, no sane man in that club will even attempt to talk to her, let alone touch her.

*M*e: *What's the matter, lollipop?*

I watch as the bubbles appear immediately and move up and down.

*S*ailor: *Don't you lollipop me, asshole. I am not yours.*

I can't help the smile that pulls at my lips as I reply to her.

*M*e: *Your pussy says otherwise. Tell me, are you wet for me? Because just thinking about you makes my cock hard.*

I watch as the bubbles appear, indicating she's typing, but then they disappear and don't resume.

I head into Wren's room to check on her before I pull up another camera. Then I watch as Roberto paces back and forth in front of a guy tied to a chair. The guy smirks at him.

"What the fuck are you smiling at?" Roberto growls, then stalks over and punches him in the face. The guy's head flies backward, but he can't go far because he's tied down. "Have you seen her?" Roberto asks, pulling his head up by his hair and getting right in his face.

The guy spits at Roberto, which makes Roberto backhand him again. "Piece of shit." Clicking off the camera when Wren makes a noise, I step

back over to see her open her gorgeous eyes.

“Hey there, pretty girl.” She blinks a few times before I lift her up and cradle her in my arms. Sailor said she usually sleeps through the night, so I’m guessing she doesn’t need a bottle, but I change her diaper just to be sure. When that’s done, she gives me a small yawn, and I sit in the chair as she snuggles up on my shoulder and I start patting her back.

“There once was a bad man...

“And this bad man found the most beautiful woman he ever laid eyes on. And this bad man was meant to kill this woman, but he couldn’t find it in himself to do that. So instead, he took her. Because the thought of not being around her pained him for a reason he didn’t quite understand.

“This woman had long honey-brown hair, eyes so soft and doe-like that they were impossible to resist. Yet, when she looked at the bad man, he thought of nothing but the possibilities between the two of them.

“You see... this bad man took and took from this woman. Yet, somehow, along the way, he had a taste of her and she let him. And in doing so, the deal was sealed. He had to have her, and have her he did.” I hear Wren’s soft snore as I lift her back up and place her in the crib. When I turn toward the door, Joey is standing there.

“It’s only going to end one way... in heartbreak. You know this,” he states.

“Is there any other way?” I smirk as I walk out of the room, shutting the door with a quiet click behind me.

CHAPTER TWENTY

SAILOR

I've had one too many drinks, and I haven't been able to get Keir's last text out of my head. How just him thinking of me makes his cock hard. Those words do something to me, the fact that I have that kind of power over him. I like his cock—a lot. I like the way it feels, the way it makes me feel.

“Sailor.” Piper throws her arms around me as we make our way off the dance floor. “You know, I always keep track of Keir through the gossip articles,” she says and smirks. “Seems he’s quite smitten with you, and Keir does *not* get smitten.”

We weave our way through the crowd to the bar. We left the VIP area a while ago to dance and haven't been back since. I think I've danced off a lot of what I drank, but trust me, there is way more to go.

“Tequila,” Piper says, tapping the bar.

Two shots are placed in front of us, and I pour mine down my throat followed by a hit of salt and lime.

“Wait here. I need to go hit on that dude who's been eyeing my ass all night.” She turns and points to a man who's dressed in a suit, sitting in the VIP area surrounded by ladies. I watch as she saunters straight up to him with not a care in the world, then sits on his lap.

Looking away, I check my cell and re-read Keir's last text. I can't help

the grin that pulls at my lips. It's so wrong to want someone when you know in the end all he's going to do is break your heart. I mean, he's done it once before, and I didn't even realize he had done just that. Not until I saw him again and my heart came back to life. It was then I knew that through many relationships, none had ever felt as good or as wrong as whatever we have does.

"I thought that was you," a man says from beside me.

I squint as I stare at him. He looks familiar, but I can't place him. *Maybe it's the alcohol.*

"It's been so long since I've seen you. You don't live in the city any longer?" he asks.

"Umm, yeah, I do." He waits for me to tell him more. "I'm just out here for the weekend," I say, to which he nods.

"Look, I have to go. But it was so good seeing you again." He steps closer, and that's when my drunk addled brain clicks as to who he is. He's the man who tried hitting on me when Keir took me out for dinner with him and his mistress. "Tell Keir, Romarc said hi." He leans in and kisses my cheek, lingering far longer than necessary. "I mean, you are here with him, right?" he asks, and I nod, then pull away.

"I figured as much. He's a smart man to not let a pretty thing like you go."

I have no words for him, so he turns and leaves. When he's gone, I scan the room for Piper, only to find her now in full makeout mode with that guy. Sending a quick text back to Keir, I slide the cell into my purse and make my way over to her.

"Piper..." She breaks her lips away. "I'm gonna catch a cab and head back."

She pouts her bottom lip. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, really sure. I need to sleep before the baby wakes me in the morning."

She nods, turns back to the man whose lap she's currently on, and goes back to kissing him.

Walking out the front, I spot Romarc getting into a car with two other men.

He spots me too and says, "Do you need a lift?"

"No, thanks. My ride is almost here." I check the app, and a car pulls up and I slide in.

Romarc watches me, and I feel uneasy. I don't know why. But there's something about that man I don't like. The driver takes off, and I almost fall asleep in the back of the car. Thankfully, it's only a short drive to Keir's house, and as soon as the car comes to a stop, I get out and head to the door.

On my way, I bring up the camera above Wren's bed. She has woken and Keir has picked her up. Then I hear it—his voice talking to her, telling her a story. About us. Then I hear Joey's voice as Wren is placed back in the bed.

"Do you plan to stand out there all night?" I raise my eyes to see Keir standing at the front door. Turning the camera off from Joey with Wren my eyes return to Keir. He's shirtless and in long sleeper shorts, ones that have an elastic waistband, the kind that you know if you pulled that waistband just a little, you'd be able to see what's underneath. And I really want to see what's underneath.

How I have missed the way he slides into me. The way he uses objects on me that I didn't know I liked until him.

"If you keep looking at me like that, I won't care that you don't want me to fuck you."

I almost tell him to fuck me, that he can have me.

To just come here and do it now.

But I move in the heels—that are *amazing*—and walk to him.

He reaches out and brushes a stray piece of hair from my face. "You're drunk." I can only nod at his words. "Let's get you to bed." He lifts me up, and my legs go around his waist, not caring that my dress is showing off half

my ass. He cups it with his fingers, gripping it hard.

“Where is Piper?” Joey asks.

I turn to see him smirking at Keir and me.

Keir pulls my dress down discretely as I lean forward on his shoulder and lay my head there.

“Club,” I moan and close my eyes.

Keir doesn’t stop to chat.

When we get to the bedrooms, he goes straight for his, and I don’t fight him. He lays me down, removes my shoes, then walks out. He comes back in with the crib and puts it near the bed, and relief washes over me that Wren’s close. I’m not used to not having her near me.

“I want you to fuck me,” I whisper to him, sitting up. Removing the straps of my dress, I let it fall, exposing my breasts. His eyes darken even more, and I scoot back on the bed and open my legs. His heated gaze falls to where my panties are, and I watch as his cock hardens beneath his sleep shorts.

“Sailor.”

“Yes,” I say breathily, my head dropping back, my hands falling to my panties and pulling them to the side and sliding a finger into myself. “Tell me you want to fuck me, Keir,” I ask him, pushing in and out.

His desire-filled eyes watch my every move, and his hands are clenched at his sides. I pull my finger out and get up on all fours until I’m in front of him, then I smirk. Lifting my fingers that were inside of me, I place them at his lips, and he opens as I slide my digits into his mouth and he sucks me like a lollipop, tasting every last drop of me. When I pull my hand free, I touch his hard chest and give him my best *fuck me* smile.

“You should sleep.”

Well, those are not the words I had expected to hear from him.

Sleep? Is he insane?

I’m horny and want sex.

Drunk Sailor equals sex.

A lot of sex.

“I want to fuck,” I say, turning around and dropping down into a yoga pose with my ass in the air, legs tucked, so he can see all of me.

“Fuck me, Sailor,” he breathes out.

And before I can say anything, his hands are on my back and he flips me over, moves me to the top of the bed, and places me there like a doll. “Stay there and go to fucking sleep. I’m not going to fuck you while you’re drunk. I want to fuck you when you know you’re being fucked, so you don’t forget a single fucking thing,” he bites out. He pulls up the duvet and places it over me. Then he walks away, and I hear the shower turn on. Pushing the covers back, I get out of bed and walk in to see one of his hands braced on the wall, the other on his cock as he pumps it hard and fast.

“I can help with that,” I say, stepping into the shower.

“No, you can watch.” He continues stroking his long, hard cock. I keep my distance, but I bite my lip and push my tits together, squeezing the nipples. His eyes are locked on me, but his hand never stops moving on his cock.

I slide my hand down between my legs and touch myself, and his hand goes even faster, working his cock. I watch as he comes, and after he does, he leans in, inches from my lips. “I’ll be fucking you the minute I open my eyes in the morning, lollipop.” He steps out of the shower, leaving me there, smirking. I wash myself quickly and walk out to find him lying in bed. I climb in next to him and he pulls me close and kisses the top of my head. “Sleep, lollipop.”

I do.

I pass the fuck out.

Hard.



I wake to hands skirting up my naked body. Hands so warm that I lean in and melt into their touch. Kisses skate across my neck, and I know those kisses. I've missed those kisses. Hands so tender drag along my legs until they reach my inner thighs before they move upward to where they're meant to be. I turn, facing him. And I cover my mouth because, hello, morning breath.

"What's wrong?" he asks, lust obvious in his voice.

"Morning breath," I whisper.

He removes his hand for a quick second, turns over, and I hear the drawer opening before he turns back around and passes me a little white pill. I look at it, confused.

"Mint... for your mouth." I take it, the minty flavor coats my tongue as his hands dive back under the covers and he pulls me closer to him, his hands back on my legs as he gently massages them. "Do you remember last night?" His voice is dark as he leans in and places lazy, soft kisses up my neck. I bare my neck more because I like the way it feels. The way *he* feels.

"I do."

"Do you still want me to fuck you, lollipop?" he asks, biting my ear and tugging it between his lips.

"Yes," I reply, without any hesitation.

Keir pulls my leg up over his and I feel him hard between my legs, right on that spot. My body starts moving, grinding on him, as he continues to kiss me. He raises his hand to his mouth, and he sucks his fingers before he moves them between us and touches my clit. He applies pressure—sweet, wonderful pressure—then moves in circular motions while I grind on his cock.

"You will move in with me," he states as our movements become faster. "And every morning we will wake up like this."

He almost has me.

Almost.

“No.”

“I’ve called it off. You were there,” he says.

When I say nothing, his hand stops, and I push his shoulder back. He moves as I climb on top of him, pushing myself back on him until I feel him there. Then, I lower myself on his cock and he groans before trying again. “Tell me you will.”

“No,” I repeat.

He grips my hips and stops me from moving. “Sailor, tell me you will.”

I lean down and manage to kiss his lips. “No.”

Keir’s hands slide up to my face to deepen the kiss, and I start moving my hips, rocking them back and forth, and feeling every inch of him inside of me.

I can feel it—it’s coming so fast.

His lips taste so good, my mind is out of control. So much so that when he throws me off him, I’m still reaching for him like a lost puppy. He gets up, opens his drawer again, and pushes me back down. “Spread them.” I do as he says, the ache building as I wait for him to come back. His cock is rock hard and covered in me.

I bite my lip as he bends down between my legs and opens them even wider. Then I hear a wrapper. I think it’s a condom until I feel something different in my vagina. His mouth comes forward and he licks his way up, then back down. His tongue moving in delicate movements making me quiver. It doesn’t take long before I’m writhing beneath him and unable to hold back as my hands clutch the sheets and his fingers slide into me. I manage to open my eyes as he pulls out his fingers, and that’s when I see it—a lollipop. He pops it into his mouth and smirks at me. “Tastes like my favorite flavor.”

“Was that…” I don’t finish, because by the look on his face, I know he just had that up my vagina. He pulls it from his mouth, then leans over me, grabs a pillow, puts it under my hips, and then puts the lollipop near my face.

“Suck it.” I take it into my mouth, and he pulls me to the edge of the bed, the pillow staying where it is, and slides straight into me. I moan loudly, and when he moves ever so slowly, I feel him hit that spot, that magical spot. I go to scream out my pleasure as his hips start moving faster, the lollipop has fallen out and is now somewhere in his bed.

He covers my mouth and leans down. “Wren is sleeping.” He doesn’t remove his hand from my mouth, but he doesn’t stop fucking me either. Keir keeps me pinned in place with a pillow under my hips so when he slides in, he hits all the right angles and fucks me into submission.

That’s what his cock does.

Fucks me so hard that when he pulls out, I will do and say anything he wants.

I just hope he doesn’t ask me again.

Because I am not that girl any longer.

I did that with Dillan, let him decide when I could move in, what I could do, and he had his say well and truly after that. Never again!

My back arches and Keir’s hands roam over my body as I come.

Bliss.

Pure unadulterated bliss.

It’s the only way to describe how he makes me feel.

Keir groans as he leaves me, and I moan at the loss.

Completely spent, I watch as he goes to the crib.

Sitting up slightly, I admire his naked ass—and let me tell you, I could bounce a coin on that ass—in its full glory as he reaches into the crib.

“She’s hungry.”

I go to move, but he’s already walking out with her completely naked. A small laugh leaves me unexpectedly, and I throw myself back on his bed and wait for them to come back.

When they do, he climbs in next to me and I take her from him. I smile as I look down at her while she drinks—my sweet girl.

“How was your night?” he asks, and I lift my head and smile.

“It was good. I like Piper, she’s something else.”

“Yes, something else entirely.” He groans and shakes his head. “But, believe it or not, she can kick a grown man’s ass while wearing heels and still walk away smiling.”

I laugh at his words.

Oh, that reminds me.

“I saw your friend last night. He told me to tell you he says hi.”

“Who?” he asks, brows pinched together.

“Romarc,” I answer.

Before I know it, he’s off the bed and out of the room.

Still butt naked.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

*M*y feet move fast as I run down the hall to Joey's room. He rubs his eyes when I slam open his door, then he sits up and shakes his head, closing his eyes again.

"It's too early to be seeing your damn cock. Fuck off!" His hand waves me off and he flops back down in his bed.

"Get the fuck up. *Now.*" Anger is the only emotion my voice is capable of right now. He does as I command, jumping from his bed, and reaching for pants, pulling them on followed by a shirt. He hands me a pair of pants and I slide them on.

"What's wrong, boss?" His tone serious now.

"Romarc paid a visit to Sailor last night."

Joey's back straightens at my words. "He what?" he asks in disbelief.

"Time to stop playing nice."

Joey nods as we walk out of his room.

Sailor, wearing only my shirt, meets us in the hallway. "What's wrong?"

"Where is Wren?" I ask her.

"She's in her crib. Now tell me what's wrong."

I step up close to her, get in her face, and kiss her lips. She tastes sweet. She always tastes sweet. "Stay here. Don't leave the house." She goes to argue, but she must see something in my face, so she nods instead.

“I planned to order in and stay in bed all day with Wren.”

“Use my card, order whatever you want. *Don't leave.* Don't even think about leaving.”

“You're pushing it now,” she bites out. “I'm fine if you ask nicely, but if you get all demanding on me, I won't fucking listen to you.”

She turns away from me, and I capture her hand, pull her back, and kiss the side of her neck. “I love you.”

She gasps at my words.

I let her go and see Joey staring at me with wide eyes.

I nod at him and we walk off.

When I look back, she hasn't moved.



*Y*ou didn't really think I would keep him at my house, did you? Someone like me would learn early on that you keep your business out of your home.

Well, unless it's holding a very attractive woman hostage, that is. Granted, that was the first time I'd ever done that. It's what fucked me over right from the start.

I should have taken her out into the alley and shot her.

That was the plan.

But instead, I took her.

That was the backup plan.

I don't regret that decision now in the slightest.

I'd take her again in a heartbeat.

“Tell me.” I lean over him, my non-delivery food guy, with my clothes now covered in blood. *His blood.* Joey sits to the side, a cigarette at his lips as he smirks at me.

“He took her.”

He's already told me everything, as much as he can anyway, but I knew he was holding something back. They're always in hopes they can use it for leverage.

"Took who?" The guy spits and it lands on my bare feet. Looking down to the blood that coats my toes, then back to him, I smack him hard across his face. He's already missing two fingers, has been cut to shreds, yet he still wants to be a smartass.

He has some balls.

Pity I plan to cut them off him as well.

"Your fiancée," he says, smirking through broken teeth.

"I fucking told you," Roberto screams from behind me.

"Sit the fuck down," I tell him and look back to my non-food delivery dude. "Where is she?" He shakes his head.

For fuck's sake, I don't have time for this. Reaching behind me, Joey slides a gun into my hand, and I push the barrel into the guy's face. His eyes are half-closed, not able to open the whole way, due to the pounding I have given him with my knuckles.

"Hopefully in a million pieces, if Romarc has his way. He will send her to you piece by piece."

"Thanks for the idea." I place my hand behind me again, and Joey puts something cool in my palm. In two swift movements, I cut off the guy's pointer finger. Screams echo through the hall, and Roberto pulls me back by my shoulder, which makes Joey step up next to me.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Roberto asks, his eyes steady on me.

"You really have it bad for her, don't you?"

"She's your fiancée, are you *not* worried for her?" Roberto bites back. He has never been like this. *Ever*. Something for sure is up his ass. Yes, he had a crush on Paige all those years ago, but she has never had eyes for him. Paige is what we like to call a self-centered, cares about no one but herself, cunt. She couldn't give two shits about anyone and only cares about what she can

get out of any given situation.

“No more games, it’s time to find him.” Joey nods and leaves, and I look to Roberto. “Go!” His head snaps up and he follows, closing the door behind him.

I look back to my delivery driver.

“Your men hate you,” he says, smiling, showing me a mouth full of bloody teeth.

“What makes you say that?”

The asshole chuckles and shakes his head. “You’re easy to hate.”

“If you say so.” I lift my gun and shoot him right between the eyes. Blood and brains splatter everywhere painting the walls behind him in some sort of abstract artwork.

Romarc wasn’t this much of an issue years ago. He was tolerable but vindictive, but I never did trust him.

And now I know why.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

SAILOR

*H*e said those words.
Words I never thought he was capable of.

And he said them to *me*.

After everything that's happened. And why on earth did I feel it everywhere when he said them? Like every part of me came alive at those three little words.

Then he left me standing there.

Lost.

Until Wren's soft cry pulled me to move in her direction.

I spent all day in bed, barely watching television because his words wouldn't stop repeating in my mind, over and over and over again.

Is he *capable* of love?

Does he understand *how* to love a woman?

I get it. He loves his mother and Wren, but they are different kinds of love. This is relationship love and with that brings in all kinds of feelings. The kind where our love will be different to what he's used to.

The door bursts open and my heart rate picks up thinking it's him. When I see Piper standing there, I deflate and it's obvious it shows on my face.

"Why the look of disappointment?" she asks from the doorway, scanning the room and nodding toward the bathroom. "He isn't in there, is he?"

I shake my head and she steps inside. Her eyes glance around the room again before she jumps on the bed, landing on her stomach, then picks up a fry from my dinner. “He never lets us in here.” Her eyes come back to me. “I mean, I’ve seen it from the doorway.” She points to the door and rolls over to her back.

“How did your night end?” I ask.

She gets up, checks on a sleeping Wren, then climbs into his spot under the covers and lays her head on my shoulder like we’re best friends. I haven’t had one of those for a long time. So this right now—it’s all weird to me.

“He fucked my pussy with his mouth before he fucked it even harder with his tongue,” she says in awe.

“TMI,” I say, laughing and shaking my head.

“I think I might see him again. I mean, if you find a man who can make you come... not once but twice with his mouth and cock, girl, you are on a winner.”

Dillan could never do that but Keir can.

“What’s that look for? I bet you’re dreaming about my dear cousin. He makes you come. I’ve heard many unwanted stories about him. He did fuck half my friends growing up.” She laughs and my face scrunches at her words. “Don’t pull a face, he only seems to have eyes for you now. Trust me, I know.”

“Get the fuck out of my bed.”

Both our heads whip around at the sound of Keir’s voice coming from the doorway. He’s no longer naked, which is a plus, because I’m sure his cousin would not appreciate seeing that.

“We’re bonding,” Piper whines.

“Yeah, well... where were you last night when Romarc came to her?”

“Romarc?” She sits up on the bed and looks to Keir, then to me. “He was there?” she asks. I nod and she shakes her head. “Last I saw him he was gushing at how he was going to fuck you out of your position.” She shakes

her head. “Like that could ever happen.”

“Did you find him?” I ask Keir.

He shakes his head and steps into the bathroom. “You better be gone when I come out, Piper.”

“I know where he is,” Piper states, pulling herself up from the bed to stand and walks toward the door.

Keir spins and stomps over to her, getting right in her face. “You what?”

“I know where he is,” she says again.

“How the fuck would you know that?”

Piper rolls her eyes and leaves the room. “Wait there,” she calls out.

Keir turns back to me, noticing the food on the bed. “I see you had the day you planned.”

“I did.”

His stare is intimidating as it punctures right through me and he says nothing, just stares.

“How was your day?” I ask.

Keir turns away from me, facing the door, and rubs his chest. “Would have been better spent inside of you.”

Before I can respond, Piper walks back in, her cell in hand.

“You have got to be kidding me,” he states as he checks the app she has pulled up on her screen.

“Nope.” She smirks. “He is a dumb shit. I’ve been telling you this for... well, ever!”

Keir looks up at her with admiration. I see the smile—a real one—form on her face. It must be hard for her, being who she is in this family and given no credit. I glance at my daughter and wonder if she will have the same kind of life—being never good enough. No, that will not happen, because I will make sure she’s always good enough, no matter what.

“Anyway, I can take you there.”

I wait for his answer.

Keir doesn't say anything at first, taking a moment to think, then he nods. "I'm showering and then we're leaving. You need to get out," he tells Piper, then turns to me. "I need you to shower with me."

Piper doesn't argue, which is surprising, as she leaves and shuts the door behind her. I make no move to follow his directive as he stalks his way to me. He pulls back the blankets, then looks over to Wren. "How long has she been asleep?"

"I just put her down."

He reaches for me. "Good. I don't have to worry about fucking you hard and fast then."

I smirk up at him. "I think I'd like some hard and fast—"

"Don't threaten me with a good time," he says, picking me up from the bed as I laugh at his words. I stop when I feel his stare on me. Always with the eyes. Luckily for him, those eyes make my stomach weak and my pussy flutter. Yes, that's totally a real thing.

"I have legs," I say.

"And I have a cock that wants inside of you. Your point?" He walks us into the shower, turning it on with one hand while holding me with the other. The water sprays over us and he has no care in the world that our clothes are getting soaked. I mean, he's wearing no shirt, but I am still fully dressed.

He places me on my feet and begins with my wet shirt, removing it from me as I lift my arms. As soon as he discards it, his mouth moves forward and he pays special attention to my breasts, licking and sucking each one before he drops to his knees in front of me, pulling down my sleep shorts so they puddle at my feet. Keir moves his mouth in that direction, and I spread my legs willingly for him, because I know what that mouth can do, and the things it does for me are well worth their weight in gold.

His mouth is fucking gold.

He lifts one leg, places it over his shoulder, one hand gripping my ass, keeping me where he wants me as his mouth does everything in its power to

make me come. His tongue glides down and slips into me before it moves back up, and soon, I'm riding his face, my hands buried in his hair, my hips moving up and down on his mouth, because once you hit that perfect rhythm, there is no stopping you—and he takes it by not quickening his pace, which always ruins it.

And soon, oh so very soon, my body shakes.

I bite my lip to stop the scream that wants to escape as I come. He doesn't waste any time, though, as he stands, drops his jeans, and lifts me until I have to wrap my weak legs around his waist as he guides me down on top of him. As soon as he's filled me, I lean forward and bite his shoulder, hard, and when I pull back, his hand wraps around my neck, the other holds my ass as my back hits the wall while he pushes in and out of me. He applies pressure to my throat, until I feel I'm on the verge of passing out then he releases the pressure for a moment and does it again, bringing me close each time as he fucks me.

He holds all the power in the bedroom.

And I can't say I want to complain.

I like a man who takes charge. Dillan was doggy style all the way, and if I wanted something more, for example me on top, his taking command, I had to initiate it. With Keir, I don't have to worry about that. I love that when I look at him while he fucks me, I know he wants me, and only me. It's not just in the way he watches me—I've seen him get his cock sucked before and he never paid that woman any attention whatsoever—because when he wants me, when he needs me, his hands are soft and gentle before they move to demanding. His eyes darken just a little, and I know, I just know, it's me he wants.

When he's close, his hand drops from my throat and he holds our bodies together, and just like in the fucking movies, we come together.

Who knew that could happen? That a man could fixate on your body so much that he knows, just *knows* what to do with it?

“I’m never letting you go,” he says quietly into my hair. When I don’t respond, he pulls back and pushes my hair out of my face as my feet hit the floor. “What’s wrong?”

“Do you plan to fuck other women as well?” This is probably not the right time to ask, but he can’t drop the L bomb and just get away with it. I’m not Paige. I shiver at the thought of her and what they did. “I mean, you fucked the woman who tried to kill me.”

He pulls away from me and exits the shower.

I turn the water off and step out, reaching for a towel.

Keir already has one wrapped around his waist when he replies, “I don’t have time for this.”

“I guess you don’t have time for me, then.”

He shakes his head, stalks his way back to me, palms the back of my head, and leans in to slam his mouth to mine, kissing me hard. I almost go to push him away, but like I said, he has a way of making my body sing like no one else ever could.

“You two love birds in there done? We’re waiting.”

Keir disconnects our lips but rests his forehead against mine. “I’ll be back. And when I’m calmer, we will finish this.”

“Sure,” I say with a sarcastic smile.

He stops in the doorway, turns, then blinks a few times. “You are to stay here, do you understand?”

Uh, yeah, that’s not gonna happen. I’ve made a vow to not let any man control me that way unless he’s fucking me. And right now, he’s *not* fucking me.

“Sailor.” He barks my name, but I still don’t answer. “Phillip,” he calls out while staring at me, being a demanding asshole. The door opens and Philip appears, eyes cast down at the floor. “Sailor is not to leave this house. Do you understand me?” Phillip looks up, his shocked eyes finding mine, but he answers anyway, looking back down. “Yes, sir.” Then he walks out, and I

smirk at Keir, who shakes his head as he stomps like a spoiled child out of the room.

I guess that's what happens when you fall for the devil. Not only do you get singed, you get fucking burned as well.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

KEIR

Joey is eyeing Piper as she stands there dressed in combat boots, a knife on her inner thigh, and a gun holstered at her waist.

“Are you, like... the tomb raider or something?” he asks Piper, and I can tell he’s serious. She punches him in the gut, and he leans over, coughing. “Bitch, it was a simple question.”

“I can kick your ass, Joey. Remember that,” she sasses as we step outside.

“Keir...”

We all turn back to see Sailor standing at the door, naked.

“Joey, cover your eyes,” I snap at my brother.

“Go and put some fucking clothes on,” I growl at Sailor.

Piper giggles from behind me, and I have to remember to not hit her. I was raised better than to think for one minute I can hurt a woman—*only choke during pleasure, that’s it.*

“What the fuck are you still doing standing there?”

She doesn’t respond or make a move to go back inside, just places one hand on her hip and pops it out.

“How long do I have to cover my eyes for?” Joey asks.

“As long as I fucking say.”

Joey groans and turns away from us.

“I just wanted to say goodbye.” The words leave her mouth in a sweet,

seductive tone as I stalk over to her and block her body with mine. “What! It’s okay for you to walk around naked and not me?” she questions, and I want to lean forward and bite her lips.

“It’s definitely not okay for you to walk around naked in my house.”

“But I can do it in *my* house, right?” she snaps.

“Only when I’m there.”

Sailor rolls her eyes at me. “Goodbye, Keir.” She gives me a wave and I shake my head, turning away from her with a sigh and walking toward the car.

“I really need to see to be able to get in the car and drive,” Joey mutters.

When I glance back, Sailor’s still standing framed in the doorway.

“Uncover your eyes. But if you look toward the door, I will slit your throat.”

“Yes, boss,” Joey mutters, keeping his eyes downcast as he gets in the car.

“She’s pissed,” Piper singsongs from the back seat.

“Why the hell is she with us? I thought there were no women allowed.”

“Shut up and drive,” I say on a groan.



*T*he café comes into view, and I see Romarc sitting there through the windows. He has a cup in his hand and is seated next to two ladies. *How can he be this careless?* He’s left himself vulnerable.

He and his men don’t even look this way when we get out of the car. There are only two guards with him, which is a stupid move.

When we walk to the door, the guards who were sitting outside stand, blocking us from entering.

“I would move if I were you,” Piper says. They laugh, dismissing her. “I did warn you,” she says, smiling, showing her bright white teeth.

Both the guards reach behind their backs for their guns.

“I don’t have time for this,” I tell her, because I plan to tear to shreds the piece of shit that’s inside. Literally.

Piper bends down and the guards follow her movements. I see what she’s doing before they can even work it out. I watch in complete admiration as she lifts the knife from her thigh shifting upright and slices quickly and cleanly across both their throats. Then she stands back and wipes the blade on her black shirt before placing it back where it was. She turns back to us while the men gargle and hold their throats.

Joey is stunned, his mouth hanging open as he watches, and I’m surprised. Our uncle told me she was lethal, but I thought it was proud talk of her as a female. However, this woman is next level.

“You’re in,” I say to her. Her face morphs into something resembling joy, but she quickly covers the emotion and nods, her smile completely disappearing. I step past the two men dying at the door and enter. Romarc has already raised his gun when I enter, and he shoots. I manage to only just dodge it, but the second shot grazes my neck.

Fuck, that stings.

Lifting my gun, I aim for his hand because I still want him alive, and the gun drops from his fingers. Joey picks up the gun from the floor.

It’s nighttime, and the streets are quiet being a Sunday. But just in case, I pull the blind down over the front window. The two women who were sitting with Romarc eye me with shocked expressions and are frozen in their seats.

“I would suggest you both run.” They nod eagerly before they stand and rush for the door.

Joey and Piper have dragged his men inside, shutting us all in here together. I turn back to Joey and nod to him. He smirks before heading back out the front. Romarc watches him go, taking a large gulp of air and clutching his hand.

“We were good, Romarc,” I say, my gun still in hand as I pull out a seat

and sit across from him. “You should’ve known you could never win against me.” Tsking a few times, I smirk at him.

“You fucked my wife,” he says.

I have to think. *Who the fuck is his wife?*

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” I tell him, honestly. “I haven’t fucked your wife.”

He spits onto the floor. “You did, you piece of shit.”

“So, because I *supposedly* fucked your wife, you thought it would be a smart move to what? Go against me?” I ask in disbelief.

“You *fucked my wife!*” he screams again.

“And you try to fuck anything that walks,” I point out. I remember him hitting on Sailor—I’m not dumb nor blind.

“So I took something from you,” he says, now smirking and baring his teeth.

“Yes, I heard you had Paige. Where is she?” He shakes his head defiantly. “You better tell me, Romarc, or I will go back and fuck your wife again.” Even though I have no idea who the fuck his wife is, I like to threaten to make sure he understands me.

“You don’t even remember her,” he says, shaking his head. “All of this, and you don’t even remember her.”

“Look, I’m sure it was memorable and all that shit....” I stare at him, “... but you better tell me where she is. If you do it now, I will consider giving you an easy death.”

“You won’t, I am not stupid.”

“This is true.” I smile at him. “But I may never fuck your wife again, if that counts for anything?”

“That little slut of yours going to watch again next time?” I look at him, confused. “That brunette with the leg tattoos. You had her watch as you *fucked my wife.*”

Oh, now I remember.

“I’m only telling you this because I think I should be nice, just a little.” I hold my fingers up showing an infinitesimal amount between my fingers. “I didn’t actually fuck your wife. I had her suck my cock.” I grin, while shaking my head from side to side. “See, not all *that bad*.”

His face falls.

“Actually, come to think of it, that’s not the first time she has sucked my cock. Got a mouth on her, that woman.” He stands, forgetting about his injury, and slams his hands on the table, leaving a bloody handprint behind. “Could never remember her name, though,” I say. “Now, tell me where she is.”

“No.”

“I could always have her suck my cock right in front of you. How does that sound?”

“Paige is at my wife’s house,” he says, sitting back down dejectedly. “Don’t touch her, she has no idea.”

“Paige will hate her.” Paige hates anyone when it involves me.

“No, my wife and Paige both have a mutual hate. Seems they hate that little brunette as much as they do each other.”

“Stupid bitches,” I grumble, standing. “Romarc, I would say it’s been a pleasure, but it really hasn’t.”

Joey walks back in and I give him a brief glance. When I focus my attention back on Romarc, I shoot him in the shoulder, his injured hand raising to put pressure on it. And then I shoot him in his foot. He falls out of his seat onto the floor, then I do the same with the other foot.

“Enough!” he screams.

But it’s not enough.

“You really sealed the deal when you spoke to her, you know.” His eyes, now full of tears, lock on my face.

“She never shuts up, what am I meant to do?”

“I’m not talking about Paige,” I say and shoot him in the upper thigh. It

clicks when he knows I am not talking about Paige. I couldn't care less, though. The only reasons she's still alive and breathing is the contract, and the fact she has my child in her stomach. If it weren't for those two things, I'd have been done with her long ago.

Joey passes me a cigarette as I step out the door, the sound of Romarc's screams gradually lessening as I close the door behind me, I light it and take a draw. I quit years ago, though occasionally when I drink I like to have one. Right now though, I need one.

Throwing the butt to the front of the café, I watch as the lit end lands on the fuel Joey has poured there and it ignites the accelerate, going in a circle around the building until there is no exit available.

"The worker got out and ran," Joey informs me.

We hear Romarc's cry for help. It won't do any good, no one is here to help him. No one would be stupid enough to help him. Plus, he can't walk, I've made sure of that.

"I think it's time we go back to the city. Seems I need to pay a visit to someone."

Piper nods and Joey goes straight to the car.

The café ignites, and not long later Romarc's screams stop.

Dead.

Exactly as he should have been from the beginning—I was too lenient with him.

"You think Paige is okay?" Piper asks.

"I have no doubt she is," I reply.

That woman is as resilient as a rat in a plague.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

SAILOR

Getting past Phillip is not as easy as I had hoped it would be. Especially now with a baby, it makes the job even harder.

“Phillip!” I scream his name.

I’m sitting on Keir’s toilet. It took me a while to work out my plan. Granted, I don’t have the whole plan figured out yet, but I know what guys hate most, and I plan to use that to my advantage. “Phillip!”

He rushes in, and as soon as he sees me, his gaze drops to the floor, and he turns his head away.

“Gosh, what took you so long?” I whine. “I need you to get something for me.” He nods, not looking my way. “I need tampons, Phillip. Now. Pronto.”

“I can send someone—”

“I need them now. Everyone else is out. Phillip, here, take this.” His hand reaches out and he yelps when he sees what I’ve placed in it. His eyes go wide, and he runs to the sink and turns it on.

“I’m heavy, and I need them. I can’t feed Wren if I can’t move. Please, Phillip.”

He nods, washing his hands thoroughly to get the fake blood off. I googled how to make fake blood, and it turns out Keir’s chefs have almost everything I needed—corn syrup, chocolate syrup, and red food coloring. He washes his hands for far too long before he dries them and backs out of the

bathroom. “What about the money?”

His eyes fall to the ten-dollar bill on the floor, and he shivers. “I’ll pay.” And he’s gone.

“Hurry. I can’t move until I get one,” I yell after him.

Giggling internally, I hear the pounding of his feet as he runs, so I get up and tiptoe to the bedroom door until I hear the front door shut and the car start. Quickly pulling out Wren’s and my bags from under the bed, I grab her and hurry to the door, but my path is blocked.

“Where are you going, sweetheart?”

I look up at Keir and sigh. He has splatters of blood on his face, and Joey and Piper are standing on either side of him. His eyes flick to the bags, then to Wren. He reaches for her, and I let him take her straight back to his room. I follow along behind them. He places her in the crib, and I shake my head, angry at him for ruining my getaway. He needs to learn that he can’t control me like this.

“Seems you’re not in need of tampons, after all.” He grins humorlessly. “Poor Phillip, he looked horrified as he got into the car.”

I cross my arms over my chest while listening to him, then I storm out of the room because I’m so mad I don’t even want to look at Keir right now. I feel him behind me, so I spin around, and he locks eyes with me.

“Stop. Following. Me. Why are you following me?”

“You know why.” He smirks, and then in the next moment, he has my face in his hands and my mouth sealed to his. Then he lifts me up and breaks our kiss. “Let’s see how much you are actually bleeding because blood’s never bothered me, lollipop.” I try to push him away and drop my legs, but his hands are there, holding me tight, and I know I’m not going anywhere. He carries me until we get to his room. “Joey,” he calls, and I try to get down, but he refuses to let me go.

Joey pops his head in the room, and Keir nods to Wren. “Take her out and play with her. Her toys are in the living room.”

“Really?” he scoffs out but he reaches for Wren. His eyes flick to us and he shakes his head before he leaves, taking Wren with him.

Keir continues to carry me until we reach the bathroom and then he puts me down. He pulls his shirt off and then drops his pants, giving me a heated look. “Remove your damn clothes.”

“No,” I say, a fake smirk on my face. I try to leave, but his hand snakes around my waist and he pulls me back in.

Keir yanks at my shirt and pops all the buttons. I gasp, and he just continues to tear at my clothes like a caveman, ripping my skirt too. When Keir gets to my underwear, he tears at them, and with absolutely no shame inspects the scrap of fabric.

Then those dark eyes lock on mine and he says, “I see no blood.”

“No blood.”

“What did you use?” he asks curiously.

I nod my head to his cabinet. He opens the door and finds a small bowl containing the fake blood. He dips his finger in and then puts it in his mouth. “Sweet,” he says, putting it back down. “Just like you.”

I want to turn and walk away from him, but like any lovesick fool, I am trapped in all that he is.

He consumes me.

Devours me whole.

And I let him, with each and every bite, every kiss, every nibble. I let him take and take. And while I may not always complain, I know I should. I know we are wrong together, and that we shouldn’t work. Yet, somehow, we do. We work better than I could have ever imagined. Our intimacy, that is. Never have I had a partner I feel so connected to, who can read all my little moans and know exactly what I need.

As his hands touch me, I should want to step away, but it’s hard. It feels like you’re willingly tearing a part of you out, when really, it’s the one part you need the most. It’s next to impossible to do anything about it.

Standing in front of each other naked, I feel no need to hide a single thing. Or move or fidget at his stare.

“Get on your knees.”

I consider the words ‘no, you can suck your own cock,’ but I get on my knees in front of Keir anyway and look up at him through my lashes. His hand strokes my hair back before his fingers skate under my chin and lift it up. “Now, open your mouth like a good girl.”

Again I do as he says. He sticks his finger, the same one that was in his mouth when he tasted the fake blood, in my mouth and I close my lips around it. Then he pulls it out and gently pushes my head to his cock. It’s right in front of me, big and hard, and my mouth opens to take him in. He hisses and grabs my head but doesn’t push me down. I take my time circling my tongue around the head before I take him as far as I can go, my hand coming up to cup his balls.

Keir says my name, and I’ve seen him hold power in this situation before, but right now, I feel like I have all the power. I feel him match his movements to mine, and his movements tell me he’s on the verge of coming.

As I feel his balls tighten in my hand, I pull my mouth off him and back away, falling back on my ass and looking up at him. His head was tilted toward the ceiling, but now he’s looking down directly at me with fire burning in his gaze.

“I think that’s enough,” I say, wiping my lips.

He simply nods and turns to the shower, switching the faucet to on. He faces me, his hand sliding down to his cock before he wraps his fingers around it, watching me as he starts to stroke.

“Maybe you need to be taught a lesson in obedience,” he says, and my eyes drop from his eyes to his cock. I can feel myself becoming wet from just watching him. But I’m strong. At least that’s what I keep telling myself. “You look at it as if you’re hungry, starving even.” He bites off the last word. “Do you want me to make you come?” he asks and moves his hand faster.

I smirk and move from where I am on the floor. Reaching for my bag, I feel him track my movements as I pull things out.

Two can play at this game.

Pulling out my heels—the ones he got for me—I slide them on. Then I turn to fully face him. His hand is still on his cock, but it's paused as he watches me. When he sees what I have in my hand, his hand completely drops from his cock, and he stands tall. I spread my legs right in front of him, the only thing separating us is the glass of the shower screen, as I switch my vibrator on. It starts and I place it on my clit, feeling the sensations rack through me before I slide it inside.

“Fuck.” My eyes slide away from him as my head drops back and pleasure starts to take over me. Pumping it in and out, the vibration from the clit stimulator hits all the right spots. The hand holding me up starts slipping on the tile as I sit open-legged in front of him. My legs start to shake, and I feel something warm on my clit. Lifting my head, I find him on his hands and knees, his mouth now on me. He takes control of the vibrator, pumping it in and out, his mouth devouring me like I'm his main meal, and soon to be followed by his favorite dessert.

A scream tears from my lips, and the vibrator is gone and so is his mouth as he slams into me, his body now over mine, my back hitting the cold tiles as his cock slides in and out, in and out.

“Fuck me like you mean it,” I gasp, leaning up and biting his shoulder. He lets me bite as hard as I can, and I taste his blood between my teeth. He pulls out quickly, his cock still hard, and he stands looking down at me. “Mean what?” he asks, anger evident in his face.

I wonder how many times he's come.

I was almost at two, but I know he can make me come again. Even at the end when I feel exhausted and don't want to move, it's worth every second.

“Fuck you like I mean it. Like I mean what?” he bites out again.

I kick off my shoes and stand. Walking to the still running shower, I wash

between my legs, not answering him until I'm clean and get out, putting the towel around myself and glaring at him.

"I'm ready to go," I state, reaching for new clothes, because he clearly has destroyed the ones on the floor.

"Fucking answer me, Sailor."

I spin around fast. "I am *not* one of your men you can simply command," I yell at him. "Now, take me fucking home."

"That's not going to happen."

"I don't think I heard you correctly. What did you say?"

"That you ain't going home."

"See, I thought you said that. But I figured I had heard you wrong. Because you couldn't be that dumb," I bark. He's naked and walks past me to his closet and he grabs some clothes to slowly dress.

"Now, tell me what you meant," he says as he pulls his shirt on.

"Tell me I can go home today."

"What. Did. You. Mean?" he barks again.

"Tell me I can go," I demand.

He steps up to me, coming nose-to-nose. "You can go."

Taking a deep breath, I look him in the eyes. "You fuck me because I'm the first person who's held your interest long enough. You fuck me because you are trying to get me out of your system. You don't fuck me because you mean it, you fuck me for your convenience," I seethe.

He throws his head back and laughs—full-on laughter—then he shakes his head, standing tall. "You are delusional, lollipop, because the only person who I have ever, and I do mean *ever*, wanted is you. And I'm not just saying that. You may think you can run away again, but believe me..." he moves in closer, "... I will find you. I will *always* find you." He walks out of the room and slams the door shut behind him.

I take a deep breath as Joey comes in with Wren. She has hold of his shirt in a death grip.

“What did you do to piss off the boss?” he asks.

“I told him his truth.”

Joey laughs and shakes his head. “The only truth he wants to hear is that you will stay... with him.”

I take Wren from him. “Sometimes, we don’t get what we want.”

“Clearly, you don’t know Keir, then. One way or another, he always gets what he wants.” He turns and leaves.

“Joey,” I call out. He looks back at me. “Where did you guys go? Whose blood was on him?”

“Romarc’s, of course. He has Paige.”

My mouth drops open. “He killed him because he has Paige?” I ask.

He shakes his head. “No, he killed him because he spoke to you.” Then he’s gone, pulling the door shut on his way out.

No. No way. He did not kill someone just because they spoke to me. That is not possible. Who would even think of doing something like that? He should be more upset that the man has his fiancée.

If she actually is that any longer. *Who damn well knows?*

I mean, I don’t even know what we are.

Yet, here I am, still fucking him and bending to his will whenever he snaps his fingers.

Stupid! That’s what I am.

Stupid!

Picking up my bags, I walk to the door, and look back at what was.

This is the place of so many ups and downs, and I’m not sure I ever want to come back here.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

KEIR

Sailor keeps to herself the whole way home. When we arrive at her apartment, my mother is there, arms open and ready for Wren.

Sailor hands Wren to her then looks back at me. “Fuck off,” she says and proceeds to slam the building door in my face. My mother’s shocked eyes fall on her, then she smiles, gives me a small wave, and walks up into the building with my baby in her arms and my woman by her side.

Yes, my fucking woman.

I’d burn the world down for her in a heartbeat.

It’s time we paid an old friend a visit. I didn’t know where she lived, but it wasn’t hard to track down Romarc’s address. I wonder if she even knows her husband is dead. I will be glad to tell her. I guess I was using that woman as much as she was using me.

“You plan to break the contract,” Joey states from beside me. Francis is driving, and Roberto sits in the front with him.

“I do,” I reply. “I’ll tell the families, and if anyone has a problem, they can go through me.”

“It’s been the same way for generations. Are you sure this is smart?”

“Most don’t have a say anymore. I made sure of that. I run this organization, and those who would dare go against me, know what I will do.” I turn to face Joey. “Would you go against me?”

Instantly, he shakes his head. "I agree, old laws are meant to be broken." He nods.

"Some aren't," Roberto chimes in from the front.

"And why is that?" I ask him.

"They've kept us going for this long. We've stayed on top, had allies because of who we are and our traditions. And it's not just here you have to think about. What about the families in Italy? Do you think they will be okay with you breaking contracts that were made generations before you were even born?"

"Are you saying you wouldn't stick by me?" I ask. My hand is on my knee, gripping, waiting for him to answer.

He catches my eye in the rearview mirror. "I have your back. But I am saying retaliation should be expected."

"By whom?" He shakes his head. "Paige called it off, so if any retaliation should come, it should be aimed squarely at her."

"She is pregnant with your child," Roberto says through gritted teeth. "Do you really not care now that you have that other piece of ass?"

I lean forward. "I'd watch what you say about her."

"I'm sorry." He huffs. "All I'm saying is... the deal was made."

"Some deals are meant to be broken." I shrug.

And it's true, they are.

We are a family of thieves and money launderers, amongst other things. The men back home in Italy were a large part of it. And, surely, if I went back, I would have to deal with a whole new set of people. But I'm not planning on going back there. This is my home. This is what I was raised to do. I know this country better than they do. I make them money from here. They don't just want to come here because it's the land of the free. My father built his empire here, and his father before him. But I have made it better, cleaner, more efficient, and fewer of my men are caught. Thrown away. None of them could do what I do. They need me more than I need any of them.

“Some of the men still answer to the bosses back home,” Joey reminds me.

He isn’t wrong, and it could start a small war here. But it’s one I’m willing to take on.

Paige’s family back home will not be pleased. And mine... well, most of mine are dead. And most people’s opinions of me, I no longer care about.

“Now they answer to me,” I remind him.

Roberto nods as we make our way to Romarc’s house.

I glance at Roberto in the passenger seat, his leg is bouncing nervously. Looking to Joey, I nod my head. He looks at Roberto and scrunches his brows. As soon as we pull up to the house, Piper is standing there waiting for us. She smiles and Roberto groans when he notices her.

“What the fuck is she doing here?” he barks.

“Fuck you,” Piper snaps.

“Aren’t you going back to Italy?” Roberto asks her.

“Nope, I’m here to stay.” She turns and faces me. “That reminds me, the families have called. Asked that you get in touch with them.” She smiles. “They actually more demanded it, but you get the gist.”

“Maybe they already know.”

“That you don’t intend to fulfill your father’s contract? Oh, yeah, they do,” Piper says. “They swore a *lot* in Italian, then hung up on me.” She chuckles. “Old bats.” She shakes her head as we make our way to the door.

It’s a large house, quite impressive, even has a little white gate and picket fence.

“You should go home. I’m sure the men have someone for you to marry,” Roberto goads her. I watch as she steps up to her brother and then punches him in the gut, making him double over.

“I wouldn’t allow them to tell me who to marry,” she says, smirking. “You fuckhead.”

“Bitch,” he snarls, then stands and goes to run at her.

I step in the middle, having had enough of their shit.

Walking past them to the front door, I knock. When the door opens, she's standing there. A woman I let suck my cock—Angela.

“Keir.” Her voice is full of shock, and she looks to everyone standing with me, then behind her. “You shouldn't be here.”

“Your husband won't know,” I tell her.

Her brows go up in surprise. “You know I'm married?”

“Tell me. Why did you do it?” I ask.

“Because I wanted him to know what it felt like,” she says, shrugging with her hand on her hip. “Plus, you were easy on the eyes, and your...” Her eyes drop down from my trousers to my crotch, and she smiles as she trails off.

“Did you know who I was?” I ask.

“Of course, I did. All he spoke about was you.” She looks back to my men. “I see you've worked out who I am, though.”

“I did.” I nod to her house. “You should invite us in.”

“If he finds out I let you in—”

“Trust me, he won't.”

She gives me a skeptical look, then walks inside. I follow her to the large sitting area, where she takes a seat on a white couch, and I take the one opposite her.

“Seems you have something of mine,” I say.

“Excuse me?” she asks, and I can see straight through the lie.

“It's probably not best to lie to me,” I warn.

“She isn't here,” she says.

I nod to Joey, who takes the cue to look around the house.

“We'll just check to make sure. You understand!”

Angela crosses her hands over her lap as she stares at me. “Paige told me you no longer want her, so why are you here?”

“Because she has something that's mine.”

“The baby?” she asks, surprised. I nod. “I didn’t know. If I had known—”

“You would have done nothing, because your husband wouldn’t have allowed it,” I tell her.

When Joey comes back, he shakes his head. *No sign of her.*

“Where did Paige go?”

“She didn’t say, just that she needed to run some errands and would be back.”

“How long ago?”

She bites her lip. “Yesterday.”

Of course. I stand, and she reaches out to touch me, so I pull away as I look down at her.

“Will you come visit me again?”

“That won’t be possible.”

“She can watch again, if you want...” She pauses. “The brunette. That’s her, right?”

“Goodbye,” I say and walk out without another word.

Piper has her phone up and shows me the screen. “Stupid bitch left her snap maps on.”

“I’m really liking having you around.”

Piper beams up at me and smiles at my words. “Thanks, boss.”

“Going to fucking hell,” Roberto mutters.

“We’re already there,” I tell him as we leave.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

SAILOR

“*H*e’s gentler with you,” Keir’s mother says.

I like her. I didn’t at first, but I do now, and she’s great with Wren. My mother has seen Wren once, and yes, she gushed over her, but I get the feeling she feels her job is done with me. Even though she loves Wren and me, she doesn’t want to help raise her. Where Keir’s mother, Bianca, wants that. She wants to be a part of Wren’s life and help as much as possible. Which you will not hear me saying no to because I love the help and even more, I appreciate it. It takes a village to raise a child. While I did it by myself for those first months, I feel like I’m slowly getting back to who I am. Whoever that person may be.

A knock sounds at the door, and when I open it, Paige is standing there. I try to shut it in her face, but she manages to stop me with a foot in the door.

“It’s best you let me in.” She raises a gun and sticks it in the gap.

“I have a child here, Paige.”

“I’ve only come to talk, nothing more. You made me pull this out by trying to shut the door in my face.”

“Who’s that?” Bianca asks with Wren in her arms.

Trying to keep her from seeing the gun in Paige’s hand, I look over my shoulder and say, “Can you please take Wren into my room and keep her there?”

Bianca nods and I open the door once she starts walking down the hall.

When Paige enters, she directs her eyes to Bianca's retreating form before she looks back at me.

"I see you're a winner with the family now too." She slides her gun into her purse when she walks farther into the apartment. Her eyes take in my home as she walks to the couch. She places her hand on her belly, which isn't overly large, then sits.

"The doctor told me I'm carrying in my back," she mutters, then rubs her belly. "I bet you were huge." I nod, and she smiles, as if that pleases her. "This is nothing like the one he gave me," she says, scanning the apartment again. Then those devilish eyes fall back to me. "He will get sick of you... eventually. He's known me forever, and I've seen women come and go."

"That's nice," I reply, not caring what she has to say. The things I believe that exit this bitch's mouth is next to nil.

"You really are blinded by him." She shakes her head.

"If you say so."

"Arghhh... I should just kill you." She reaches into her purse for her gun again.

Another knock on the door echoes through the room, and she smirks like she knows who it is, sliding the gun back in her bag. "Tell them to go. We have more talking to do."

I walk to the door, looking down the small hallway to my room on the way. Keir's mother is holding Wren in her arms. She catches my eye and winks before she continues to pace with her. When I open the front door, Keir is standing there with Piper, Joey, and Roberto right behind him.

"You can't come in," I tell him.

"And why is that?" he asks softly. I glance over my shoulder to where Paige is trying to see who's here, then I step back and hold open the door for her to have a better view. When she realizes who it is, she squeals and gets up from the couch, her gun in hand again.

Keir steps in and immediately places himself right in front of me. I hear the click of the gun, then the loud sound that follows. His body jolts just a fraction before Piper is in the room and in front of Paige, removing the gun forcefully from her hand. My eyes search Keir's back, and blood is soaking through his blue button-up shirt. He doesn't seem to notice, though.

"Your arm." I reach for it and step around him to get a better look.

"It only grazed me. Luckily, she is a shit shot," Keir says as Piper holds on to Paige.

Bianca walks out of the room, Wren's no longer in her arms. "She's asleep."

I nod and go to the kitchen to grab a clean towel. When I return, his mother is checking his wound and fussing.

"Lift." He does as I say and lifts his arm slightly, then I wrap the towel around it tightly to stop the blood loss. When I tie it, he leans over and kisses my forehead. I pull back as he turns to look at Paige. "Why are you here?"

"Looking for you, dear, of course," she says with false sweetness and fake bravado.

Piper rolls her eyes.

"In Sailor's house?" Keir asks her.

"Aren't you always with her?" Paige snaps.

"You sound a little jealous right about now." I tsk because I just can't help it. I shouldn't antagonize the bull, but I simply don't care.

Her eyes land on Roberto, and I watch as he straightens, his body going rigid.

"I no longer want you," she bites. "I've come to make a deal." She smirks, her hands shaking. "Oh, did you see Angela? She hasn't stopped asking about you either. Mentioned your little friend as well." Her eyes fall to me and slit. "You remember her, right? She said you watched him."

Turning, I look at Keir, who ignores me for the moment.

"Did you let her suck your cock again?" Paige bites out. "Maybe you

would have liked me better if I had watched.” She shakes her head. “But, then again, I’m not trash like the ones you normally sleep with.”

“No, you’re worse,” Keir replies.

“Did you see her?” I ask, wondering if he’ll tell me the truth.

“Yes,” he answers truthfully, but not looking my way, but Piper’s giving me a soft smile.

“Did she suck your cock again?” I ask this time.

His mother takes a deep breath and walks out of the room.

Shit, forgot she was there.

We all still when we hear another knock, and I swear when I pull it open, quickly shutting it when I see who it is. Everyone turns to look at me as loud banging comes from the other side of the door.

“Who is it?” Keir asks, walking over. His gaze softens when he stops right in front of me, his fingers gripping my chin with gentle force, so my eyes don’t leave his. “And no, the only lips I want around my cock are yours.” He says it loud enough for the people on the other side of the door to hear.

“It’s my parents,” I say nervously.

“Sailor, you better not be back with that god-awful man,” my mother yells.

With a loud sigh, I look around the room and wonder how to play this.

“You need to get her out of here,” I say to Keir and motion to Paige.

Piper lifts something from her bag and ties it around Paige’s mouth and then starts walking with her. Paige tries to fight her off, but Piper is stronger, and she won’t hurt her because she’s pregnant.

Bianca walks back out, this time with Wren in her arms, and I take her into mine. “She woke from the screaming.”

My mother pounds on the door again.

“You all need to leave.” I pull the door open, and my mother is standing there with her arms crossed against her chest as she glares at me with an

incredulous stare. “You shut the door in my face,” she chides. My father offers me a small smile before his eyes scan the room and the people in it.

“I was just going to get some milk from the shop with Wren. Come... take a walk with me.” I try to act casually, so as not to raise their suspicions and give the others a chance to leave without causing a scene.

“That’s not going to happen until I get answers.” My mother pushes in past me and goes straight to Keir. “Look, we have the dropkick here...” She fake scoffs. “Are you being a father now?”

I wince at her words.

Joey chuckles and his mother’s eyes go wide.

“Mom,” I say, calling for her, but unfortunately, she’s on a mission.

“You left her and that baby. So you see my surprise when I get a text from my daughter telling us that she no longer lives in her own house but back here with you.” She turns to face me. “I take it you didn’t move yesterday when you texted me.”

“No.”

“I figured so.” She shakes her head.

Dammit! I had to text her in case she went to see me. I didn’t think she would come here to find me though, but I have, as usual, underestimated her ability to interfere.

“I’m Bianca, Keir’s mother.” Bianca steps forward. “Let’s go for a walk to get some milk. I hear it’s beautiful outside and Wren wants to get out.” I nod, agreeing with her.

My mother shoots a steely gaze to Keir, her finger pointed in his face. “I am not finished talking to you.”

We walk out, and I look back as I shut the door. Keir stares after me, but I rip my eyes away as we leave.

“You’ve raised a wonderful daughter,” Bianca says, and my father gushes while my mother locks eyes with me. “The way she looks after Wren is beautiful and perfect,” Bianca continues.

“Mom,” I say as the elevator stops and we get off in the lobby. We start walking and my father motions to take Wren. The two of them and Bianca walk on ahead of us, but I stay back and look to my mother. “It isn’t as bad as you think.”

It’s probably worse, but she doesn’t need to know that.

“He’s going to destroy you,” she whispers, worry lacing her tone. “A man like that is only capable of causing pain.” She touches my arm. “It’s why you are only meant to fuck the good-looking ones and marry the not-so-good-looking ones. They know what they have, while the others don’t.”

“That sounds so...” *Fucked up.* But I shake my head and leave the thought unsaid. We follow behind my father as we head to the local shop. “He’s good with her, gives her what she needs. What *I* need.”

“You don’t *need* him,” she states.

“But that isn’t up to me. He is her father.”

“It’s always up to you. You don’t have to be sleeping with him because he is her father, you know that, right?”

“I do know that.”

She nods her head. *Good.*

“So remember that when he pulls your skirt up.” She walks ahead until we reach Bianca and my father, who’s still holding Wren. “Your son seems to cause a lot of trouble with my girl,” my mother says to Bianca.

“I think Sailor is very capable of handling anything my son throws her way.” She winks at me. “Got the milk. Should we head back?”

“Yes, let’s. Hopefully, that girl is gone now.” My mother looks to me. “I’m not blind, and I know what he does.”

Bianca looks at me for an explanation, but I can’t give her any because that would mean I would have to tell my mother more, and that’s not something I’m willing to divulge anytime soon.

Keir is waiting at the entrance for us when we get back. Everyone else is gone. He walks over to me and places a hand on the small of my back. “Why

don't we go for dinner, my treat."

I go to decline, but my mother is already saying yes. She walks past us, steps inside and everyone else follows.

When Keir and I are alone, I pull away from his touch.

"How did you know she was at my place?" I ask him.

"Piper tracked her."

"Where were you when you found out?"

"I didn't touch her, nor do I plan to," he states categorically.

I don't know if that statement gives me any peace or not.

"You aren't mine to keep," I say.

"But you are *mine*. You would do well to remember that," he bites out, and his hand goes to the small of my back again. I try to move out of the way, but he pushes me into the elevator, then presses the floor number. As the door shuts, he is on me, fast and hard. His mouth is at my ear, his body pressed against mine so I can feel him everywhere. It's as if he's taking over, taking me over.

Soon, when I come back to my senses, I push at his chest and he backs up as the doors ding and slide open.

"Stop touching me whenever you feel like it."

"Why?"

"Because..." I shake my head and step out.

"You like it when I touch you. I know you do because I can feel it."

I have my hand on my door, but he's there again, his breath at the back of my neck causing goosebumps to break out across my flesh. "Stop it."

"Never," he challenges.

With a quick flick, I open the door and push away from him.

Keir walks in, smirking as if he's just won some sort of competition.

He has not.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

*H*er mother questioned me throughout the entire dinner, and I let her because of who she questioned me about. If it was any other person, I would have told her to shut up. And if she didn't, I would have killed her, but I let this one go.

Now everyone has left, and it's just Sailor and me.

My mother took Wren for us—she said we had stuff we needed to sort out and it was best we did it without a baby around.

So I suggested we go back to her place to talk.

She declined.

I offered to take her to mine.

She declined.

So here we sit at the restaurant.

Joey's waiting outside with Piper.

"Boundaries," she purrs, lifting her margarita. "They need to be set."

"Why?"

She flips her hair back off her shoulder. "Because you don't seem to understand them, and you and I..." she waves between us, "... are not a thing."

"Yes, we are," I argue. "We, for sure, are a thing."

"No. And I don't think we should confuse Wren either."

Taking a deep breath, I lean over the table so I'm close to her. Her lips are glossy, and I want to taste them. Taste *her*. But I know she wants me to go slower. Slower for her.

"I'm going to tell you something." I take another deep breath and lock eyes with her. "I would love you the hardest. Of that, I'm sure." Her eyes so wide—those doe eyes I love so much—go so wide. My lollipop is shocked and I like that about her, like that I can shock her.

Before she can speak, the doors open, and Joey is at our table. "Roberto is talking crazy."

As he interrupts at the very worst moment, I sit back and take my eyes from Sailor reluctantly. "What do you mean?"

"He let her go, that's what I mean," Joey snaps.

Piper walks in and shakes her head, rubbing her temples. "I had a feeling Roberto still wanted her," she says, then smiles at Sailor, who offers a small wave.

Looking back to her.

"I'm coming with you. We have more to discuss." Sailor stands, towering over me. "Unless you would rather I not," she challenges, and I know she wants me to say no. Instead, I smile and stand with her.

"After you, of course." She smirks, happy she's gotten her way, and makes her way toward the door. I watch her ass the whole walk out, and when we reach the car, she turns around to face me. "Did it look good?" I know she's talking about her ass.

"Yes, ma'am," I reply, nodding.



*W*e pull up to an old house on the outskirts of town. It's run down and appears like it's barely holding together considering the gutter is down on one end and the front steps look like they have seen

much better days. The paintwork is peeling, and the grass is so high, there could be anything lurking in there.

I remember this house—it was Paige’s father’s when we were kids.

Granted, it didn’t look like this back then. He ended up moving to the city when he made the deal with my father, and their lives were forever changed. He died, along with my father, and then our lives were forever changed.

The front door opens, and Roberto appears. Piper is the first to reach him, and he shakes his head at her.

I look to Sailor. “Stay in the car.”

“Who’s inside that house?” she asks, looking out the window. Her arm lifts and she places her hand gently on my shoulder, just above the gunshot wound, which is all bandaged and covered. “I will hunt you down if you die.”

I laugh. “That’s next to impossible.”

“I read a lot of paranormal and fantasy books, so I’m sure I’ll find a way,” she says with a worried smile.

“I’ll be fine,” I tell her. I go to kiss her, but I pull back at the last minute, remembering her words. Turning to me fully, she reaches for me anyway and pulls my head to hers and kisses my lips. Then she pries herself away and nods. “You can go now.”

“I will stay, for you.”

“Go.” She brushes me off. “I know where to find you. I’ll wait here.”

I nod and get out of the car. Roberto’s eyes track me as I walk up the stairs. He’s blocking the door, preventing me from entering.

“Roberto...” I say his name, and he stands tall. “What did you do?”

“I love her. And clearly, you do not,” he states.

“You’re right, I don’t love her. And believe me, she doesn’t love you in the slightest. You have nothing to offer her. She only wants me because she loves power. She loves it so much, she willingly chose me to kill her mother.”

“She didn’t have a choice,” he barks.

“What spell are you under? Her pussy can’t be that good,” Piper chimes in.

His eyes swing to her. “I bet you’re happy that you got to where I was so fast.” He spits at her feet. “You disgust me.”

“Where is she?” I ask, becoming frustrated with this bullshit.

“You ain’t getting to her.”

I step closer to Roberto, and he reaches for something, but I know his tricks.

Piper grabs the gun he was about to pull on me.

“Keir...” I look past Roberto to see Paige standing there. “You love me. See? It’s why you’re here. Only you would know where to find me. I’ll forgive you.”

Roberto gapes at her in shock.

“Told you,” I say to him, but he isn’t hearing me. He strains to get to me, but I whack him hard in the stomach, making him double over.

“How could you?” His words come out in heavy breaths. “You told me you loved me,” he whines out, and it’s not something I recognize from a man who’s worked with me for so long.

“Why is *she* here?” Paige hisses. “You brought *her* here!” she screams.

I check back over my shoulder to see Sailor through the car window.

Miracles surely do happen—she has stayed there as requested.

“Why do you care so much?” Piper asks her brother. “What is it about her that makes you care so much?” she asks more in a softer voice. “She clearly doesn’t want you.” Piper turns her gaze on Paige, and Paige says nothing, just stares at me as she cradles her belly.

“It’s mine,” Roberto whispers. “It’s mine,” he reiterates, this time with more bite.

Piper gasps out in surprise, then looks to Paige.

Paige remains silent.

Unmoving.

Alarmed.

“What’s yours?” Joey asks, confused.

“The baby,” I say while staring at Roberto. Looking away from him, I turn to Paige. “We never had sex, did we?” I ask her as direct as I can be.

She flicks her hair over her shoulder. Chin up, completely ignoring me.

“No. You pushed her away that night and she came to me.” Roberto stands and Paige’s eyes narrow to slits as she glares at Roberto. “I’ve played your games long enough. What everyone says is true. But, Paige...” her eyes soften, “... I love you. I will probably be the only man on this earth who ever will. Because you are batshit crazy.”

“I’m not.”

Piper coughs. “What? She is.”

Shaking my head, I turn and walk down the stairs. Paige calls after me, but I don’t care.

Roberto calls my name, then he’s there right in front of me. Over his shoulder, I see Sailor open the car door, ready for me to get in. Her eyes flick to him, then to me.

She’s home for me.

Now, I just have to prove it to her.

“I’m sorry, but I had to do what I thought was right.”

“You lied, deceived, and the worst of the worst... you betrayed me.”

“I know.” Roberto hangs his head.

My hand lifts and touches his face, and his eyes lock on mine.

“I’ll come for payment. You know what it is.”

Betrayal is only handled one way.

Death.

There is no other way.

If you let those closest to you betray you, others will think they can do it too.

They can’t.

So betrayal will get his man.

“I’d do it again because I got him.” I know Roberto’s talking about the baby. The baby I assumed was mine. I look at Sailor who’s listening with wide eyes, trying to work out what’s being said. I tap his shoulder and walk past him.

Joey and Piper are already in the car.

“I’ll be back to collect.” I slide in the car.

Sailor touches my shoulder. “It’s bleeding.”

“I’m sure you can patch me up.” She nods as we drive off and looks out the window at Roberto, and I know she wants answers to questions but I’m too tired to deal with that right now.

I have to end my cousin—one of my best friends in this life.

Killing has become second nature to me, but I never expected this kind of betrayal. And I’m not going to lie and say it doesn’t hurt, because it does.

Glancing at Sailor though, I can understand why he did it.

Love makes us do some fucked-up shit.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

SAILOR

Keir hasn't spoken during the ride to his apartment. When we pull up to his building, he opens the door and looks back at me. "Stay with me."

I shake my head.

He sighs but doesn't fight me, instead he says one word, "Please."

My willpower is breaking, but I can't. "I have to go back to Wren."

"I can get Mamma to bring her here."

I bite my lip while considering it. "I can't, Keir."

He nods and gets out.

Piper gives me a soft smile from the front seat. Joey gets out with Keir, then she drives me home.

"How are you?" I ask. I feel like it's been ages since we spoke and right now, small talk is a must.

"I think the real question is, what the fuck are you going to do?" she jokes, but I know she's right.

"I don't know. I mean, it's obvious we like each other."

"No, girl. That man doesn't *like* you. I've known Keir all my life and not once have I seen him like this with any other woman." She slows down as we come to my street to turn the corner, and as she does, a loud bang pops. I watch as Piper's hands leave the steering wheel, and her eyes start to close.

She manages to hit the brakes, both of us pitching forward, and I am thankful for the seat belts.

“Piper.” I race to unlatch my seat belt and climb into the front. I scan her for damage—her stomach is bleeding heavily. Blood seeps out between the fingers of her hands as she tries to put pressure on the wound. “Piper,” I repeat, terrified and confused, and her worried eyes meet mine.

“Run,” she croaks out.

I shake my head.

That’s not going to happen.

Not in this lifetime.

I unlatch her seat belt, and she clutches my shirt. “Take it, quickly.” I look down at a small knife in her hand. She pushes it at me, and I grab the handle and slide it into my pocket before I try to open the door, but the door won’t budge as it’s stuck against something.

“Fuck,” she wheezes at the sight of a man standing in front of the car, with two other men behind him. His smile is sinister as he peers through the windshield at us. Cars whizz by, not even caring what’s going down right in front of them. It’s late. I hear the sound of sirens approaching, and the man walks closer, ducking down so we can both see him.

“I should kill you,” he seethes, looking at Piper. He lifts his gun and presses it to her shoulder and pulls the trigger. Her eyes go wide before a scream tears from her mouth.

His eyes, dark as the night sky, land on me. “*You*. Get out, right now.”

“Do it,” Piper says, nodding.

I manage to open the passenger door and the two men grab hold of me and pin my hands behind my back.

“Don’t kill her,” one of them yells.

“She’ll bleed to death in five minutes if help doesn’t get here,” he says, looking to Piper, then to me. “Now, move.” I’m pushed into a black car, and the driver takes off before the door is even closed.

“What do you want?” I ask.

He eyes me, then shakes his head. He looks familiar. I didn’t really pay attention when he shot Piper, too lost in attempting to help her. I look back to see her car still sitting there and hope to God she doesn’t die before help arrives.

“Seems you’ve caused a shit ton of trouble,” he comments, but I keep my eyes straight ahead.

We’re driving in the direction of Keir’s apartment building and we pull up out the front. The guy grabs me by the arm hard, and pulls me from the car. He puts me in front of the buzzer and presses it. “Tell him it’s you.” He leans in closer. “And I would be real careful with what you say. I won’t flinch to add a bullet to your fucking brain,” he says.

Keir’s voice comes through the speaker. “Who is it?”

“It’s me.”

“Sailor.” The buzzer sounds, and we all go inside. I stand at the back of the elevator with the guy who shot Piper. He’s eyeing me, sneering, as if I’m dirt. The doors open and he pulls on my arm.

He’s dressed much like everyone else—suit, clean and presentable—but it’s his eyes that are familiar. He’s older—older than me, that’s for sure.

The door is opened by a shirtless Keir, his bandage fresh on his shoulder. He looks at the men in front of me before his eyes land on me.

“Papa, I thought you were dead,” Keir says almost breathlessly, a look of pure disbelief on his face that I’ve never seen from him before. I look back to the man whose death-gripping my arm, so much that I know it’s going to bruise, and don’t believe it.

This man...

... is his father?

“You are meant to follow contracts.”

Keir grinds his teeth at his father’s response as his eyes fall to me, assessing, before he pulls the door back. The men with his father enter first,

followed by his father and me.

“You’ve broken years of long-standing tradition for *this*.” He pushes me at Keir, and Keir catches me, instantly wrapping an arm around my waist.

Joey walks out a moment later, muttering something, but stops when he sees all of us. Then his eyes widen when he sees his father.

“You...”

“Yes, not dead. So glad you can catch up, Joey. You should have led him straight,” he bites out at Joey.

Joey has a glass of whiskey in his hand, and he quickly downs it. “I’m going to need more of this to deal with that.” He points to his father. “We buried you.”

“No. Clearly, you didn’t,” their father snaps, eyes shooting to Keir. “But since you have brought that up, I would have stayed gone and buried if you hadn’t fucked and knocked up a whore.”

“She isn’t a whore,” Keir growls back.

His father throws his head back and laughs. The men with his father stand there like statues, each with a gun in their hand, ready and willing to do his bidding. “You *will* do the right thing. You *will* end whatever it is you have with *her* and marry correctly. I don’t care what you do with the baby. Sell her for all I care. But you *will* marry Paige and you *will* have babies with her. *Boys.*”

“She’s fucking Roberto.”

Holy shit, how did I not know that.

And how long has he known that?

“Yes, about that...” Their father looks back to his men and nods. One walks off. “You let him live, even after what he did.” He shakes his head. “You’ve gone soft.” His eyes fall to me. “It’s because of her, isn’t it?” He clicks his tongue. “I had a side piece, I bet your mother has told you all about that, but I didn’t marry that side piece. Because *that’s what they are... side pieces.*”

Side piece? Is that what I have been all this time?

“Where is she now?” Keir seethes. “She seemed to have disappeared when you did.”

“She’s with me, as she should be.”

“So you love her,” Keir points out, and I look up at Keir.

Is he doing all the same things his father did because he loves me, or so he says?

“I do. And like a good whore, she knew she had to wait. Yours will do the same.”

“That’s not going to happen,” Keir says.

I reach forward and clutch the top of his pants, trying to keep him close.

“You aren’t in charge any longer, old man.” I feel Keir straighten to his full height. “Where is Piper?”

“That little bitch. She came to Italy and stirred up some shit.”

“Where. Is. She?”

“Hopefully dead,” he answers. Then he nods to me. “Hopefully, your little whore will be the same soon.”

“There’s no law against killing you,” Keir says with a malicious smile curving on his lips. “Because you are already dead.”

The doors open and Roberto is brought in.

Where did they keep him?

In the trunk?

Shit, he looks all kinds of banged up.

“I brought you a present.” His father nods to Roberto. “You kill him, or...” his head turns and he looks at me, “... you kill her.”

Keir steps forward, takes the gun from his father, who has it outstretched, and in one swift movement he shoots Roberto straight between the eyes. I scream as he drops to the floor and then Keir turns and points the gun at his father, pulls the trigger, but nothing happens.

His father laughs.

“I had heard you were ruthless.” His father slaps his back. “I’m glad to see that’s true.” Keir’s hand drops but still clutches the gun. “One bullet. I had a feeling about what you would do next. But I wasn’t quite sure if you were going to try it on me first, so I took my chances.” He walks off and looks around the apartment.

Keir comes over to me and touches my face, blood splattered on his chest. “Are you okay?” he asks.

“You just...” I look past him to Roberto, dead on the floor.

“He betrayed me. You don’t live if you betray me. He knew this.” Keir’s hand cups my chin and he lifts it. “Was Piper dead when they took you?”

I shake my head, and my breath catches at that thought.

“No, she was breathing, but barely.” Keir nods and pulls me to his chest. I forget about the blood there for a second as he kisses the top of my head. “What did he do?” I ask, referring to Roberto.

He waits to answer me as he looks around, so I lift my head to look at him.

“Paige,” he says. “I never slept with her. Roberto did. It’s his baby.”

Oh, wow. Holy shit. That’s worse than I thought.

“He was in love with her,” I say.

Keir nods, looks over his shoulder at his cousin, then shakes his head.

“Piper is going to be pissed,” I say.

Keir gives me a soft chuckle and brushes my hair back from my face. “I hope she will be.” And I know what he means—he hopes she’s still alive.

The men who stand at the door begin cleaning up Roberto. I watch as they get a black tarp and wrap his body in it, then they roll it up and leave him there.

“You are a real fucking ass, you know that?” We turn to Joey, now holding a full bottle of whiskey in his hand, as he follows his father around. “Like, why even come here?”

Their father steps up to Joey and takes the bottle away from him. “Grow

up,” he seethes in his face. Joey’s jaw clenches and he swings his hand back, then cracks it straight across his father’s face, sending him sailing backward. His men start our way, but their father waves them off. “See you’ve grown a backbone.” Their father’s hand lands on his shoulder. “About fucking time.”

Joey looks at him, confused, and shakes his head. “No fucking thanks to you.”

“You never could have been as great as your brother.” *Wow, those words are harsh.* “You were always the jokester. Never the one who did what had to be done.”

“Spitting words as if you know me. Well, you don’t,” Joey argues back.

Keir gently pushes me toward the hallway. “Go into the bedroom.”

Their father stops talking and points a finger my way. “She stays where she is,” he says.

“You are no longer the boss,” Keir snaps back. “Sailor, go.”

“If she moves, my men have orders to shoot her in the back.”

My feet stay firmly planted, and Keir’s hand rests on my hip before he moves to stand in front of me. I really don’t want to die. Especially with having this man here. For all I know, he could kill all of us. Then what happens to Wren?

“I’m going to kill you before you can leave this place, you do realize that,” Keir says. “You didn’t think you could walk in here, after all these years, and think you’re still in charge.”

Joey nods his head in agreement. “We didn’t shed tears at your funeral. We rejoiced,” he adds. “Keir is the better man for the job.”

“He isn’t, and it’s kind for you to say it, but he won’t be in his position much longer...” He pauses. “You will be.” Joey shakes his head, his eyes widening. “He doesn’t agree to marry Paige, so he no longer holds the power.”

“You think you can come here, to my city, and tell me what to do?” Keir asks.

“It was never *your* city.”

Keir steps up to him and adds, “You’ve been gone a long time, old man. A lot has changed.”

The doors open and standing there is Bianca, Keir’s mother.

“*Husband*,” she seethes.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

*I*t's on me—I should have known he would never have been killed that easily. I'd heard stories that when you retire, they fake your death, and you move halfway across the world and live how you see fit, but always still connect with the families. I hadn't fully believed it, but now I know it's true.

“Wren is with your mother,” my mother says to Sailor, then her eyes turn to her so-called dead husband. “Aren't you meant to be dead?”

“Get the fuck out of here, Bianca.”

“I'm not your fucking wife to boss around any longer.” Her eyes fall to Roberto's wrapped body on the floor, and she drops down, kisses her fingers, and places them on his forehead before she stands. “And you are no longer my husband.” She walks over to him, gets right in his face, and stares into his eyes. “I hate you with a passion you could never truly know.”

“Oh, I think I know,” he bites back at her.

“How is your little whore? Still spreading her legs for anyone?”

“For me, she is. And what a fuck she is. It's the only reason I keep her around. Can't say the same for your prudish ass.”

I watch as my brother steps back and my mother slides something from the side of her skirt.

Joey nods to me, and in two seconds, we both turn as Joey throws a gun

my way. Sailor stays behind me, and both my father's men drop, bullets now lodged in their chests. As we turn back around, our mother has a knife to our father's neck.

"I think you should go back where you're meant to be, don't you think?" she asks.

I can't see what she's doing at first, until she steps back. A knife protrudes from my father's chest, stabbed upward into his heart. He drops to his knees as I rush over to them.

"I'm going to kill anyone who sent you, as well as your little whore," I whisper for only him to hear. He looks up at me, then behind me to Sailor. He smirks as he drops to the floor, and when I turn back around, Sailor's hands are covering her eyes and she's shaking her head. "It's too much. This is too much."

"Piper is at the hospital," my mother announces as I walk over to Sailor and pull her hands free from her face. "It's okay. You're okay."

"I'm not meant for this life. Let me go. Please, let me go," she whispers on broken sobs as they spill from her lips.

"Go," I say, stepping back. Her eyes go wide at my quick agreement, but she doesn't move from where she is. "Go, before I change my mind. *Please.*"

Silent tears stream down her flushed cheeks as she nods, then runs out of the room. I watch her leave and know, just know, she is taking a part of me with her. Not just my child, but a piece of me as well.

"Do you know what you just did?" my mother asks, her hand coming to my shoulder. "You just showed her that no matter what, you choose her."

"Then why do I want to run out that door, tie her to whatever I can, and not let her go?"

My mother sighs and walks over to my father, bending down. She leans down and kisses his cheek, then lingers there. "I loved this man, but he didn't love me. He used me time and time again. I was nothing but someone who could carry his children. And that was it. A deal, a contract that he had to

fulfill. I hated him at the beginning, but somewhere along the line I fell in love with him. Only to have him fall in love with someone else. That hurts, Keir. It hurts.” Her eyes rim with tears as she looks back at me.

“Don’t hurt her. I can tell you this... she loves you. I see the way she looks at you, the way you both look at each other. But right now, you are in the middle of a war, and she has no idea what that means... other than death. Let her go and give her time. Then go after her.” She taps my shoulder. “I’m going to help her pack and say goodbye to Wren.”

She leans up and kisses my cheek. “I love you, and I am proud of who you are,” she says before she follows Sailor.

Joey is now kneeling down next to our father. “You are a piece of shit.” Joey reaches into our father’s pocket and grabs his cell. The picture on the screen is of him and his whore. “As if I would betray my brother. Some of us have loyalty and morals.” Joey stands and hands the cell to me before he walks off, leaving me there with my dying father. I sit next to him—the color is draining from his face and his breathing is becoming more labored by the second.

“I’m going to tell you something.” I stare down at him. “I’m going to find where she lives, and I am going to kill her.” I flick through the messages on his cell phone. My eyes widen when I get to the one about me and I turn to look at him. “The families don’t have a problem with the contract, you do,” I say, pushing the screen of the phone into his face. “Joey informed them the day she walked out, and they told you. And you couldn’t have it, so you came here for what?” I ask.

“You will ruin everything if you follow love,” my father says, his voice now weak.

“I never shed a tear when you died. I thought that was odd. But now, I know why that was. You never loved us. You only loved what you built,” I say. “They told you not to come, to leave it alone. Yet you came anyway.” I continue reading the messages. “I guess it pains you that they consider me

more of a god than you ever were.” I smirk as he closes his eyes, and I press call and his whore answers.

“Marky.” Her voice is thick, and she slurs his name like a woman with need. “Marky,” she says again.

“Priscilla,” I say her name, and she goes silent for a few seconds.

“Keir, I take it.”

“The one and only.” I smile into the phone.

“Where is your father?”

“You think a woman like you, a whore at best, can question me?”

“Your father will have your tongue.”

“Wrong. Oh, how wrong you are,” I say. “Actually, accept my FaceTime.” I press the camera and she does it straight away. “It’s nice to meet the woman who fucked my father while he was married to my mother.”

“We’ve met, several times, actually,” she says. There’s a cocky attitude about her which is not endearing. “He would bring you around to sit in the car or in my house while we fucked.”

“I guess it’s the end of an era then, since you won’t be seeing him again. It’s only fitting my face is the last one you remember with him.”

“I’ll see him again,” she chimes confidently.

“No, you won’t.” I tilt my head. “Would you like to say goodbye?”

“Goodbye?”

“Yes, goodbye. That’s all I’m going to give you. Just so you know he’s dead. For real this time” I turn the cell around and my father opens his eyes. I hear her scream on the other end of the call and I lean down so she can see both of us. “Goodbye.” I hang up on her and turn to look at my father.

“I hate you,” I say to him, getting up. “Actually hate is not strong enough. There are no words to describe how I feel about you.”

“Son...” I don’t give him the time of day. I walk over to Roberto and touch his face. I didn’t want to kill him, but if I had to choose between myself or her to live, I would choose her. Roberto didn’t stand a chance.

“Mamma called. Sailor’s leaving. Are you going to let her go?” Joey asks, kicking our father’s foot.

“Yep.”

“After everything?” he questions.

“After everything,” I confirm.

“What do we do about what’s to come?”

“Nothing. Father did this all himself. For him to have everything in motion the way he planned it. No one back home cared except for him.” I put on a shirt and button it up.

“Where are we going?”

“To see Piper. She needs to know about her brother.”

“Do you think you should tell her about that now?”

“Yes. Drink up, we’re going.” Joey doesn’t hesitate, drinking the rest of the bottle before we leave.

Four dead bodies in my apartment.

Two of them are close family.

One I thought I could trust.

The other I thought was already dead.

Joey pulls out another bottle from his pants as we slide into the car, and I can’t do anything to stop him. “How do you think she’ll take it?” he asks.

I scrub my hand down my face before I answer, “I don’t know.” And it’s the truth. I don’t know. It isn’t long before we arrive. We find Piper straight away, just having had surgery to remove the bullets and repair the damage.

Piper manages to open her eyes and tries to speak, “Sailor?” she whispers groggily.

“She’s fine.” I sit next to her, and Joey sits on the other side as she passes back out.

Now we wait.



“*B*oss.” I open my eyes to find Piper sitting up on her bed. She shi pain but focuses on me. “Why are you still here?” She knows something’s up.

Joey’s snoring softly from the other couch.

“My father paid for what he did to you,” I tell her.

“He was supposed to be dead, but I knew they lied about that. There was never a body,” she says. “But that’s not why you’re here. Tell me. I can see it eating away at you.”

“Roberto is dead.”

Her eyes go wide, and a single tear falls and rolls down her cheek as she stares at me.

“You did it?” she asks.

“Yes.”

Her hand lifts and she wipes the lone tear. “There was no love between us, but he was my brother.” She speaks softly. “I’m sorry you had to do that.”

CHAPTER THIRTY

SAILOR

*B*ianca helps me pack, and it feels like déjà vu.
I'm leaving here again.

Do I go back to my childhood home with Benny? Or find somewhere new?

I'm torn, because a part of me wants Keir to know where to find me, while the other does not.

"I have something for you." She walks out with Wren in her arms and hands me a piece of paper.

"What's this?" I ask.

"Just a little something for you both." Opening it, there are two tickets for myself and Wren. "I saw you had passports, so I figured one day you planned to go somewhere. Australia is a great and a safe place to start your life." She smiles. "I have some properties there as investments, and one is free for the next month. You should both go and spend some time away. Your things will be fine here. Show Wren the kangaroos."

"I don't plan to come back here," I tell her, looking at the flight details, which tells me that the flight leaves later today. "What if I said no? You would have wasted this."

"If you said no, I would have gone." She chuckles. "But just so you know, I plan to come visit the last week you're there. To help if you want to

come back, or to visit if you don't."

"Does Keir know of this?" I ask, nodding to the paperwork.

"No. And I won't tell him until you're gone." I take a deep breath and look to Wren. "Did you have somewhere to go?"

I shake my head.

"Okay, it's settled, then." She bounces Wren on her hip. "You are going on a big plane, little lady. How exciting."

I step up to her. "Are you okay, after... you know?"

She smiles at me, rubbing my shoulder as if I'm the one who needs consoling. "I loved that man more than I should have. He got what he deserved in the end, and I'm glad I can finally say I'm free of him. The only good things that came out of him were my boys, whom I would never trade for the world. Even if they do give me a headache." She smiles softly and sighs. "You'll understand when she grows up and has an attitude." She laughs and hands Wren to me. "I have a car waiting for you downstairs. You should leave now."

"I wanted to see Piper first. Do I have time?" I ask, picking up one of the heavy bags I have packed as well as Wren's.

She checks her watch. "Just a quick visit, yes."



*I*t feels like forever since everything happened, but it also feels like it was seconds ago. When in reality, it was last night. The car stops at the hospital, and I get out. Bianca stays in the car with Wren as she sleeps.

I find Piper's room easily. When I push open the door, Keir is sitting there, his legs crossed, and his hands locked as if he's in deep thought. At the squeak of the door, he raises his head, and those dark, devilish eyes lock on me. I look away, breaking eye contact first, and focus on Piper, who is sitting up on the bed, covered in bandages.

She smiles. “Hey.” Her voice is weak, and I move closer, laying my hand on hers.

“I just wanted to make sure you were okay before I left.”

Piper’s eyes move to Keir before they come back to me. “You going somewhere?” she asks. “Why?” I can feel his stare boring into me at her question.

“Yeah, but don’t worry about me. You need to get better. How long did they say you would be out for?”

“A few months,” she grumbles.

“You need time to heal,” Keir grumbles out from behind me.

“I’m sorry for your loss, I am not sure if he told you yet.”

“I did.” His voice is clear and I look back at him with his hands still clasped as he watches me.

I spin back to Piper. “Call me if you’re bored?”

She nods as I lean down and kiss her cheek before I walk out. I don’t even glance at him. It’s best I don’t because I can’t be responsible for my actions if I do. I push the button on the elevator, and as it opens, Keir walks out the door and our eyes lock. His mouth opens to say something, but nothing comes out, so I offer him a small smile as I walk in and press the button to go down.

Why does it feel like he just punched a hole right through my chest?

How can life be so cruel?

Wiping at my eyes, the tears are now free-flowing, I get off the elevator and run straight into Joey. He places his hands on my shoulders to stop me from falling and smirks. “Hey, pretty girl, where you off to?” he asks.

I look out the door at the car coming up to the entrance, and he does too. He goes to the door and holds it open for me. Joey gives his mother a wave and looks back to me. “You sure you want to go? Can’t I convince you to stay?”

“No, Joey, but thank you.” He leans in and kisses my cheek.

“I wasn’t a fan of you at first...” He pauses. “But I see now that it’s only because he treated you better than even me. But I also see that, because of you, he and I have a better relationship. He hardly spoke to me before you, and now he does. So, thank you, and please come back.” He peers into the car. “And bring that little girl with you.” He turns and walks off as I slide into the car.

“He idolizes his brother,” Bianca says as I clip my seat belt into place. “I’m glad they have each other. I was going to stop after Keir, but a part of me knew he needed someone else, because the weight that would be put on his shoulders would be more than enough for anyone, and for him to have a good relationship with anyone would be a struggle. Mark was better at dealing with the isolation, and he trained Keir the same way. But the difference is that I gave Keir family. Mark couldn’t care less for family. It’s why he drew up those stupid contracts.” She shivers as the driver starts to pull away.

When I look back toward the hospital, I see Keir there at the door, watching me leave.



*W*ren made traveling easy. It helped that we flew business class, considering the length of the flight. It was a nice surprise that Bianca did that for us, but I shouldn’t have expected anything less. Bianca is all class, from the way she dresses to the way she lives her life.

Wren crawls on the floor, and I smile as I watch her. The apartment is located in Brisbane, Australia, and it overlooks the Brisbane River, which honestly looks like it’s full of mud. But it’s a beautiful view nonetheless, especially when night hits and the city lights brighten everything making the city glow.

We haven’t left the apartment since we arrived a few days ago. We’ve

been sleeping and trying to get rid of the jet lag. Wren seems to be handling it better than I am.

I check my cell every hour.

I don't know why, but I do.

Will he message me? A part of me knows he won't. He honors his word, and he said I could go. So why do I feel a pang of disappointment every time I check that phone?

Bianca calls me, though.

She called me the second day.

And the third.

To make sure I'm doing okay.

A week goes by fast.

Then two.

Followed by three.

By the fourth, Bianca is arriving, and I'm going to be glad to see her.

I speak to my parents at least once a week, but they would never travel overseas to visit me, which is fine, but I'm thankful for Bianca. Somehow along the way, she has become a second mother to me, and I appreciate her more than she knows.

As soon as she walks through the door, her arms come around my body and cuddle me tight. Then, she heads straight for Wren, lifting her and smothering her in kisses.

"Four weeks has been way too long," she says into Wren's cheek and gives her more kisses. "Do you think you're ready to come back?"

Oh wow! She gets straight to it.

I've been having a great time. We have done so much and eaten some extraordinary food. We visited Australia Zoo, and Wren fell in love with the crocodiles. We've been to the beach and played in the parks. And basically, we have been doing whatever we wanted. It's been nice to live an easy life and not have to worry about money. I've worried about money for so long

that it's a welcomed change. I glance at the shoes that sit on my floor—the first pair of red-bottomed shoes Keir ever gave me—and smile softly.

He messaged me for the first time last week.

It was simple, just asking how Wren and I were doing.

I messaged back, even if it took me hours to respond.

He is her father, after all.

And I've missed him.

I've missed the way he looks at me.

Dillan never looked at me the way Keir does. When Keir's eyes fall on me, I know all he is thinking about is me. He doesn't just see me, he sees *who* I am. That's the difference.

"I think so."

She swings Wren around. "Sounds great. But first, this week we are going to do so much. I want to shop. I want to eat. And I want to play. What do you say, Wren? You ready to have some fun with grandma before you go back home to see Daddy?" Wren giggles at her, and I walk away as my cell beeps.

It's him.

Lately, it's always him.

He has never called, just texting for now.

*K*eir: *I miss you.*

*I*t's three simple words, and it's the most he has said about me in a long time. Usually, it's him asking about Wren or how our day went. His replies are short and sweet. But my heart rate picks up as I reread his words.

I miss him too.

And I've been thinking about his life a lot.

It's crazy—most normal people would run away as fast as they could, not wanting anything to do with it. And I thought that too. But since being here, I've missed it. Which is so strange since I was so eager to get away from it all. The problem is, his life is dangerous and will always be dangerous because of who he is. But I knew that before I slept with him, so that was my choice when I spread my legs for him.

The real catch now is...

... is he worth it?

I know he can never stop being who he is.

He is a god among men. And don't get me wrong, it's appealing to have a man of his power want you, and only you. And the fact that he never slept with Paige made me feel somewhat better about all things Keir.

But that last day with his father was too much, I knew I was at breaking point. If I didn't go then, I was afraid of what I might have done. Who I would have become. That was not my life. I didn't live a life where I witnessed people being shot or killed. Yes, I saw my husband shot and killed, and that fucked me up and hurt, but it wasn't just one person that last night.

It was a lot.

A lot to take in.

For any normal person.

I rub my hand down my arm as I look at my cell. His message is still lit up like a beacon as it sits in front of me waiting for a response. I walk away without answering and go out for the day with Bianca.

But all day my head thinks of those three small words. *I miss you.*



The Next Day...

*K*eir: *It's the eyes for me. Your doe eyes that lock onto my soul and want to consume me night and day. They haunt my dreams.*

I read his message and once again I don't reply.
He sends another the following day.

*K*eir: *It's the way you cross your arms over your chest when you're angry.*

I look down at my arms and smile when I realize I do that a lot.
The next day, he sends me another.

*K*eir: *It's the way your hair falls over your face when you sleep. I've literally never seen anything more beautiful.*

*T*hat's it, I call him, I have to.
It's been days of messages, and I can't seem to form a response. I also need to know it's him who's sending them. It's almost time for me to go back, and I want to know, now more than ever, if what's between us is real.

The phone rings, and I bite my nails as I wait for him to pick up. It's late.
Shit. Time difference.

I go to hang up, realizing it's like two in the morning there, but his voice

comes over the line. “Lollipop.” I remain silent, my breathing the only indication I’m there. “Do you plan to come home?” he asks, and I suck in a breath.

Home. What even is that anymore? I feel like I’ve had so many, but none have ever truly been mine.

“I think it’s time you come back to me,” he whispers.

“What if that isn’t my home any longer?” I say, sitting on the edge of my bed.

“Your home is where Wren and I are. Now, come home.” He almost begs. “Tell me you will.”

“I will,” I tell him, then go silent. “But, Keir—”

“No buts,” he interrupts.

“Acceptance doesn’t grow overnight,” I tell him.

“Goodnight, Sailor,” he replies, and I tell him goodnight before I hang up.



I clutch Wren to me as we leave the airport. She has an upset stomach, and the only way she seems to settle is if she’s lying on me. As soon as I walk out of the terminal, I see him. Let’s face it he’s hard to miss, and every single person who walks past him stares. Hell, I’m staring.

He pushes off the car and walks straight over. I can’t see his eyes behind his darkened glasses, but I know they’re tracking me, then he turns his head to look at Wren in my arms. He lifts his glasses before he takes her from me. I’m about to tell him no, but she goes easily and snuggles straight into him. I’m not really sure how he does that so easily. It’s as if she knows who he is.

“Sailor.” Bianca walks over then she touches my back. We had a great week together and did more than I did in the three weeks I was there by myself. “I’m going straight home to shower.” She kisses my cheek and does the same with Wren and Keir before she heads off.

“Are you ready to go home?” he asks.

“You kept the apartment?” I question.

“No,” he answers, and I’m surprised by his words. I had hoped he did, but I didn’t ask him to either. He leans into the car and straps Wren into her car seat between us before we get in.

“Do you intend to look at me or out the car window for the whole trip?” He breaks the silence as the car makes its way out of the airport.

“I don’t know what to say to you.”

“Are you glad to be back?”

“Yes and no…”

“Okay, let’s start off with the no.” I nod, and he raises his brows. “Explain.”

“I don’t know what we are, what we could be, or if I even want us to be a thing.”

“I want us to be a thing, and I won’t stop trying,” he comments. “You want me, Sailor. You can’t deny that. I’m not the only one who gets goosebumps when the other is around. I see the effect I have on you.”

“I’ve never denied that,” I reply, getting angry now. “See that? You can’t do that.”

“What? Talk sense into you?”

“Sense?” I question.

He nods. “Yes, sense. We work! Even if it’s not what you had hoped for. We work.”

“Obviously, we don’t. And just because the sex is great—”

He cuts me off. “It’s amazing, not great.”

“Having amazing sex does not mean we are compatible.”

“But that’s why we try, right? To see if we are?”

His words stump me. Have we ever actually tried to be a couple? I’m not sure we have. We have had failed attempts at everything else.

“I miss you, and I want you. I’m a straight shooter, Sailor, you know this.

Feelings are not something I grew up with. And yet, here I am, giving them to you as if I was trained to do so. And believe me when I say, I wasn't. I will fuck up, have no doubt. Say things you will want to kill me for. But believe me, every night, when I crawl into bed, it's you I want next to me. It's you I want to feel."

His words throw me. So much so, that I don't even realize we've stopped.

When he gets out, he walks around and offers me his hand. I look out the window to a two-story brownstone.

"Welcome home, Sailor." I take his offered hand and get out of the car. When I'm standing in front of him, he makes sure to push my hair behind my ear, sending shivers all over my body. "It's going to be amazing... *you and me.*" He leans down and kisses my cheek. "Wren will love it, and I will love you enough for both of us."

I let those words sink in.

Why do I believe every word that drips from his lips?

It's not just because I want to or need to. It's because I believe in him. Don't ask me why, I could list many reasons. None of them started with how we met, but the little things he has done for me after that moment in time.

I love this man.

Even when I shouldn't.

I want what I know he can give me.

So, when I look up to him, I offer him a small smile.

"Marry me," he says, then kisses my lips before I have a chance to answer him.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

KEIR

*S*ix Months Later...

*S*he didn't say yes when I asked her to marry me on the steps of our home, but I knew I would get her eventually. She said yes two months later. And today she is walking down the aisle looking like my most favorite snack, in a strapless dress made of lace encasing her curves, with her hair long and curled down her bareback.

Wren wiggles in her seat as my mother holds her, wanting to get to Sailor.

Hell, I don't blame her.

I want to get to her as well—to see what she has on under that dress mostly.

Sailor's parents are sitting behind us. Her mother is still not pleased with her choice, but she bites her tongue and for that I am grateful.

Fuck.

I miss that body.

It's been forever since I've had a taste.

For-fucking-ever.

We waited until today. She asked me to, and I couldn't say no. Because

for her, I would have moved mountains, heaven, and earth.

It hasn't been easy, though. Thankfully, she still let me play. Her hands would snake around my cock in the shower, followed by her mouth. My mouth would taste her often, but she never let me finish her off.

She said if I could do this, I would do anything for her.

And she was right.

I will do anything for her.

But to say I won't be happy to strip that dress off her the first chance I get would be a lie. It will be in shreds on the fucking floor.

As soon as she's near, I reach out to touch her. She shivers, and I lean into her ear. She smells fucking delicious. "Soon, very soon, that dress will be on the floor in shreds, and I will be inside of you, right where I fucking belong." I pull back and mouth, "tick-tock."

She chuckles at my words as the wedding starts.

It started off small, yet, somehow, we have over forty guests and the venue is a small library. *Her idea*. She also had a plan that every guest gets to pick a book as their own treat, and at the end we pay the tab.

My little fucking bookworm.

Sailor.

*H*is hands are hot on my body as they roam all over it. Who knew this man would steal more than I could have ever anticipated? And he was patient. I never thought of Keir as a patient man—he always took what he wanted and gave no excuses for it.

But for me, he's patient.

And it's what I need.

I need to know he's there for me, not just for what I can give him.

He's proved that time and time again.

And believe me, not letting him take for over six months has been hard. I've wanted him probably just as much as he's wanted me. But we made a deal, and we stuck to it. And I'm so glad we have.

He's my best friend. I tell him everything. Literally everything, even things I probably shouldn't. But I don't trust anyone else as much as I trust him now.

I stay away from his business, as far as I can get anyway. I mean, we have dinners once a month with all the boys and Piper, but most of them are family anyway, so that's how I see them. They keep business out of the room that night because those nights are for fun and drinking.

Piper has become close.

And Paige? Well, we haven't seen her for a long time, and I'm glad. I don't ask about her at all. Last I heard, she had the baby and is living in Italy. As long as she isn't around me anymore, that's all I care about.

Keir bites at my lip, hikes up my dress, and brings my body closer to him. We're in the back of the bookshop. Boxes of books are piled everywhere, and he uses it to his advantage as he lifts me up and slides my ass onto one stack.

"To love you is to consume you. And, baby, you fucking consume me." He takes my lips and pushes me until my back hits the wall, my ass still on the boxes. He snakes his hand between us and gets to where my panties should be. He pulls away and lifts my dress fully, to look underneath. "You came prepared," he says, winking, and I can't help but laugh as I reach forward and undo his trousers, pulling his belt off and freeing his cock. He groans when I wrap my hand around it.

"What are you waiting for? I'm waiting for you to fuck me already, Mr. Rossi."

His brows shoot up and he pulls me closer, I let go of him as I feel him at my entrance. He moves slightly, gliding against me, and I groan at the pleasure his cock stirs within me.

"Well, Mrs. Rossi, it will be my fucking pleasure."

Someone bangs on the door, but he ignores them and slides straight into me. Moving slowly, he keeps his eyes on me the whole time. When he's fully seated, he stills and leans forward, kissing my lips ever so softly. "I could have never dreamed of someone like you. Fuck, I'm glad I kidnapped your ass."

I chuckle at his words. "Just don't make a habit of kidnapping other women," I say.

He moves then, and I groan, biting my lip.

"Only you."

"I can hear you two fucking in there. Hurry up before I open the door. You have guests, and the people here are fucking annoying." Lucas groans on the other side of the door and we both laugh at him but don't answer him either.

I have a feeling no man, or even woman, could rush Keir. He's got me now, and I doubt he will ever let me go.

And I will never let him go either.

Two peas in a pod as they say.

And what a fucked-up pod it is, but I wouldn't have it any other way.



Variety Gossip

The King of the Underworld

Is married.

*Yes, you read that right.
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What a lucky man he is.
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

USA Today Best Selling Author T.L. Smith loves to write her characters with flaws so beautiful and dark you can't turn away. Her books have been translated into several languages. If you don't catch up with her in her home state of Queensland, Australia you can usually find her travelling the world, either sitting on a beach in Bali or exploring Alcatraz in San Francisco or walking the streets of New York.

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ALSO BY T.L SMITH

Kandiland

Pure Punishment (Standalone)

Antagonize Me (Standalone)

Degrade (Flawed #1)

Twisted (Flawed #2)

Black (Black #1)

Red (Black #2)

White (Black #3)

Green (Black #4)

Distrust (Smirnov Bratva #1) FREE

Disbelief (Smirnov Bratva #2)

Defiance (Smirnov Bratva #3)

Dismissed (Smirnov Bratva #4)

Lovesick (Standalone)

Lotus (Standalone)

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Sinister Love (Dark Intentions Duet 2)

Cavalier (Crimson Elite #1)

Anguished (Crimson Elite #2)

Conceited (Crimson Elite #3)

Insolent (Crimson Elite #4)

Playette

Love Drunk

Hate Sober

Heartbreak Me (Duet #1)

Heartbreak You (Duet #2)

My Beautiful Poison

My Wicked Heart

My Cruel Lover

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