



Twisted Little Games (New York City Mafia #3)

Author: *Lane Hart*

Category: Romance

Description: In a deadly game of lies, lust, and survival, the rules are simple: trust no one...

I've built my career on taking down criminals, not falling into their beds. But Tristan Ferraro isn't just any criminal.

When the mob enforcer obtains damning secrets that would destroy my reputation, I have no choice but to play his twisted game.

What begins as blackmail quickly spirals into something far more dangerous.

Tristan's obsession goes beyond leverage. He's determined to make me his while pulling me into his morally gray world.

And after two brutal attacks in a single week, the man who I considered my enemy is now the only one standing between me and a bullet.

Despite the danger surrounding us, Tristan is fully committed to keeping me safe.

I don't know if I'll survive the bullseye on my back.

I just know that I won't survive without him.

Total Pages (Source): 36

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten Hunt

“ Good morning, Kirsten,” my paralegal, Vera, cheerfully greets me as soon as I walk into the office.

“You have the monthly administrative meeting with the ADAs this morning, then there are two appointments waiting for you before you have your morning briefing. It’ll have to be a quick one, since you have to be in court by ten.

Finally, this afternoon is the strategy session for your gun possession trials, followed by appointments with domestic violence victims and potential witnesses. ”

I take a deep breath, inhaling the scent of burnt coffee and preparing myself for yet another day filled with consoling victims of crime and their families while attempting to assure them there will be some form of legal repercussions eventually.

The slow-moving wheels of justice are an aggravating but necessary part of the process.

I’m about to head straight for the employee meeting to get it over with when the rest of the peppy brunette’s words finally dawn on me.

“Wait, what? Two appointments are waiting for me? There’s only one on my calendar.” Blowing a strand of blonde hair from my low bun out of my face, I double-check the calendar on my phone one-handed, since my briefcase is in the other.

“Yes, two. Ms. Bertelli is here to speak with you about her father’s case. She

wouldn't let me schedule her for an actual appointment time and insisted that she would wait for you in your office."

"You left that woman alone in my office?" I exclaim.

"I'm so sorry, but she's a trained assassin," Vera whispers. "I don't want to get on her bad side."

I shake my head in disbelief. "Pull up the new case assignment document and notify everyone while I get Ms. Bertelli out of my office."

"Yes, ma'am," she quickly agrees.

"And if I'm not out in five minutes, send in the security guards to remove her."

Vera nods and I storm down the hall to my office that's in the back corner of the long, narrow hallway. Thankfully, the other attorneys are all gathered in the conference room, so no one will overhear this conversation.

The fact that there are constantly eyes and ears on me is exhausting.

Trust no one is my motto. Details about me and high-profile cases are constantly getting leaked to the media thanks to my untrustworthy colleagues.

I'm the only one in the office elected to my position.

And as everyone's boss, there's always someone bad-mouthing me, hoping to replace me in the next election.

Being the district attorney of the biggest city in the country is a coveted position. A powerful one I worked my ass off to obtain. I refuse to let anyone, even a known

assassin, intimidate me.

That's why, when I find Serafina Bertelli pacing around my perfectly organized space like it belongs to her, I tell her, "You can't just come in here and demand to see me whenever you want.

" Setting my locked briefcase underneath my desk, I glance over my desktop to ensure nothing looks out of place.

It's not like I leave files lying around on it.

Everything is right where it should be, so I try to soften the blow, since I don't think she was in here snooping.

"I understand that you're still mourning your father, but I have dozens of families waiting on me to give them closure as well. "

"Closure?" the tall, lean blonde, who could pass as my sister, scoffs at me. "I would be happy with a single arrest!"

"Serafina, you know that I'm not in charge of making arrests. Obtaining warrants for suspects is the responsibility of the detectives assigned to the case. I'll help expedite getting them signed by a judge, but I can't personally have anyone arrested."

"The police don't care about my father's death! They probably celebrated it because he was a mob boss."

"The officers are sworn to serve and protect everyone in the city equally."

"Oh, really?" she asks with a raised brow.

“Yes.”

“Have you even questioned the other mob families?” I force myself not to flinch at the mention of the ruthless criminals.

“The Ferraros are already on probation for gun charges. Do you think it’s a coincidence that my father, the boss of The Bronx was shot and killed in Manhattan, Creed Ferraro’s borough? ”

“Again, I don’t interview suspects. That’s the detective’s job. I’m sure they’ve followed all leads —”

“Bullshit. There are no suspects because nobody in Manhattan cares that my father is dead,” she huffs. Crossing her arms over her chest, she glares at me. “What if I told you my father mentioned that the bosses discussed having him hire a hitman to take you out in a meeting last summer?”

Holy shit.

Death threats are nothing new for me, but most come from angry criminals behind bars who can’t touch me.

The mob bosses of NYC are a whole different story. They have serious connections and money. Not to mention, they all think they’re above the law, so they probably wouldn’t have any qualms about killing me to get me out of their way.

“Your father told you that the bosses discussed killing me?” I ask, trying to keep my voice calm despite my internal turmoil.

“Yes! And that was before you even arrested the Ferraros.”

Tucking the loose strand of hair behind my ear, one of my annoying nervous gestures, I tell her, “That’s preposterous. Why would they want me dead before I ever arrested them?”

“Because you refused to take bribes from them to look the other way when some of their men got arrested for trafficking and shit.”

“I refuse to take bribes from anyone,” I assure her. “Every defendant brought before the judges in my court are all treated the exact same under the law.”

“Well, just so you know, my father refused to agree to kill you. Now, he’s dead.”

Dammit. That doesn’t bode well for me.

“Look, I know Weston wasn’t a good man, but he would never kill an innocent woman,” she asserts. “He lived by a set of principles, rules he taught to my brother and me. There was more to my father than his...profession. And someone took him from me.”

I know from the fact that she’s here, fighting to find her father’s killer, that Serafina loved Weston Bertelli very much. Despite being adopted, and regardless of who and what the man was, she still loved him. And that’s something I envy.

I never felt that kind of love for my own parents, who would never hurt a fly.

God, just the thought of facing my constantly nagging mother and never-impressed father stresses me out.

I was never hugged as a child. Or as an adult.

I received criticism and an array of tutors, hired to ensure I excelled at everything I

did so I wouldn't embarrass them.

Rather than ask how many men her father is responsible for killing, leaving families without closure, I go the sympathetic route. There's enough heat on me with the mob. I don't need to make another enemy.

"Serafina, I'm sorry you lost your father in such an unexpected way, without having a chance to say goodbye to him.

I can't imagine how tough that must have been.

But murder cases take years to solve when they're done the right way.

And just because you don't hear any updates from the police, doesn't mean that they aren't working hard on the case. "

Two security guards, thankfully, appear in my doorway, and I almost roll my eyes. Did Vera really think just two, out-of-shape, retired police officers would be enough to throw a known assassin from my office?

"I see that my time is up," Serafina remarks when she also notices the men in uniform.

"You'll be the first person I call if there's an arrest," I promise her.

As soon as she exits the office, I grab my laptop and leather portfolio from my briefcase, then stride toward the largest conference room in the building.

That's where twenty-four assistant district attorneys in cheap, stuffy suits are not so patiently waiting for me around the length of the long, wooden table.

“I apologize for the delay. There was an assassin in my office which took priority.”

That finally has some of the frowns changing into shocked surprise.

“Has Vera provided you with the new case assignments?” I ask.

A few heads nod.

“Great. Well, I don’t want to stand here and listen to an hour of bellyaching. If you can’t stomach a case, then find someone to trade with you. Only once they’ve agreed on the trade in writing will I officially reassign it. Is there any other business?”

“Not to sound like a broken record, but we desperately need more private investigators,” Janice Bowers, one of the older veterans, declares.

Since she is mainly assigned to our homicides, I understand where she’s coming from.

“All of ours are working overtime, unable to keep up with all of our cases. And you know the cops are stretched too thin as well.”

I nod in agreement. “I would love to give you all the PIs you could dream of, Janice, but I’ll have to look at our budget to see if we can hire one or two more. I’ll try to give you an answer by the end of the week. Anyone else?”

“I still wasn’t assigned any felonies,” Tyler Boyd complains.

“You’re not ready for felonies,” I tell him, causing some of the other guys to snicker.

“You’re too soft on DWIs. So, until I feel that you’re ready to handle the burden of a felony conviction without a bleeding heart, you’re stuck with misdemeanors. No more DWIs either.”

“But —”

“Intoxicated drivers have the highest recidivism rate of all crimes,” I remind him. “And they usually don’t receive any consequences until someone dies. I would prefer to keep them off the streets and avoid those unnecessary deaths.”

“The office’s policy for first offenders before you came along was a hundred hours of community service, loss of license for a year, and weekly AA meetings, with a deferred dismissal as soon as all those requirements are met,” Dylan Rhodes, one of the frat bros and Tyler’s mentor, chimes in his two cents.

“Yes, well, my policy is to not be so lenient. The traffic in the city is bad enough as it is without drunks on the streets.” I hold up my palm before he can protest further. “Consider this, Dylan. How many times do you think someone drives drunk before they’re ever pulled over by an officer?”

He shuts his mouth and looks away, thankfully, dropping the topic.

“Anyone else?”

“Are you still planning on starting the Ferraro trials next month?” Chris Walker, a bald man a few years older than me, asks. He hates taking orders from a woman more than the others, since he had seniority in this office before I was elected.

“Yes. Why?” I reply through gritted teeth.

“No reason. It’s your funeral.” He grins. “What kind of flowers should we leave on your grave?”

Several others laugh with him, making my back teeth nearly crack.

“Yes, death threats for doing my fucking job are hilarious, aren’t they?

” I declare sarcastically while raising my voice.

“I made a promise to the people of this city that I would treat every criminal defendant the same. And I mean everyone . The law is black and white, free of feelings and emotions. There are no gray areas. And if my integrity gets me killed, then so be it. I just hope the rest of you have enough balls to do the same if you’re ever in my position.

” I give the room a minute to let that sink in before hitting him back.

“But I guess, you need more time for your balls to drop, Chris. Until that happens, keep your mouth shut, do your job, or I’ll give you nothing but speeding tickets from now on. Understood?”

“Yes, ma’am,” he grumbles while glaring daggers at me.

“Great, meeting adjourned.”

God, I’m so tired of dealing with assholes like Chris who doesn’t ever take anything seriously. The only reason I haven’t fired him is because he’s actually a decent prosecutor, and it’d take too much time to find a replacement when everyone is already swamped with their case load.

Before I can catch my breath or waste time worrying about death threats, I’m off to my next appointment.

For the next hour, I’ll be sitting down with a criminal defense attorney attempting to convince me to give his spoiled client a dismissal on a shoplifting charge in exchange for paying a big fine.

I'll endure the blustering even though I have more important things to do, like prepare for the Ferraro trial. But I already know I'm not going to budge on either case. If you get caught breaking the law in my city, you have no choice but to deal with the consequences.

And while I suddenly feel the need to start looking over my shoulder and carrying a concealed gun everywhere, I refuse to bend or break regardless of the pressure the mob families try to put on me in the coming weeks.

I have everything I need to ensure a conviction for all three Ferraro men on the gun charges. I just have to make sure my presentation of the case to the jury is flawless, which means long nights of finalizing exhibits and cross-examination prep are ahead of me.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Tristan Ferraro

I've been stalking the DA for weeks, and yet, for some reason, I'm still enjoying the chase as well as the occasional glimpse into her boring-ass life.

The woman's obsession with the color white makes me want to roll around on the street with her, just to dirty her up.

She seriously needs a social life, something or someone to make her smile once in a while — a real smile — not the fake-ass one she flashes at her lunch meetings.

And she works too damn much. I can't help but wonder if her recent late nights in the office have anything to do with the cases against me and my cousins for trial.

When she strolls down the courthouse steps around nine p.m. for the third night in a row, I expect her to hop into her usual fancy car ride service at the curb.

Instead, she finally does something completely different.

She takes off down the street on foot, her heels clicking rapidly on the pavement as if she's in a hurry.

I climb out of my truck and follow her. I can't help but notice her shoulders slouch more than usual, and I don't think it has anything to do with the weight of whatever is in her white leather briefcase.

Her long unbuttoned ivory dress coat billows at her sides as she rushes through the

streets, seeming unaffected by the winter breeze.

I wonder if she's grabbing a late dinner, unable to wait until she gets home. Or if she caved and is going to meet up with some asshole for a date.

I'm shocked when she takes the steps down to the subway, but follow her as she swipes her card and hurries into the waiting train.

I barely make it inside the same car. Pulling my black Yankees ball cap down over my eyes, I sit as far away as I can from the woman who collapsed into the first empty seat.

Curious to see where she's headed, I pull out my phone, pretending to be engrossed while I wait. Occasionally, I sneak a peek and watch as Kirsten slumps further in her seat. Leaning her head back, her eyes close as if she's sleeping or meditating in the trash and sweat-scented enclosed space.

Is the woman trying to get robbed? Because in her pristine white dress clothes, she looks like a thief's wet dream. No doubt she's got the top-of-the-line phone in her pocket and expensive laptop in her briefcase, sitting between her knees.

I consider making a grab for the case myself. No doubt her laptop is tucked away inside.

But I'm certain it's password-protected since it's her work computer. The damn thing would probably be tracked right back to me, so I just sit and watch her while I can.

The more time and stops pass without her moving or opening her eyes, the more freaked out I get.

What the hell is she doing? And why the fuck am I starting to feel a little guilty about

my plan this weekend to fuck her over?

She needs to let loose more than anyone I've ever met.

All she does is exercise in her apartment's gym, work, have lunch to collect campaign donations, work some more, and go home and eat takeout.

That's her normal weekday. On the weekends, Kirsten has her yoga class and shit, then I assume she works in her apartment all day.

She doesn't go out with friends or date any men.

Her entire world revolves around prosecuting criminals, but damn, she looks good doing it.

Even now, as she sits on the subway apparently going nowhere since we've been on it for the entire route, after a long day in the office, she looks flawless. Not a flyaway hair on her head or a wrinkle in her suit.

Still, the snobby woman looks miserable tonight, more so than usual, and I want to know why.

I can't talk to her and risk her recognizing me as one of her defendants in a criminal case.

That shit isn't even allowed, based on what Dre and our attorneys told us.

All communications with the DA's office must go through our attorneys.

Speaking to her in public could be construed as intimidating, unless she doesn't know who she's talking to.

The only thing I can do for now is watch her from afar and follow her.

A few of the other passengers, mostly younger guys, check her out because they either find her attractive or an easy mark. I tip my head back and meet their eyes with a threatening stare when they glance around as if considering making a move to speak to or rob her.

Heeding my silent warning, none of them go near Kirsten before her blue eyes finally open again. I duck my head to avoid her gaze; then she just gets up and walks off at the next stop.

I wait a total of two seconds before jumping up and following just as the doors close behind me.

By the time I catch up to her on the street, she's approaching a waiting taxi. Thankfully, there are a few around this time of night, so I climb into the first one I see.

"Follow that taxi wherever it goes," I instruct the driver.

The wrinkled old man doesn't respond but does as I ask.

It takes nearly half an hour before Kirsten's ride finally comes to a stop — right outside her apartment building in Upper Manhattan.

So, all that time on the subway was for nothing? She just wanted a long nap where she could've been mugged at any second, then went home alone?

I'm curious what the hell she was thinking and what the woman does up in her apartment by herself.

All I can see is when her lights are turned on or off from the street level.

She never comes near any of the windows to look out, as if she's too busy to take even a moment to admire the city she lives in.

If I'm going to come up with the blackmail I need on her to make her drop the charges against me, Creed, and Andre, I need to find a way to convince her to take a night off.

Time to call in my contact in the district attorney's office and see just how persuasive she can be.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten

“ A reporter with The Post is on line one. I think he said his name was Rob,” Natalie, the office receptionist says over the intercom on my landline phone.

I’ve just ended a call with the police department, asking for any updates on the Bertelli investigation, and I’m running late for court.

“Do you want to speak to him, or should I take a message?”

“I’ll take it,” I agree since Rob Reynolds is one of the few journalists who doesn’t trash me in every article reporting on my cases. Knowing my father reads every piece of news coming from the city, I could use all the help I can get.

“Hi, Rob. I’ll give you three questions if you can make me sound like a badass prosecutor who refuses to cower from threats while protecting the citizens of New York.”

“Deal,” he says. “First of all, have you increased your personal security measures for the upcoming trials against the Ferraros and rumored threats?”

“No comment.” Telling him I don’t have any personal security would paint a bigger bullseye on my back, inviting trouble, and saying I’ve considered it makes it sound like I’m scared of the mobsters, which I’m not.

“Understood, but I had to take my shot,” Rob replies. “Next question, are the trials still scheduled to begin in February?”

“Yes. One a month until all three trials are decided, now that one of the defendants is dead. Creed Ferraro’s trial is up first, followed by Tristan Ferraro’s in March, and concluding with Andre Ferraro’s trial in April.

The defendants’ attorneys have been notified, and Judge Waterford has made it clear that she will not be granting any continuances under any circumstance.

Based on my conversations with defense counsel, I don’t expect each trial to take more than a week. ”

“Great, thank you for those details. And finally, will you be asking for the maximum sentence if you get a conviction against Creed Ferraro in the first trial?”

“I typically only ask for the maximum if there are extenuating circumstances. Otherwise, with charges that have minimum mandatory sentences such as these, I’ll leave sentencing up to the judge’s discretion.”

“Got it,” he says. “Now, off the record, you really should be careful, Kirsten. I have a source who believes the five families have already discussed putting out some sort of hit on you.”

“I’ve heard the same thing, but I’m not too worried,” I remark, wondering if Serafina Bertelli is his source after she told me the same earlier this week.

“I live and work in secure buildings, and I have a license to carry because of my position, which is all public record. If anything happens to me, well, everyone will know who to blame. I just hope whoever takes over my job will not hesitate to pursue additional charges.”

I straighten my white stapler, penholder, and stack of sticky note pads on my desk to calm my racing pulse.

It's been happening more and more lately, the rising panic in my chest as I consider how the mob would come after me.

I'd never see a sniper attack, and there'd be less chance of the shooter being caught.

Then again, if the assholes wanted to really send a message, they'd probably have a group of men jump me in an alley, ensuring I suffer from every single blow.

"Well, I hope you'll be open to more questions once the trial starts," Rob says. "I'll be in the courtroom bright and early every morning to get a good seat during jury selection."

"Then I'll see you there," I respond casually, pushing aside the thoughts of how I might die.

"Stay safe," Rob tells me before ending the call.

Annoyed at how out of control having this particular threat hanging over my head makes me feel, I slam the phone back onto the cradle harder than necessary in frustration.

If I were a man, I doubt anyone would be asking if I'm scared of the mob's retaliation. Not that I think the mobsters would treat a man differently. Would the Ferraros really risk a life prison sentence to get out of a couple of gun charges?

If anything, they're probably the least likely criminals to make a move on me right now.

At least, that's what I try to convince myself.

Maybe I should start carrying my gun in public even though handling firearms makes

me so nervous I'd probably end up shooting myself before I put a bullet in an attacker...

"Is everything okay, Kirsten?" Natalie sticks her head in my office, startling me out of my thoughts.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I huff. When the woman continues to stand in my door, I lift a brow. "Why?"

"Sorry, I just, I heard the rumor about the mob families wanting a hitman to take you out."

"You shouldn't believe everything you hear," I say as I gather up my files into my briefcase, even though I know it's not just gossip.

"Right. It's just...never mind."

"What?" I snap when she starts to leave.

"I would be scared, if I were you. If you ever want to talk or get a drink, just let me know."

"Maybe. I appreciate that," I reply since she sounds sincere.

"Great! And I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but..."

"Go on." I encourage her to spit out whatever she wants to say while I shoulder my briefcase.

"But it sounds like you could really use an escape, a way to blow off smoke and forget the stress of the job for a night."

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing. I was just, I go to this club that’s very exclusive.”

“I don’t dance,” I tell her. “And I’m way too old to go clubbing or whatever it is people call it nowadays.”

Natalie smiles. “Right, no, it’s not that kind of club.”

“Then what kind of club is it?” I ask, curious.

“Um, it’s an adult one. You know, like where you can meet people with similar interests or opposite, if that’s your thing...”

“You’re a member of a sex club?” I guess. “They have those here in the city?”

“Yes, but it’s all underground. Invitation only from a current member. And there’s like an application and all to get accepted. Even a waitlist. Once you’re in, though, it’s completely anonymous.”

“How can it be anonymous if you have to apply using your legal name?”

“Oh, right, well that’s just to make sure there are no criminals sneaking in, you know. But everyone wears cute little masks, and there are different themes each night. Nobody’s allowed to ask anyone’s name either.”

“Wow. Well, that doesn’t sound like anything I would want to be a part of,” I tell her.

“No offense.”

“None taken. And I’m sorry I assumed. I just thought that since you had a thing for Detective Daughtry that you were into like, handcuffs, or whatever.”

Well, shit.

Unfortunately, she's not wrong. And she's much more perceptive than I initially gave her credit for.

The thing is, despite always carrying the cuffs around, Detective Daughtry, Bryan, refuses to ever put them on me. Or do anything that could accidentally hurt me.

The forty-year-old prude doesn't even like having sex in my office. But since I refuse to go to his place or invite him over to mine, I can usually convince him to give in. The face-to-face sex on the edge of my desk is...fine, not great. It certainly never lasts long enough for me to get off.

Am I sexually frustrated?

God, yes.

At thirty-five, it's a frustration I've felt since I was a freshman in college, one that no man has ever been able to quench.

I thought the problem was me, or that I was dating the wrong kind of men — rich, attractive snobs who think they're god's gift to women. Selfish bastards who were usually too drunk to perform worth a shit.

Once I got to law school, dates were fewer and farther between because my classmates saw me as a threat, their competition, and I was constantly studying, needing to be at the top of my class to impress my father.

After I passed the bar and started practicing, well, most of the men I meet don't want a woman who is more ambitious or more successful than them.

And the ones who do like smart, powerful women are far too...

submissive for my taste. I don't want to be asked permission or give consent for every single little kiss or touch.

While I'm all for guys being gentlemen, it gets a little frustrating if they're too worried about screwing up to get down and dirty.

I thought a fling with a blue-collar man might be different, more uninhibited than the workaholic snobs in suits.

If anything, Bryan is more of a sweet, gentle lover than any of the others.

What would one night of filthy, anonymous sex with a stranger even be like — if it were truly anonymous? I've never had a one-night stand before because of my trust issues and the reputation I have to maintain.

"You're thinking about it, aren't you?" Natalie grins.

I dig my fingernails into the leather strap of my bag. "I don't know. If anyone found out I was there..."

She shakes her head. "The owner is the only person who knows everyone's identity, and he's a crazy, hot, rich guy who has a spotless record.

I checked." I mull that information over for a few seconds, and Natalie adds, "I'm a paying member, so I'll cover your cost, and if anyone asks, you can say you were looking into a case, right?

Why don't you just come check it out with me Friday night?

There's no pressure to participate. You can just watch others behind your mask or have a drink at the bar.

It's all very laid-back. Things only get more heated in the private rooms, which are super clean and classy. ”

“I want the owner's name and their full background check.”

Nodding briskly, she says, “Sure thing. I'll go send it to you right now.”

“Ah, wait, Natalie. Could you print it out instead? And hand it to me when I get back from court?”

“No evidence, right? Your secret is safe with me.” She winks, then leaves.

I can't help but think she's a little too excited about this club and having me tag along with her when we've never even had lunch together.

Maybe she just doesn't have any friends with those particular kinks and needs a wing-woman?

Does she go to this club alone?

What kind of person would I be if I knowingly let her go to a place like that alone where she could be in danger?

And yes, I'm a little bit curious to see if this club may give me the one thing I've never had before with any man — passion and excitement.

With all the stress I'm dealing with, a temporary escape from my life is exactly what I need.

It's the reason I got on the subway the other night going nowhere, just to pretend for a few minutes that I was someone else, someone without any pressing obligations, death threats hanging over my head, or requirements to constantly be perfect.

Deep down, I know it's a huge risk to even think about showing up at a place where someone could recognize me.

But the thing is, if the clock is ticking on my life, I don't want to go down with any regrets. And it's not like I'm going to engage in any activities. For once, I want to look around and see other people who share my darker desires, to know I'm not alone.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Tristan

“Well?” I ask when I answer Natalie’s call minutes after I watched the receptionist leave the courthouse for the day.

“Hello to you too.”

“Did you invite her to the club or not?”

“I did. She didn’t say yes, but...she did ask to see the research you gave me on the owner. You were right. She wanted printouts, not an email.”

“Good. So, she seemed interested?”

“Well, not at first. But after I brought up her fling with the detective and his handcuffs, she changed her mind. So I would say she’s definitely into being restrained.”

I bite my lip to hold in my groan at the thought of the uptight DA naked with her wrists and ankles tied, bound together, completely at my mercy.

“Tristan?”

“Yeah?” I ask, my voice deeper than it was seconds ago.

“Will I get to play on Friday if I manage to bring her?”

“You can play with whoever you want at the club.” I’m not the jealous type. Hell, I could pass a woman off my dick to another guy without hesitation as soon as I finish inside of her.

“I meant, can I play with you?”

“No. I’ll be working, remember?” I gave her this plan days ago and have been impatiently waiting for her to find the ‘right’ time to bring it up with Kirsten. I’ve already talked to Joel, the owner, who is letting me work the door as security.

“Oh. Right. Maybe another night?” she says, her voice hopeful.

“Yeah, another night,” I lie to stay on her good side.

Natalie and I only hooked up once at Joel’s club, and while it was fun to watch her ass turn red from my paddle and hear her cries of pain mixed with pleasure, I have no intentions of a repeat.

I just wanted her to spill what she knew about Kirsten.

And now, my dick is way too obsessed with following the DA’s every move and watching her fine ass in white pants bend over in yoga class to even twitch for another woman.

Still, it’s no reason to be an asshole to the girl. “Thanks for your help, Nat. I’ll drop the cash off at your apartment later. The payout triples if you actually get her to the club this weekend.”

“You’re so generous,” she says. “And you swear you’re not going to hurt her?”

“No harm will come to the DA. I promise.” Kirsten Hunt might be furious after I’m

done with her, but she'll enjoy every second of it if I can get her into one of those private rooms. While I wouldn't mind banging her brains out in one of the club's public spaces, I have a feeling she's too uptight to even kiss in front of other people.

Somehow, someway, I need to get the woman into a compromising position. Not just to convince her to drop the charges against us, but because I need to get my hands and mouth on her after weeks of obsessing over her.

For just one night, I want to make her scream.

If I were to luck up and make that happen, I'd probably end the night with blue balls, but it'd be worth it to see her come undone for me.

I doubt she could handle my kind of fucking.

Some women can't. I've been called an asshole, a sadist, and all sorts of shit for the things I do to them after they agree to let me tie them up.

I guess sometimes I go a little too far when I'm given complete control. That's just what I love.

And I've never wanted anyone at my mercy as much as I want to restrain the uptight DA. Maybe because I know she's a challenge, likely an impossible one.

Still, even fucked up monsters can dream.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten

I can't believe I'm actually doing this tonight.

The past two days I haven't let myself think too much about what I may see or who may see me. And now that it's here, I'm excited.

When I met up with Natalie at her apartment, she gave me a white and silver mask made of fake jewels. It covers enough of my face that nobody should be able to recognize me. Not to mention, it's beautiful and perfectly matches the short white dress I'm wearing underneath my silver dress coat.

According to the paperwork I read over thoroughly before returning, no cell phones are allowed past the check-in desk; everyone gets searched for weapons upon entry; your driver's license must match the name on the application; everyone has to have a squeaky clean background check to step foot in the place as a patron or employee; and there are no cameras on the premise, not even at the entrance to maintain patron's secrecy.

Oh, and I had to agree to always use protection (if any encounters get that far) and not to go into a private room with anyone I don't trust since there are no safe words.

Saying stop means stop, saying no means no, and there are plenty of security guards or monitors wandering the place in uniform but dressed as patrons, who will intervene if they hear either of those words.

There's no way I'll go into a private room with a stranger and take that chance,

though, so I'm not really sure what I'm doing here. I guess I'm just curious. And horny. Oh, and lonely.

One call and Bryan would probably come running to my place, but if someone saw him in my building and word got out I was screwing one of the detectives on some of my assistants' cases, there would be a big ordeal. That's why I refuse to go to his place as well.

"Are you ready?" Natalie asks, the twenty-something girl nearly bouncing with excitement half a block away.

"Let's do this." I slip my mask on and turn off my phone.

As soon as we walk in the club, which is literally underground, there's a line we wait in for nearly ten minutes. Guess they are thorough when checking identification.

While we wait, Natalie tells me a little bit about the various areas inside, and how the employees are all wearing silver gladiator masks most nights in case I need any assistance.

Apparently, there are also panic buttons in the private rooms, but what help would those be if you're strung up on one of the crosses or whatever else she said there is to be tied to.

"Have you ever...you know, gone in one of the rooms?" I can't help but ask.

"Oh, yeah. A few times. The pillory is my favorite. I prefer paddles and belts over whips."

"Pillory?"

“Yeah, with my head and hands trapped but my backside out.”

“Right.”

“If you want to try something but are nervous, I could join you. You know, to observe.”

“Ah, I think I’ll just keep to the public spaces.”

“Okay, well, if you change your mind, I’ll probably be in the public pillory, letting guys take turns spanking me.”

“That’s...that’s all they do?”

“In the public space, yeah. More only happens if I agree to go into a private room. One of the monitors stands by each of the areas and notifies the participants what tools are acceptable to the sub on display.”

“It seems like you would have to give up a lot of control to do something like that...”

“I have more control than you think. For instance, I can tell the guardian, that’s what the monitors are called, I can tell them how many spanks each guy gets, and I can decide if I want to see who is next before they begin.

I like not knowing though. Sometimes, you can find the perfect match for the dynamic without letting looks or whatever else get in the way. ”

“So, there are a lot of ugly guys here?” I ask in concern.

“Oh, no. But maybe if you have a thing for tall guys and never gave a short one a chance, and he turns out to know exactly what buttons of yours to push — that sort of

thing.”

“Oh-kay.”

“Do you have a type?”

“Ah, no, not really. I’ve just been with a lot of nice, submissive men who want to only treat me with respect.”

“While you wanted to be treated like a dirty girl?”

I shrug, not sure how to put it into words. “Something like that.”

Once it’s finally our turn to check in, I hand over my ID, then my phone and purse for which the man at the desk gives me a ticket to collect it on the way out.

That could be five minutes from now or maybe ten.

I’m still not completely sold on the whole premise.

I want to see it for myself, but then I’ll probably chicken out and leave.

At least the employee was discreet as he read my name on my license and checked it in the computer system. He didn’t even bat an eye. Maybe he doesn’t follow politics.

“Step over there for your pat down. Be sure to cooperate, or else you’ll have to deal with the consequences,” the desk guy says with a wink.

He’s wearing one of the silver gladiator masks like the men doing the security pat downs.

I nod and wait for the next available guard while Natalie checks in behind me.

“Right over here,” one of the men says with a wave of his hand.

I step toward the guard who is taller and broader than the others by several inches.

There’s a smirk on his face underneath his silver mask, and his eyes look so dark they’re nearly black.

I should probably be afraid of the intimidating man, but I’m not as I eye his broad shoulders and bare arms since he’s wearing a toga-type garment like the others.

Natalie mentioned it was the theme tonight, so I guess my white strapless dress will fit in just fine.

“Remove your coat,” he directs me. “You’ll get it back with your phone.” I shrug out of the warm fabric, bracing for the cool air. When I offer it to the man, he hands it off to someone else who places my phone in a clear bag and hangs both on a coat hanger.

Without further warning, the guard’s hands reach for me, starting at the back of my head.

His chest, with dark tattoos peeking out of the fabric, is nearly pressed to my face, making me gasp in surprise.

Large palms work their way down to my neck, then my shoulders, before following the curves of my sides and hips.

He kneels before me to run his hands down my bare legs to my ankles, even though there are obviously no weapons in sight.

I knew better than to bring my handgun here.

I remain completely still out of shock while a pool of desire begins to grow in my lower belly.

“Turn around and put your hands on the wall. Keep them there,” the man orders me.

His voice is deep and hard, full of dominance I find ridiculously attractive.

I do as I’m told, and his palms feel along the back of my dress, down to my waist. He grabs two handfuls of my ass, making me gasp.

I lower my hands and try to spin around.

Strong hands on my hips keep me in place, though. I glance over my shoulder just in time to watch the man haul back and slap my ass, making me squeak in surprise. Those big hands flatten me to the wall so quickly, I barely turn my head in time to avoid busting my nose.

“I told you to put your hands on the wall and leave them there. Are you incapable of following simple orders, sweetheart?”

Indignant at his insult since I’m the biggest rule follower in the world, and hating his fake term of endearment, I huff, “You grabbed my ass!”

Whap!

He slaps my bottom again, making me stumble forward against the wall to keep myself upright. His big hard body follows, pressing every inch against me, including the long hard ones protruding from the front of his toga.

“Your first time here?” he whispers into my ear. Our bodies are intimately close as if there’s not a room full of people around us, watching our every move.

“Y-yes.”

“If you can’t handle a little ass slapping, then how do you think you’re going to handle a whip?”

“I don’t want to be whipped,” I say, finding it hard to speak words when the guard’s palms on my hips lower.

“Then what do you want in a place like this?” his gruff voice asks as he grabs the short hem of my dress and begins to lift it.

“Wh-what are you doing?”

“Since you were uncooperative, I need to do a more thorough security check.” With his body against mine and twice the width, nobody else can see as my dress lifts to my waist in the front and back.

The guard leans his upper body back as if to get a better look at my white thong. “Should’ve known your fucking panties would be white too,” he mutters.

“What?”

“Put your hands back on the wall unless you want me to spank your ass again.”

I hadn’t realized I was grabbing at the front of my dress, trying to tug it down.

For some reason, I do as I’m told rather than turn around and knee the handsy man in his balls.

I think I like his rough treatment. No man has ever ordered me around before.

Or felt me up so thoroughly, like he's the rightful owner of my body.

"You've got two choices here: obey me or leave, sweetheart."

For some reason, I comply rather than turn around and walk out the door. As soon as my palms are flat on the wall again, his roam up the inside of my thighs, heading right for the crotch of my panties.

And I let him.

His thick fingers glide over my clit, making me moan. His other hand brazenly lifts to cup my breasts before he groans and presses his erection into my bottom. "Are you hiding any weapons in your pussy?"

"What?" I scoff as his fingers keep rubbing me.

"You look like a dangerous woman," he whispers against my ear. "And since you won't answer my question..." He trails off in warning of what I know he's about to do next. His big hand shoves into the front of my panties, and then he slides a finger inside me, right there in front of everyone!

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

“ Fuck . You’re so tight. Nothing else could fit in this cunt.

” He adds another finger, shoving two inside me.

I breathe heavy, more turned on by some stranger’s fingers inside me than any sex I’ve had in years.

A stranger who is a demanding asshole with a filthy mouth.

“Squeeze my fingers,” he commands, and I do while he presses the heel of his hand to my clit.

My walls clench again all on their own, making the man chuckle.

“If you’re going to come for me, you better do it fast before I get fired.

” He presses a damp kiss to the side of my neck, making me melt.

Rather than tense up at the rough treatment, I give in to it, enjoy it.

Then his fingers curl and find that perfect spot.

I tremble all over as I detonate. My inner walls clench around his thrusting fingers.

“That’s it. Good girl. I know exactly what you need to pull that stick out of your ass.

Let me fill it with something more fun for the both of us.

” He presses forward, poking my behind and letting me know exactly what he wants to shove up my ass.

I’ve never been spoken to in such a degrading way or felt more at ease.

I’m still so aroused, even after the last shudder, that seconds later, his fingers have another orgasm crashing through me.

I should be embarrassed when the man chuckles against my neck, but I’m just grateful for the release that washes away all my constant worries.

When he slowly removes his fingers from my clenching pussy, he slides them to my backside, tugging the string of my panties to the side and rubs his damp fingertip over my hole. “Next time?”

Laughing, his palm slaps my ass cheek again before he lowers the bottom of my dress, covering me and stepping away. “She’s good to go,” he tells someone while I remain plastered to the wall for a few more seconds. My limbs refuse to cooperate and move just yet.

I finally push myself back, wondering what the hell just happened as I study the masked man who blew my mind. The guard ignores me, however, and motions the next person in line over, a man in a raven black mask. I feel invisible as I search for Natalie, trying to put myself back together mentally.

Before I find her, I spot another guard giving a guy the same treatment as the guard just gave me. While I can’t see his hand, his arm is obviously down around the front of the patron’s pants, moving as if he’s stroking him through the fabric.

Wow. So, I guess I was nothing special to the guard, just another horny customer to get off. I feel ashamed.

“There you are!” Natalie says when she comes up and grabs my arm to pull me through to the entrance.

“They do... that with everyone?” I nod toward the man getting a hand job.

“Oh, well, sometimes, but only through clothes.”

“Oh.”

“Did your...did that guard touch you?” she asks, side eying. “Really? You could report him.”

I shake my head. “What would I say? That he gave me two much-needed orgasms, and I regret them?”

“He made you come? Twice? That fast?”

“Yes.” My face flushes even hotter in shame.

“Damn. I knew he was talented but...”

“You know him?”

“No, I meant, he looks like he knows what he’s doing when he touches a woman.” She shakes her head. “Twice. Wow. After the front door closes, you could take him into a private room and finish what you started.”

“He asked about...well, no. I’m good now.”

Natalie doesn’t comment. In fact, her lips are pursed as if pissed at me or upset that she didn’t get the same treatment. Maybe she has a thing for the guard. He’s all hers.

I shouldn't have let him, a complete stranger, finger me in such a degrading way.

"I think I need a strong drink," I tell Natalie.

"Okay, well, I'm off to the stocks," she says happily. "Have fun!"

"You too."

I get a martini from the bar and then wander around.

The place is pretty much what I expected.

A bunch of horny people getting it on. In one room, a woman hangs from a cross while two men take turns whipping the front of her body.

In another, a guy is tied to a four-poster bed while a man does something to his nipples.

Then there's Natalie. Her head and arms are locked in the wooden stocks, or pillory, and a line of men and women stand, waiting for a chance to use either a paddle or a belt on her ass.

Each person gets two strikes before moving on.

I watch a few of them, then the third person asks to use his palm.

Natalie agrees and cries out not in pain as they land, reminding me of the guard's palm on my bottom.

The guy asks to taste her pleasure, and she agrees to go into a private room with him, leaving me alone with a bunch of horny people I don't know.

What am I even doing here? I thought I'd find some comradery with people who have kinks similar to mine, but I just feel like I'm risking my entire career because the pressure of taking on all the city's criminals is getting to me.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Tristan

I up and leave my post at the front once Kirsten comes through. Joel, the owner, and I have a deal that I can come and go as I please since I'm paying him, not the other way around.

I've just walked into the main part of the club when I see blonde hair racing for one of the emergency exits.

So, she's already had enough? Damn. Maybe I pushed her too far in the pat down, but I couldn't help myself.

After weeks of watching her, finally getting my hands on her was too much to resist. God, she was soaking wet and tight, just like I dreamed she'd be.

What the hell is she thinking going outside in the cold without her coat and all alone? Is she leaving? Maybe she's just getting some air, since she wouldn't leave her phone.

I follow her into the alley and find her leaning against the brick wall in her pristine white dress. Well, it won't be so pristine now.

"Everything okay, sweetheart?"

Her closed eyes open. She straightens and faces me. "What the hell was that?" she demands, voice raised.

“You mean my fingers in your pussy?”

“Yes!”

I shrug and fidget with the sash of my idiotic toga. “That’s all it was.”

“You’re not supposed to touch me underneath my clothes!”

She’s right. I did promise to abide by the rules when Joel agreed to let me lurk around and pretend to be a guard.

“You’re the only patron I’ve ever touched like that.”

“Bullshit.”

Okay, I’m so confused by her anger, I’m momentarily speechless. Has she figured out who I am? Why is she so angry? Still, I don’t care if she yells as long as she keeps talking to me.

“What are you doing out here?” I ask.

“This place isn’t me. I don’t know what I’m doing here.”

“It can be you if you want it to be.”

“Oh, shut up, you handsy bastard.”

I grin at her feistiness. “I doubt you would’ve shown up here if you weren’t a little interested in trying out BDSM.

What’s your kink?” I pretend like I don’t know about the cop.

When she just glares at me for several seconds and then looks away, I blurt it out.

“You like being restrained? Can’t find a man to give you what you need?

I bet you like being told what to do, too, don’t you? ”

“I-I don’t know. Maybe.”

I wait silently, hoping she’ll say more, give me a little more insight into her mind that’s made me crazy for weeks.

“In my normal life, I’m the one giving the orders, always in control.”

“So, you think it would be nice to concede it for a little while in the bedroom,” I guess, and she nods. “Well, I’m the opposite. I get told what to do all day, every day, so at night I want to be the boss, the one calling the shots. We could be a perfect match.”

Okay, so maybe I’m laying it on thick. But I’m working on a deadline. One given to me by Creed’s very pregnant wife and Dre’s viper bitch wife.

But before Kirsten can even laugh at my attempt to get her underneath me, a loud pop rings out in the alley.

Fuck. I know that sound too well.

I dive for the woman in the white dress, taking her down to the ground and covering her with my body.

“Shit,” a man’s voice mutter.

“Stay here,” I tell her when I look over my shoulder and see the guy take off on foot.

I’m up and running a second later, since I know in my gut this wasn’t some random act of violence.

Someone followed Kirsten here tonight and was waiting for her to leave, probably to make her murder look like a random robbery gone wrong.

Fuck that.

I pump my arms, urging my legs to run faster. At least the toga doesn’t hold me back. I take a hard right at the end of the alley to pursue the shooter. Wearing a black hoodie and jeans with the hood up, he glances over his shoulder and speeds up when he spots me chasing him.

“You’re fucking dead!” I roar.

He turns down an alley just before I can grab the back of his hoodie. I slow as I change direction. Oh, but he picked a dead end. Apparently, he’s not a very good assassin.

“Who sent you?” I ask as he points his gun at me while walking backwards. “Tell me!” I demand in a roar. “We might be working for the same side.”

He shakes his head and fires a shot that goes wide to the left. Definitely not a professional.

“Do you know who the fuck I am? I’m a Ferraro.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Did Creed send you? His wife, Zara? Or Stella Rovina Ferraro?”

“Goddamn. How many people want this bitch dead?”

“A lot. And she’s my kill,” I lie. “Now, tell me who paid you so I can make sure they know she’s mine.”

“I-I can’t,” he says before he turns and starts to climb up a dumpster.

I easily grab his ankle, jerking him back down. He lets go of his gun in the clatter, not that I was too worried about him hitting me, since he’s a horrible shot.

As I pull him off the dumpster, he’s so busy reaching for his lost gun that he doesn’t try to stop his fall, landing headfirst on the pavement. His neck bends at an unfortunate angle.

Shit.

I can tell by the way his body goes limp that he’s either unconscious or dead, neither of which I have time to deal with right now.

Dammit, I was just about to convince Kirsten to let me tie her up!

Reaching for the side of his neck, I wait several seconds, not feeling a pulse.

Well, fuck. I check his wallet, take his cash and ID, then heave him up and over into an open dumpster.

Throwing a few black trash bags from the closed one on top of him, I hide his body from view before I race back to the club.

Kirsten still sits on the filthy ground, her back against the building, knees tucked to her chest. Her white dress is now more of a dirty grey color.

“Are you okay?” I ask as I approach her.

“What was that about?”

“Someone just tried to kill you and failed spectacularly.” Kneeling before her, I notice her knees are skinned and bleeding. Her arms too. “Sorry about the scrapes.”

She just stares at me, at my eyes visible through the stupid mask. “You went after him and I...froze.”

“It’s normal. Fight, flight, or paralysis. I’ve always been one to fight. The guy who shot you was flight, or he would’ve stood his ground and put a few bullets in me.”

“Why did you do that? Why risk yourself for me? You don’t know me.”

“I want to know you,” I admit. “And that wouldn’t happen if you bled out and died in a shitty alley.”

She just looks at me unblinking in her mask, as if in shock. Looks like the night is definitely over.

“Come on.” I stand and offer her my hand.

“I’ll get you home, since I’m guessing you don’t want to go back into the club.

” She nods and takes my hand with her much smaller one, letting me pull her to her feet.

She's unsteady on her heels, so I put my arm around her waist to support her.

"We'll stop by the front check-in to get your coat and phone. "

"Oh, okay. Thank you."

"You're welcome." She's probably going to be in shock for hours, which means I won't get to play with her anymore tonight. It's a shame, but how was I supposed to know someone would send an assassin after her?

Speaking of which, tomorrow morning, my cousins and I are going to have words, their wives too.

They have to at least give me a chance to come up with the blackmail to convince her to drop the charges before they send someone to kill her.

That won't solve shit, since the next DA will just pick up where Kirsten left off.

A few minutes later, I help her into her coat, put her phone in her hand, and flag down a taxi for her from the sidewalk in front of the club. "Are you going to be okay from here, or do you want me to come with you?"

She blinks and then says, "Should I call the police?"

"No."

"Why not? I was almost shot and —"

"He won't hurt you or anyone else ever again."

"How do you know?"

“Get in the car, Kirsten.”

Her lips part and I realize I’ve made a grave mistake.

“H-how do you know my name? I thought this was all supposed to be anonymous!”

She’s more concerned about me knowing her name than the fact that someone almost killed her.

“Go home and get some sleep.” I don’t tell her that I’ll make sure she’s safe, since I’m going to follow her to her apartment in my truck and sleep outside it tonight like usual.

Thankfully, she nods and then slips into the back of the taxi. I shut the door without another word, hating that it means the end of speaking to her tonight or probably any other time. I had my chance, and I blew it.

Actually, the gunman blew it for me. Now, I have to have words with my cousins and beg for more time before they kill the woman I’m obsessed with.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten

Someone shot at me, could have killed me tonight...and I don't have anyone to call and tell.

The guard was right. There's no point in calling the police now to report it, and I don't want to deal with the public knowing someone tried to kill me.

It could've been random, though.

But I doubt it.

I could've died right there in that alley while Natalie was fooling around with some guy, if not for the guard pushing me down.

The way he dove and covered me, it reminds me of how Creed Ferraro did the same thing in the SWAT team's body cam footage of the club raid.

Why that stood out to me, I'm not sure. I guess I just didn't expect the boss of all mob bosses in the city to protect someone rather than himself without a second thought.

It was like instinct for him to protect the woman.

A woman who matches the description of his wife he married a few days later, even though I couldn't find a single witness report of the woman.

Nobody has ever risked themselves for me before, which makes me feel indebted to the guard.

My whole life has been spent going to law school and prosecuting criminals because I wanted to keep people safe, but I don't know if I could've done what he did in the heat of the moment like that.

I froze up and was unable to think or move. I felt like a fool.

And now I know first-hand how the victims I talk to every day feel. Being that vulnerable, that close to dead, was scary.

I should report the shooting and see if there's surveillance video of the gunman because I have no doubt it was someone sent by the Ferraros.

Will they try again or give up now that he failed?

Reaching into the drawer beside my bed that I've spent the day in, I pull out my handgun and check to make sure it's loaded.

I have a feeling I'm going to need it.

Then I cave and grab my phone to call Bryan, the only person who'd give a shit about the shooting. He doesn't answer, though, and it goes to voicemail. I end the call rather than leave a message, unsure what I'd even say.

If I told him what happened, he'd probably insist on coming over, staying by my side, and put himself in danger.

I can't let him do that. Not just because he could get hurt, but because I don't want him to get hurt for me, since I don't love him and know I never will.

Tristan

“Tell Creed I need to see him,” I inform the two guards in black standing watch outside the Park Avenue penthouse door. It’s early as shit but I don’t care. I haven’t slept any and know I won’t until we have this meeting.

“He’s still asleep. Come back later,” Mario huffs.

“I’m his fucking blood, and I need to speak to him now!” Did Creed tell the guards not to let me in because he knew I’d be pissed about his failed hit on the DA?

Mario and Julian look at each other, and then Mario rolls his eyes before placing a call on his phone.

He winces when Creed answers. “Yes, sir, I know it’s early, but Tristan is demanding to see you right now.

” The guy waits and then nods. “Yes, sir. He said to send him in, but you’re to wait in the living room. ”

“Where else would I wait?” I huff as he unlocks and opens the door for me.

I’m too worked up to sit down, though. I’ve had so much coffee, I want to peel my skin off.

But I couldn’t sleep after everything was ruined last night and Kirsten was almost killed.

So, I sat outside her building until the sun came up, wide awake.

About two minutes later, Creed strolls into the open space wearing his pajama pants

and no shirt. “What is it?”

“Get Zara in here, Dre and Stella are on their way over too.”

“What the hell, Tristan? Why are you in my house screaming at me on a Saturday morning before I get rid of my morning wood?”

There’s a knock instead of a call for these visitors, since the guards know he’s already awake. Creed stomps over, and I hear the door open a moment later.

“What’s this about?” Andre asks Creed.

“No idea. But it better be life and death, or I’m going to murder our dear cousin.”

“That makes two of us,” Dre says before he appears in the living room with his wife right behind him. Stella looks a little green and even more annoyed than usual.

And not that I planned to look, but her boobs are gigantic even in the oversized sweatshirt she thinks will hide them.

Aw, shit. Big tits and looking like she’s gonna vomit can only mean one thing.

I’ve seen enough pregnant chicks to know she’s knocked up.

Not that any of them were pregnant by me.

That’s the one good thing about being celibate for the past few weeks, not having to worry about an accidental pregnancy.

“Are you going to stop staring at my wife’s tits and tell us what this is about or what?” Dre asks, snapping me out of my assessment.

“Just as soon as Zara joins us.”

“She’s obscenely pregnant,” Creed huffs. “I’m not waking her up.”

“Then I guess we’ll all have to wait —”

“Did you just call me obscenely fat?” her voice asks before she appears in the living room wearing a robe that matches Creed’s pajama pants. How disgustingly cute.

“No, micetta mia . I meant you’re very, very pregnant and need your rest.”

“Oh, stuff it up your ass.” Zara takes a seat on the sofa and tucks her feet underneath her. “Hi, Stella, Dre. I’d offer you breakfast, but we give our cook the weekends off,” she remarks with a glare at me.

“Fine, I’ll make this quick. Which one of you sent the shitty, unprofessional assassin after the DA last night?” The four of them all look at each other, but none look surprised by the news. “Goddammit! I told you to give me until Monday!”

“It wasn’t me.” Creed takes a seat next to Zara and wraps an arm around her shoulders. “Is my wife getting impatient?”

Zara shakes her head. “I’m pregnant. Killing someone innocent would probably curse our child. That’s not a risk I’m willing to take with karma.”

“Dre?” Creed asks. Our cousin, who is determined to get out of the charges to keep his law license, shakes his head.

“I’d prefer to take matters into my own hands if I were that desperate. Which I’m not.” He shrugs and looks at Stella with a tilt of his head, no doubt finally noticing her greenish hue or big boobs. “Anything you want to tell us, mia dolce vipera ?”

Ugh, these cheesy Italian nicknames my cousins came up with for their significant others makes me want to barf. I give a fake gag, and Stella's palm covers her mouth. "I need to use your restroom," she mumbles before she runs off.

"Sorry." Dre cringes. "I think she's got some sort of stomach virus."

"Poor thing," Zara remarks but doesn't look concerned about catching this so-called nasty virus. "I'll go check on her and ask if she hired the hitman."

"A shitty hitman who missed by a mile!" I call out as she follows the newly pregnant woman. "It was Stella," I assert, and Dre's face turns an awful reddish-purple shade.

"Do you want me to kick your ass? Because my wife isn't a —" He stops short of saying she's not a killer because we all know that'd be a lie.

Stella has killed — Creed's father in fact.

Not that the asshole didn't deserve her wrath after assaulting her when she was intoxicated, but it still required careful planning and carrying out his death in a way that wouldn't fall back on her.

Running his fingers through his dark hair, Dre says, "Unless Saint gave her the money, it wasn't Stella. We share a checking account, so I would've noticed if she withdrew a ton of cash."

I want to blurt out that's she's obviously pregnant and would do anything to keep her baby daddy out of prison, but that'd be an asshole move since she hasn't told him the news.

I'm guessing Stella knows if she did, it'd send Dre off the deep end and into taking out Kirsten on his own.

Stella probably thought she was doing him a favor when she hired the piece of shit. Or either Saint hired him for her...

I pace in front of the view of the wintery, sleepy city until the women join us again. Stella's color has returned to normal, so I ask her, "Did you or your brother send the assassin?"

"No! Jesus. I thought you were handling it this weekend. Isn't that what you promised?"

"Yes."

"Well, then why would I go through all the trouble to take her out if you could accomplish the same goal while letting her stay alive?"

Okay, so the viper sounds sincere. But that doesn't eliminate her twin. "Would Saint have any reason to go after Kirsten?" I ask before pointedly glancing down at her still flat belly. Stella's lips part in a gasp then looks to Dre who seems none the wiser. Jesus. Is he blind?

"No, Saint has his hands full with trying to get my sister back from the Sannas."

Right. That drama.

"Fine, so if it wasn't any of you, then who the hell was it?"

"What actually happened?" Creed asks. "Start from the beginning."

"A man started shooting at her in an alley last night. He missed. I chased him. He tried to climb over a dumpster, and when I grabbed him, he fell on his head. That was the end of our Q and A session."

“You killed him?” Zara whispers.

“He killed himself by not putting a hand out when he fell on his damn head. I tossed him in a dumpster and covered him with garbage afterward.”

“Ew,” Stella says right before she takes off to the bathroom again, yelling, “Sorry!”

Zara bites her lip to keep from smiling.

“I’ll go check on her this time,” Dre says. “I don’t know why she won’t let me take her to the emergency room or an urgent care. She’s been puking her guts out all week!”

Once he’s gone, Creed whispers to Zara, “Is she pregnant?” Zara nods and puts her finger to her lips, narrowing her eyes at her husband and then me.

“I won’t say a word. I figured it out as soon as she walked in the door,” I tell her. “Dre is an idiot.”

“She’s waiting to tell him after the charges are dismissed. Which is why you need to take care of that like yesterday,” Zara huffs.

“I was going to take care of it yesterday, and then bullets started flying!”

Creed sighs and scrubs his palm down his face. “I’ll be glad when this nightmare is over, and things can go back to normal.”

“Me too,” Zara agrees with her hand resting on her bump. “Maybe Dre just doesn’t want to see what’s right in front of him, knowing what the future may hold...”

“No, he’s completely clueless,” Creed mutters. “And it’s best if he stays that way so

he doesn't do anything rash."

"Exactly," Zara concurs, giving me an arched eyebrow heavy with disappointment.

"Fine, it was none of you, so I'll go get back to work," I tell them and start for the door. "But if I find out one of you lied to me, there will be hell to pay." I point a finger at the two of them in warning.

I need to call Natalie and see if she can figure out a way to get Kirsten's fine ass back to the club tonight.

Kirsten

"Hey, where did you disappear to last night?" Natalie asks when she Facetimes me Saturday afternoon. I debate whether to tell her the truth. "Did you end up with the hot guard in a private room?"

"No. After you disappeared into a private room, I went outside to get some air, and he followed me."

"Oh. Did you take him home with you?" she asks excitedly.

"No. There was someone else in the alley and he...He fired a gun at us. At me. The guard jumped on me and then chased after him."

"Oh," she says, wide eyes blinking in surprise. "He jumped in front of gunfire to protect you?" It sounds like she's having a hard time believing that, but it's exactly what happened.

"Yes. And then when he came back, he helped me get my things and sent me home in a taxi."

“Wow. Sounds like a real knight in shining armor.” Her voice sounds off, as if she’s angry that the guard was kind to me. “Are you going to go back and see him?”

“Ah, I don’t know. I mean, I feel like I should find some way to thank him,” I tell her, meaning not just for keeping me safe but for the much-needed orgasms.

“There is one thing every man wants and would never refuse...”

“What’s that?”

“A woman on her knees.”

“Oh. Right.”

I’ve given my fair share of oral sex in college and occasionally with Bryan when he tries to refuse a round of office sex.

It never fails to make him cave. But with a stranger, that demanding stranger who pushed me against a wall, spanked me for not following his orders, and then fingered me in front of a room full of people before saving my life?

Okay, yeah, I guess I wouldn’t mind showing him my appreciation in such a way or seeing his dick that felt enormous and having a little taste.

After all, he might’ve been right about us being perfect for each other.

In exchange for showing him my thanks, maybe he’ll agree to restrain me the way I’ve always wanted so I’m completely at his mercy.

Being in charge all day every day is a lot to handle.

It'd be nice to have a few minutes to surrender my tightly held control to someone else.

And while I may not know the guard, who can I trust more than a man who risked his life to save mine?

“Okay, I'll go back tonight and see if he's working.”

“Oh, he will be,” Natalie replies with what sounds like a disappointed sigh. “I can almost bet he wouldn't miss it for the world. Do you want me to go with you?”

“Ah, yeah, sure. If you don't mind?”

“Meet you there at nine?”

“Perfect.”

I don't tell Natalie I barely slept last night, worried about someone else coming after me.

There's no safer place I can think of without alerting the media than with the massive, muscular guard. Which is exactly where I plan to be tonight.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten

As soon as Natalie and I walk into the underground club, masks securely in place, I search for him and find him looking bored, his arms crossed over his broad chest. Tonight, he wears a plain black tee and pants with his silver gladiator mask.

Seeing me in the line, he lowers his arms and takes a step forward.

But I still have to get to the check-in desk, which takes several minutes.

“He certainly looks happy to see you,” Natalie remarks from behind.

“You think so?”

“Yes. Just...be careful with him.”

Hearing her cautious tone, I look over my shoulder at her. “You don’t think I should go in a private room with him?”

“Oh. No. I mean, yes, definitely. Just, be careful and have fun. After what happened last night, you deserve some pleasure.”

“About that...could you please not tell anyone someone shot at me?”

“Nothing that happens this weekend will ever leave my lips,” she promises with a glance at the guard. “I’m great at following orders.”

“Next,” the man at the desk says, and it’s my turn.

Moments later, my phone, purse, and coat are turned in, and I approach the masked man who made me feel things I’ve never felt before.

“You’re back,” my guard says with what sounds like relief as he grabs my waist and backs me up to the wall in the front check-in room. His touch is a little rough and possessive but comforting all at the same time.

“I’m back. I was hoping to see you, actually.”

“Oh yeah?” He feels me up on the pretense of looking for weapons in my tight, creamy satin dress that looks more like a nightie. The front of it drapes so low all my cleavage and even a little bit of my abdomen shows, which means I couldn’t wear a bra with it.

“I wanted to thank you for last night.”

“You’re welcome.” He reaches around to grab two handfuls of my ass, pulling me so close to his body I can feel his arousal through the front of his pants.

“No, I meant, show you my thanks...” I trail off, and his eyes snap up from my boobs to my face.

“Oh really? Show me how exactly?”

“Would you want...Do you want to see if there’s a private room available?” I ask. Taking my hand, he pulls me along behind him so fast a laugh escapes me. “I’ll take that as a yes,” I say as we enter the main part of the club.

“Hell yes,” he says over his shoulder as his eyes dip to my breasts. He groans and

faces forward again, aiming for the closest private room. A second later, we're inside, and he's locking it. Locking us inside alone together.

When he sees my gaze focused on the lock, he says, "Don't worry, sweetheart. All the monitors have keys. Every door uses the same one."

"Oh?"

Gripping my hips, he urges me deeper into the room. "If you scream, someone will come running."

"Right."

"Unless your mouth is full..."

Oh shit. I wet my lips and glance down at the bulge in the front of his pants, remembering why I asked him to go into a private room. This was my idea after all.

"You're in complete control, you know," he says as if reading my mind. "Unless you hand over control to me, you call all the shots."

He walks us back until we reach a small leather sofa, and sits down, leaving me standing. "Emergency call button is right there." He points to the big red button that's within reach of my seat, which puts me more at ease.

I glance around the rest of the room, since it's the first time being inside one.

There are chains coming out of the ceiling in a corner, wooden stocks Natalie likes, and then a metal and leather seat like thing hanging nearby.

It takes me a moment to realize it's a sex swing, made for a woman's legs to be

spread and suspended.

“Something catch your eye?”

I should ask him his name, since he knows mine, but that would defeat the purpose of it being anonymous sex. “The, um, swing looks...interesting.”

“I could strap you in if you want. There’s a red cord for a help button, but once you’re restrained with my tongue between your legs, I don’t think you’ll be screaming for me to stop.”

Oh wow. Imagining that scenario has my panties drenched. It’s embarrassing how wet I already am, and he’s barely spoken to me or touched me.

“Maybe later,” I say, even though I’m eager to try out the swing. “First...” I start and then lower to my knees between his spread thighs. “First, I want to thank you. You didn’t have to do that last night...”

“And I am more than willing to accept your gratitude.” Without further encouragement, the guard reaches for the front of his belt. He draws it out of the loops and tosses it down on the sofa next to him. “In case you want me to use that on you later.”

“Maybe.” I eye the black leather. Too bad it’s not toga night. That would’ve made getting to him much easier. But a moment later, his pants are undone.

I reach up and help him tug the sides down his thighs far enough that his erection springs free. He’s not wearing any underwear. Okay, then.

I guess it’s time to do what I came here for, even though I’ve never done this with a man I haven’t even kissed. Still, I want to.

As soon as I wrap my fingers around his girth, the man throws his head back and groans.

“I, um, have a horrible gag reflex,” I warn him.

“Oh yeah? That’s one of my favorite fucking sounds.”

His remark is a little ominous , I can’t help but think right before he grabs the back of my head and pulls my mouth toward his cock. I open wide expecting him to ease inside.

Boy, was I wrong.

He thrust his hips up and pulls my head forward at the same time, hitting the back of my throat and making me gag.

“Fuck, yes. More.” He repeats the move, over and over again as if enjoying the sounds of my discomfort. I begin to panic the fourth time I choke on him. My fingernails dig into the fabric of his pants, his thighs, trying to pull away. Instead, he tugs me forward, his strength holding me there.

When I whimper and glance up at him, he’s grinning down at me, eyes fully black in the mask.

“You’re going to take all of me before I lick your pussy, aren’t you?

” Using the grip on my hair, he yanks my head back and forth as if making me nod.

“Just a little more.” His grip tightens painfully, pulling strands from my scalp, causing me to scream around him.

“Fuck, yes!” He becomes feral the more sounds I make.

Tears stream down my cheeks as I gag repeatedly. I’ve never been treated so disrespectfully before and I...I’m squeezing my thighs together to try and relieve the throbbing need between them.

When I lower one of my hands to help relieve the ache while he fucks my mouth like a depraved person, the guard grabs it and slides it underneath his balls, curling my fingers around the soft skin there. “You don’t get to come...until I do. And I need to come so fucking bad.”

His thrusts grow shallow but speed up, so I’m no longer choking. I moan around his pistoning shaft while applying suction and giving his balls a gentle squeeze, tugging on them so he can’t come yet.

“You act so prim and proper...but you want to be treated like a dirty slut, don’t you?”

I moan longer, louder before holding his eyes, begging him to use me, to hurt me, to dominate me like no one ever has before.

His dark eyes flash as if in a challenge, and he pulls my head forward, keeping it there as he groans through the spurts of his release. I gag until he pulls back, then slowly brings me forward again and again until the hot gushes finally stop.

When he lets go of my hair, I pull off him, gasping for air.

“You’re so much prettier with makeup and tears running down your cheeks and my cum on your lips.

” He swipes both sides of my face to dry it, then uses his untucked black tee to wipe my mouth.

With a soft slap on my cheek, he says, “Take your panties off and get in the swing. I’m going to fucking devour you until you can’t walk straight. ”

When I manage to get to my feet and stagger, he laughs. I already can’t walk straight. But I make it over to the device. Holding on to the chain, I reach under my dress and tug my panties down my legs, kicking them off so I can hop in.

Before I can figure out where my legs even go, the guard stands and zips his pants, headed for me like a man on a mission.

He lifts my right leg and places it in the sling while glancing down at my face, as if seeking an objection.

I have none, so he does the same with the left ankle, then reaches for my left hand.

Stretching it up, he fastens one wrist with the Velcro, then the other, until I’m completely at his mercy.

“Good?” he asks, and I nod, looking up to the dangling red cord within my fingers reach even though my wrists are restrained.

Or the string was within reach until the guard smirks and ties it up so I can’t grab it. “You won’t need it,” he promises before he drops to his knees between my legs that are spread apart so wide, it’s almost uncomfortable for my inner thighs.

Leaning forward, he doesn’t waste any time burying his face in me. I feel the brush of the tip of his nose first, making me jerk in the restraints. It’s quickly followed by the tip of his tongue that flattens and licks me from my asshole to clit slowly, drawing out the torture.

“Yes! Right there!” I scream when he finally reaches that bundle of nerves. He

batters it with his tongue a few times before dipping back down and shoving it inside me. “Mmm, you are soaking wet from sucking my cock. You liked gagging on it, having me hold your head down, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” I whimper. “I’ve never...had anyone...”

“You’ve sucked plenty of cock but never had your mouth fucked?” The huff of his chuckle ghosting over my damp center.

I shake my head, unable to speak a single word.

“Best blow job I’ve ever had,” he says, making me nearly glow with pride. “I don’t want a woman who can deep throat like a pro. I prefer to force it all the way down while you fight every second of the way.”

“Oh god.” My head falls back as his tongue returns to my clit, sucking on it and sending me soaring.

While I’m moaning through the pleasure, he shoves two fingers inside me and starts fucking me with them so hard and fast the swing sways with the movements.

In, long pause, out, his tongue licks my clit.

Over and over again until I’m so sensitive and turned on I’m jerking on the wrist restraints, my hips trying to buck toward his face with every long pause.

The guard laughs darkly at my struggle, knowing I’m trapped until he lets me go.

“Get comfortable, sweetheart. I’m going to eat your pussy all night long.”

How can I possibly argue with that?

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten

I wake up content, cozy, and overly warm. Which is strange since it's the middle of winter, and there's usually a draft coming from my bedroom windows.

A strong arm holds me tight across my breasts while a large palm sprawls over my stomach underneath my pajama top, pulling me against the massive force behind me that's demanding entry.

The arm, the pressure, it all feels really damn good. My panties are soaking wet before I even rock my hips back, grinding my bottom against the hardness I need poking me just a little bit lower if I weren't wearing any clothes...

My eagerness is rewarded with a deep masculine groan. "Good morning to you too, sweetheart."

I open my eyes, more awake than if I had drunk all the coffee in a Starbucks. I never go home with a date or bring him back to my apartment, so how the hell did he get here?

Jumping out of bed, I scramble to open the top drawer of the nightstand where I keep my loaded gun. The muzzle is aiming toward the head of the bed before I even take in the face of the intruder.

It's a handsome face that looks so damn smug I want to smack him or shoot him. He shows no visible fear at me pointing the weapon at him as he stretches his bare, muscular arms over his head, still grinning as he keeps his half-lidded eyes on me.

“Morning regrets already?”

“I don’t know what you’re doing here, but you need to get out of my apartment.”

Not a single inch of his big, powerful body twitches. Why isn’t he moving? And how the hell did he end up in my bed?

“Did you drug me?” I ask, concluding that’d be the only way for me to forget the details of the night before. I remember being in the sexy club, fooling around with the masked man who saved my life, but nothing else. Well, nothing but screaming in pleasure until my throat grew sore...

“Did I drug you?” the stranger repeats, then scoffs with a roll of his dark eyes. “All I did was pull that stick out of your ass by giving you a few desperately needed orgasms.”

Flashes of images begin to assault my mind when he says ‘orgasms’.

Last night, I went to that stupid club in search of the handsy, masked man who saved my life, intending to thank him. And, as I expected, the guy was eager enough to accept my method of thanks with me on my knees.

With the mask on I felt empowered, like I could be someone else for a few hours with him.

I could let go and be myself without fear of someone finding out and ruining my career.

And after I gave him a blowjob, the roughest one I’ve ever endured, he went down on me multiple times in that damn swing.

A sex swing! Did we fuck? No, I don't feel sore between my legs, and based on his immense size, I know the masked guy.

I, thankfully, didn't have sex, since protection would have been the furthest thing from my mind.

Still, I don't know this strange man, and I don't remember how he got into my apartment. It could be my masked savior, but it's hard to know for sure.

"You passed out after all the thrashing and screaming, so I brought you home and tucked you into bed," he explains. "Your keys were in your purse, which I grabbed."

I shake my head because I've never been so out of it that I wouldn't remember being carried home.

"You're the masked guard."

He nods once.

Oh crap. And he knows my name. If he figures out who I am, the job I hold, all it would take is one word from his lips to screw me over.

His lips remain twisted in a grin as he stares at me in that knowing way.

Of course, I can't look at his mouth without remembering how good it felt between my legs.

"You brought me home and just decided to crawl into bed with me?" Why does he look familiar now that his mask is off?

He huffs and shakes his head. "You still don't know who I am, do you?"

How is he doing that, answering all my questions before I can even voice them?

“Don’t worry. I’m sure it’ll come to you soon enough,” he tells me with a wink and widening smirk.

And that’s when it hits me.

I’ve seen his face, that smirk in a photo. Not just any photo, but a mugshot.

“You’re a Ferraro!”

God, I’m an idiot. After being careful for so many years, one night may ruin my entire career. He knew who I was. This was all a fucking setup.

“You really should ask a man his name before you wrap your lips around his —”

My indignant gasp cuts him off as my arms shake, making the gun wobble.

I fooled around with a defendant!

Not just any defendant, but one of the mobsters who has a reputation for bludgeoning and murdering people who piss off his boss.

“Get out or I will pull the trigger!” I warn him. I’ve never shot anyone before, but if I had to, I wouldn’t miss him.

Still, he doesn’t move, as if he thinks I’m bluffing.

“Fine. Stay. Wait for the police to show up so they can haul your ass away to jail! I’ll make sure you never see the light of day again.”

He chuckles. “Aww, your little threats are cute, sweetheart. But they’re a waste of time.”

Why won’t he fucking leave? Why isn’t he scared of me shooting and killing him or having him arrested?

I need to find my phone. Whatever is going on with him, I’m embarrassed and a little terrified. A lot terrified since there have been death threats. I need backup.

Glancing around my bedroom, I search for my phone. Where the hell is it? Last night, I turned it over when I checked into the club, as required, and then...

The gangster in my bed snaps his fingers. “I forgot to grab your phone before we left last night. Just got your purse and coat. Oops.”

“Stop doing that!” I shout.

“Stop doing what?” He places his arm over his head again and squirms deeper into the covers, getting more comfortable in my bed.

“Stop answering me before I ask questions.”

“Sorry. I’ll just lie here and wait for your pretty mouth to spit them out.” He eyes my lips with an arched eyebrow, waiting...

“Give me your phone.”

“Sure, thing, sweetheart.” Ugh, that fake term of endearment grates on my nerves.

His grin is about to split his face before he leans over, opening my nightstand drawer and digging inside.

The sheets slip down with his movement, showing me his broad bare back and enough ass crack for me to realize he's naked.

He's naked in my bed and was just pressed up against me while I was sleeping!

"Here you go." He tosses the device on the bed near me without hesitation.

This has to be some sort of trick. He won't actually give me his code to unlock his phone or use it...

"Code's one-one-one...and, you guessed it, one," he tells me without prompting.

Keeping the gun in my right hand, I snatch the device with my left and use my thumb to punch in the passcode, which works.

"Before you call the police, how about you take a look through my camera roll," the son of a bitch says calmly. "There are some videos I think you're going to want to see."

I should ignore his comment and punch in 9-1-1, but my curiosity gets the best of me. Besides, what's another minute going to hurt? I need a little more time to figure out how the hell I'm going to explain to the cops why a defendant is naked in my bed.

The most recent video in the camera roll is taken in a dark room. At first, it's hard to tell what I'm looking at. Then, when I can, I nearly drop the device.

It's me, strung up in the sex swing, my thighs spread wide open.

My head is tipped back so far, I can't see my face, and I'm not moving, just hanging there.

The camera moves closer, close enough to see the arousal dripping down my inner thighs and every-fucking-thing in between.

Then the view moves up to my bare breasts before a man's hand reaches out to lift the mask from my face.

That stirs me, but with my arms still fastened above, I just shake my head with a mumble, and the hand puts the mask back in place.

A flush that had spread across my cheeks races down my throat, to my chest, until it encompasses my entire body. I think I may erupt like a human torch in the middle of my bedroom.

"It was you all along..." I state, feeling like an idiot.

If he responds, I don't hear him as I scroll to the next video. This one is taken from farther away, but the man on his knees, his face between my legs is clear. I startle at the sound of my loud moans before scrolling to the next video, unable to watch another second.

But the third one is even worse.

I'm on my knees with my mouth full of the man in my bed as he thrusts so deep into my throat I gag and try to pull away. He lets me but only for a second before he roughly shoves down my throat again and again, faster and faster, as if he's enjoying my discomfort and being in complete control.

"Do I really need to spell this out for you?" the asshole in my bed asks. "You're a smart woman. I bet you have it all figured out by now."

"You...you're blackmailing me."

“All you have to do is dismiss the cases against me and my cousins, and no one else will ever see those videos except me.”

The club doesn't allow phones, so how the hell did he sneak his in? And based on the angle of the other videos, he had to have installed a camera in the ceiling.

But then, who checks the security team? As an employee, he'd have time to sneak into the room and plant the device without anyone else knowing.

It was all a set up.

Even the night before. I just wonder how he knew I'd come back...

“You planted the man in the alley so you could swoop in at just the right moment!”

“No.” The way his jaw ticks and his face goes from smug to angry in half a second is scary. “That wasn't me.”

“Then how did you just so happen to be there at the exact second he shot at me?” I exclaim in disbelief. “Were they blanks?”

“No, the bullets were real. And I was there because I've been watching you for weeks. When you left the club, I left too.”

Watching me? “You mean you've been stalking me?”

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

A shiver races down my spine at the thought of him following me without me knowing for weeks. I look up at the ceiling in my bedroom, wondering if he planted a goddamn camera in here too.

“This is the first time I’ve been in your apartment,” he remarks, knowing exactly what I was searching for.

I feel so exposed, so ashamed and angry, really fucking angry. I throw his phone at him so fast it smacks him in the nose before he can grab it out of the air. “Get out, or I will put a bullet in your goddamn head!” I yell as I use both hands to hold the gun in a stronger grip.

Glaring at me, he rubs the bridge of his nose. “That fucking hurt. And was completely unnecessary.”

“GET OUT !” I scream loud enough for the entire building to hear.

“Are you gonna dismiss the cases?” He’s still reclined in my bed but with his arms lowered in his lap in case I throw more shit at him.

No.

The word pops into my head because it’s my first instinct to not bend to the pressure.

I knew it wouldn’t be easy to be the District Attorney of New York City, but I was determined to make the city a safer place by locking up the criminals. I swore to myself I’d never take any bribes or do any other shady shit. The guilty should all be

treated the same.

“You’re really going to throw your career down the drain for three little gun charges?” the asshole asks. “I mean, you’re obviously a gun owner as well. It’s all about personal safety, right? Why should we be denied that right just because the city says we can’t carry a weapon?”

Dammit.

The choice between my career and letting three cases go...I want to say screw it; I’ll give it up and go into private practice.

But the thought of my parents seeing those videos, of the entire world finding out what I did to a criminal, what I let him do to me, is too shameful.

“Fine,” I grit out.

“Really?” the smug bastard sits up and smirks, causing the sheets to fall to his lap and display the tattoo across his chest and chiseled abs. It should be illegal for evil men to look so good.

“Yes, but only if you get the fuck out, right now!”

“Mmm,” he mutters before he throws the covers off and climbs out of my bed, revealing every bare inch of himself. I try not to glance down, but my eyes lower to the long, hard inches I’m, unfortunately, intimately familiar with already.

He comes to a stop in front me, close enough that there’s only a few inches between us. I hold my ground, refusing to back up a step or show fear which means the muzzle of my gun presses into the center of his chest.

He's a brave bastard; I'll give him that. And he's incredibly aroused by his blackmailing. His erection would be touching me if it wasn't standing straight up against his abdomen.

"My nose hurts like hell," he complains.

At his unexpected comment, I glance at his face, having to tilt my head back since he's seven or eight inches taller than me.

"I'll leave and delete the videos, after you apologize."

My back teeth grind together in outrage. I want to refuse, but I also want this son of a bitch out of my apartment as soon as possible. I never want to see him again. I snap, "I'm sorry I threw the phone at your nose."

"You're not sorry you hurt me, though, are you?"

"No."

"And that apology wasn't even close to convincing. Besides, I didn't say I wanted a verbal apology..."

"Wh-what..."

"Get on your knees."

"No fucking way!"

"Get on your knees, and apologize with your mouth, Kirsten, or I'll send these videos right now."

” When I don’t move, he smugly adds, “What’s the big deal, sweetheart?

It’s not like you haven’t done it before.

And trust me, I know just how much you enjoyed it the first time.

I tasted every drop of your enjoyment. It was literally dripping from you before I touched you. ”

My face flames even hotter in shame, wishing I could take the night back and never had gone to that goddamn club. If Natalie knew it was a setup, she’s going to regret it. “I hate you, you manipulative son of a bitch,” I grit out.

“Good. Now hate me on your knees while choking on my dick.” Holding his phone in one hand, he places the other on the top of my head and applies pressure, trying to push me down to the floor.

I hold his gaze, and he now looks just as furious as I feel for some damn reason. And not the least bit intimidated by the gun still pressed to his sternum.

“You don’t think I’ll shoot you?”

“If you were going to shoot me, you would’ve pulled the trigger by now.”

The cocky asshole. I should do it, blow a hole right through the damn tiger and dragon tattoo on his chest.

But...I can’t.

I can’t put my mouth on him again either. I won’t!

When I continue to hesitate, he lifts the phone in his hands, taps a few times on the device, and then fills the room with the sounds of my screams of pleasure, making me wince.

“I wonder how much of this they’ll actually be able to show on all the news stations.

My guess is not much, just enough for everyone to know you’re a dirty little slut. ”

My palm flies up, connecting with the side of his bearded face before I even realize what I’m doing. Ferraro doesn’t even gasp in shock or look surprised. Instead, he grins and looks...happy.

“I was going to give you the option of pulling off before I finish, but now...now you’re going to swallow every drop of my cum.

” The palm on the top of my head grabs a handful of my hair and painfully tugs it from my scalp, making me cry out.

Leaning down into my face, he snarls, “Kneel. Now, Kirsten.”

Hearing my name, my knees wobble with enough fear that he’s able to push me down to the floor. A warmth grows inside me at the command in his voice, the dominance of his grip. I hate him even more for that than I do for blackmailing me and making me do this.

“If you even think about using your teeth, I’ll send the videos to Creed and Andre,” he warns above me as his fingers move over the phone in his free hand, obviously drafting the text message.

I couldn’t put a bullet in him, so I know I won’t be able to take a chunk out of his dick with my teeth, as much as I wish I could.

Using the painful grip on my hair, he tugs my face forward so that his shaft rams into my nose, no doubt as punishment for me hitting his nose with his phone.

“Open wide,” he orders. “Put the gun down and use both hands. Do it right the first time and I’ll leave. If not, I’ll stay until your belly is full of my cum, and you can take all of me like a retired fucking whore.”

I swallow at the thought of having to do this for hours. The shame is enough now that I wish I’d die right here on the floor.

But my survival instincts kick in. Placing my gun next to me, I reach up to wrap both hands around his long shaft, squeezing tight enough to make him gasp but not enough to hurt the bastard.

After all, he’s not wrong. I’ve done this once before already.

Willingly. Eagerly. I... enjoyed it when I thought he was a sexy stranger who felt me up at the security check and then saved my life.

For a few minutes, I can pretend we’re back at the club, and I haven’t seen his face yet or heard his name.

Closing my eyes, I part my lips and feed the first inch between them slowly while fisting the base of his shaft harder.

As soon as the tip of his length touches my tongue, he snaps, shouting, “Fuck!” Batting my hands away, he adjusts his stance, widening his legs.

“Hands on my balls and keep them there.” I do what he wants, squeezing two handfuls.

Hard. Even knowing I'm pressing my luck I don't care as he yells, "Shit!"

His hips thrust at the same time he yanks my face forward by my hair, shoving his cock so deep it hits the back of my throat.

The harder I squeeze him the more rabid he becomes, holding my head hostage with an impressive strength as he uses my mouth like he owns it.

He groans as if in agony above me, warming my belly even more.

I shouldn't be turned on by his reaction, by his torment. But some deep, dark part of me is thrilled to be at his mercy in this way again, just like last night and the night before. I enjoy the taste of him and his dominance over me.

Which makes me hate myself more than I hate him as he furiously pumps in and out of my mouth.

I'm not sure if he's in a hurry to get this over with, or if he's so turned on, he's not going to last much longer. It's only been a few seconds, and I already taste his salty flavor. He's panting heavily in between masculine grunts and growls.

"That's it. Take it all. I know you can. Every long, thick inch..."

My gag reflex chooses that moment to kick in. I release the grip on his balls to press my palms to his bare thighs, trying to push him away so I can take a breath. Of course, he doesn't budge, just groans and fucks my mouth even faster. Tears run down my cheeks as he races to the finish line.

"I wanted to come in your cunt this morning, but this is even better," the asshole says.

That's why he was in bed naked with me? He thought after last night I'd let him

inside me?

And then I remember how I woke up, pressing back against his hardness, grinding myself on it while his big palm clutched my stomach underneath my pajama top. Pajamas I'm still wearing...

He put me in pajamas?

He could've stripped me naked, and I never would've known as he slept against me.

For some reason, that makes me feel a tiny bit better.

At the same time, if I'd been sleeping with him behind me, both of us nude, he probably would've ended up inside me before I completely woke up and realized what was happening...

Why does the thought of him doing that to me turn me on too?

I don't have any further time to dwell on my pathetic issues, since Tristan's dick swells.

"I'm coming! So...fucking...hard..." His release explodes in my throat, making me struggle to swallow the thick, hot substance and breathe at the same time.

Some of his cum escapes my lips, running down my chin with my saliva at the same time my panties become drenched.

Damn him.

I can't believe I let him do that. Again.

I pull off as soon as he releases my hair. Reaching down, his thumb swipes over the dampness on my cheek, then moves to wipe at the hot, thick substance on my chin while I try to wipe it all away.

“God, you’re so pretty when you’re a fucking mess.” He chuckles as he looks down at me, making me feel even more ashamed of what I’ve done, what I’m doing, letting him manipulate me into sucking him off, and worse, dropping the charges.

He tries to shove his coated thumb in between my parted lips, but I turn my head, spitting out the remains of him onto the floor.

Suddenly, he grabs the top of my hair again, forcing me to look at him.

Instead of being smug and triumphant about getting exactly what he wanted, his bearded jaw is clenched tight, dark eyes narrowed in anger, confusing me even more.

Did I not suck him how he likes? God, no telling how many other mouths have been on the disgusting man.

I shouldn’t have agreed... “You’ll dismiss the cases by tomorrow at noon, or everyone will see how good you are at sucking cock and know what every inch of your pussy looks like. ”

Okay, so he thought it was good?

That shouldn’t be my first takeaway from his comment.

Releasing my hair, he walks away from me and moves to the pile of clothes in the chair.

He gets dressed with his back to me while I remain kneeling, sitting back on my

heels, unsure if my legs will hold my weight yet.

I pick up the gun but don't bother aiming it at him.

He knows I won't use it, so it's a worthless threat.

Besides, he's already got what he wanted.

The only time he looks at me is when he's fully dressed and making sure I see him slip his own gun into the back of his pants. A gun he's illegally carrying...

"I've got your phone number, so I'll be sure to send you all the videos for you to enjoy later.

" He winks, then walks over and stops right in front of me.

"Someone wants you dead. You might want to figure out who before they come for you again, and I'm not there to stop them.

" Then his heavy booted footsteps move past me.

I hold my breath until I hear my apartment door slam shut.

God, what have I done?

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten

“Kirsten, hi,” Natalie says softly when she opens her apartment door for me. “What are you doing here so early?”

“Take a guess,” I snap. I’m still shaking all over out of anger or fear or shock.

I’m not sure which. After the asshole left, I checked my gun and found it empty.

All the bullets were rolling around the drawer, which is why the son of a bitch wasn’t afraid I’d shoot him.

Then, I went to the club and banged on the door until someone opened it and gave me my phone.

He wasn’t lying about sending me the videos either. Seeing them, I wanted to crawl into one of the piles of trash at the curb and never come out again.

“Bad night? I couldn’t find you when I was ready to leave the club, and you didn’t return my texts...”

I hold up my palm that trembles with the urge to slap her across her lying face. “Stop. Just stop playing dumb. You set me up, didn’t you? How fucking could you, Natalie?”

Her smile falls and her eyes lower. “You know?”

“I know!”

“I’m sorry. I just really needed the money, okay?”

“He paid you to set me up so he could blackmail me?” I grit out through my clenched teeth.

She nods.

“How much?” I ask. “How much did he pay you to literally help him fuck me over?”

“All together? About twenty-five thousand.”

“He paid you twenty-five thousand dollars? I guess that was money well spent, since he got exactly what he was after thanks to the video of me blowing him — a dismissal of the charges against him and his mobster friends!”

“Okay, I didn’t have any part in what you did with him,” Natalie huffs. “He just paid me to invite you to the club and then get you to come back. That’s it.”

“Oh, you’re just so fucking innocent, then, aren’t you?” I yell, not caring if I wake up her neighbors. “How do you even know that asshole?”

She shrugs. “Tristan and I met at the club one night. I didn’t know he had ulterior motives with me until he took me into one of those private rooms. He knew I worked in the DA’s office —”

“Oh my God.”

“Tristan worked me over for hours...” she trails off while biting her bottom lip as if recalling the pleasant memories.

I really don't want to know the details, but one thing is clear. "You fucked him?"

"I guess it would be more accurate to say he fucked me, while I was in the stocks, after he spanked me for information about you and withheld orgasms."

"Wow." God, I feel so stupid, even more so. What did I think, that I was special? That the mobster wanted to screw around with me, and that getting the charges dropped was just a bonus? It was all an act. One he pulled on Natalie too.

"Am I going to get fired?" she whispers.

Can I legally fire her for luring me to a sex club where I willingly fooled around with a defendant who recorded it? Doubtful. Besides, do I really want her giving that statement to the unemployment office? Or have someone ask for proof of the video? Hell no.

"I'm not firing you, but you better stay the hell away from him. And me. If you pull anything like this again, I'll get Bryan to charge you with drug possession. Then, if you try to tell anyone the truth about what happened, it'll look like you're lying to get out of them."

She winces and nods. "I really am sorry, Kirsten."

"He was in my apartment, in my bed naked when I woke up this morning, and I didn't know how he got there!"

"Oh shit. Tristan promised me that he wouldn't hurt you. He didn't, did he?"

I want to say yes, but instead I scoff and spin around to leave.

Physically, he didn't do anything to harm me.

Emotionally? Psychologically? He very well may have broken me beyond repair because tomorrow, I have to go into the courthouse and do the one thing I swore to myself I'd never do — dismiss the cases against the biggest mobsters in the whole fucking city.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Tristan

“Here you fucking go,” I say to Creed when I walk into his office Monday afternoon and toss the paperwork on his desk.

“What’s this...” he starts as he picks it up. Then his eyes widen, and I swear they get a little misty. “Our cases were dismissed?”

“With prejudice,” I tell him. “That’s legalese for we can’t ever be charged again.”

“Holy shit. You actually did it!” My cousin hops up out of his chair and comes around his desk to hug me, gripping me so enthusiastically he manages to lift my feet about an inch off the floor.

“I told you I would handle it,” I remind him as I push him away. While I know this is a huge win for our family, I can’t help but feel like it cost me Kirsten.

Sure, she had no idea I was a small part of her life, lurking around in my truck, following her for weeks. But I miss it, seeing her, talking to her. Arguing with her. Licking her.

“I’ve got to go tell Zara,” Creed declares as he starts for the door. “And tonight, we’re all going out and celebrating.”

“Celebrating where? And only three out of five of us can even drink right now,” I point out.

“I bet Stella will finally tell Dre she’s pregnant. I want to see the look on his face when he finds out he’s going to be a father. Call and tell her the cases were dismissed but ask her to wait until tonight to break the news to him.”

“I was actually headed over to their apartment next. Dre’s probably at work, so I’ll talk to her, then go by his office to give him the copies of the dismissal.”

“Perfect. I’ll find us a private room at Rosi’s after I tell my wife.”

The mention of a private room makes me think about the one in which Kirsten got on her knees for me. While Natalie told me that the DA wanted to thank me for saving her life, I didn’t know she intended to do it with her mouth on my dick.

God, that was the best surprise ever.

And now she knows the truth about who I am. Kirsten thinks I set up the assassin too. The fact that someone wants her dead and she’s blaming me won’t end well for her. I should probably keep an eye on her just in case they try again.

I hurry to Dre’s apartment, in a rush to get back to the courthouse to watch over Kirsten.

Stella answers the door looking at me expectantly.

“Cases dismissed.” I hold up the paperwork for her to see the words herself on the same page as Dre’s name.

She slaps her palm to her chest. “Thank God.”

“Thank me,” I scoff. “My hard work paid off.”

“Finally,” she tacks on with a grin. “But yes, thank you, Tristan. Dre is going to be so happy —”

Her phone is already in her hand when I say, “Wait. I’m going to see him right now to give him the paperwork. The reason I came by here first is because Creed wants us to go out and celebrate. And he asked if you would wait to tell Dre you’re knocked up until we’re all together.”

Her eyes narrow. “You all know?”

“Yesterday you were literally a pale shade of green, and your tits were twice as big as the last time I saw them. Of course, I knew. Creed and Zara do, too, so could you oblige our cousin by waiting to tell Dre tonight?”

“Fine,” she agrees with a sigh. “I guess it’s the least I can do for you saving him from a prison sentence. Could you all just pretend to act surprised? I don’t want him to know he’s the last to find out.”

“I’ll make sure everyone looks shocked as shit,” I promise her.

Why am I dreading this dinner tonight with my family, my best friends and their wives?

It can’t be because my cousins are coupled up, and I’ll be showing up alone, right? No, that’s insane. I’m not the type to settle down. Besides, the only woman I want to spend more than a night with hates my guts and is probably thinking of all the ways she can ruin my life.

Kirsten doesn’t look like the type who takes this level of embarrassment lying down. Even if she doesn’t have anything to be embarrassed about. Not really. I spent an hour with my face between her legs, pleasuring her. So, while her going down on me

was fucking amazing, we're far from even.

Kirsten

"Here's the press release about the dismissals," I say when I drop the files on Natalie's desk.

"Send it out now. When they call, tell them I'm out of the office for the rest of the day.

"Am I taking the coward's way out by not having a press conference?

Hell yes, but I'm too furious to deal with reporters today.

"Ah, okay. But why can't Vera do it?" she asks, referring to my personal paralegal.

"Because I want you to handle it." I stare her down. She's responsible for this shit.

"Right. Sure. I'll get right on it."

"You do that," I mutter before I head for the door with my coat and briefcase. I need to get out of the office. I can't stay here a second longer, feeling like a fraud, like the person I swore to myself I'd never be — a district attorney who can be paid off for a beneficial outcome.

If anyone finds out the real reason why I dropped the charges, my life as I know it will be over. No law firm would ever hire me even in private practice. The Bar would probably take my license. I'll be labeled an organized crime sympathizer at best or someone on the mob's payroll at worst.

Before I even make it out of the courthouse, my phone blows up with messages and

calls from local news reporters, wondering about my sudden decision to drop the cases based on ‘evidence tampering’.

The police department will be up my ass any second for putting the blame on them when they didn’t do anything wrong. Still, it was the easiest explanation.

Besides, while I hate to admit it publicly, the way the raid at the nightclub went down was bullshit.

Those cops went in shooting before announcing themselves to the owner or the patrons.

That’s how Creed Ferraro’s brother, Carmine, was killed.

It’s shocking others weren’t shot and killed as well, Tristan fucking Ferraro included.

God, I can’t even think about the asshole’s name without my blood pressure shooting sky high, making me want to break something or hit something — his face in particular. Or his balls.

I thought he was a good guy, one who saved me. I thought I could trust him, and I was so wrong.

He’s the last person in the world I ever should’ve put my trust in, and yet, I let him manipulate me without ever knowing his identity.

I’m certain that the club owner knew what he was up to and didn’t intervene. I should have the whole place shut down. But if the owner, Joel, knows about the videos, well, he could release them to get back at me.

All I can do now is keep my mouth shut, my head high, and my life squeaky clean.

No more sex in my office with Bryan either.

I don't want any type of sex scandal to be brought to light and prompt more investigating into my private life on the chance my visit to the club will be discovered.

God, I hate that mobster more than I've ever hated anyone in my life.

And there's not a damn thing I can do to hurt him back.

Screw that.

There must be some way to ruin his miserable outlaw life without it coming back on me. I just have to be patient and think it through.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Tristan

That night at our family celebration, I somehow end up sitting at the end of the table with Saint Rovina.

I start to ask what he's even doing there, but it's obvious Stella wanted him here when she announces that she's pregnant. Besides, if he wasn't, I'd be the odd man out.

The new boss of Brooklyn looks like shit and is guzzling his whiskey faster than the server can bring him a new one.

"Still no lead on Cami?" I ask, even though I know he's already in a dark place.

"No," he answers. When he doesn't speak again for several moments, I assume that's the end of our discussion.

Then, he says, "Stella gets a two-minute call once in a while, but Cami doesn't know where she's at or how to escape.

Aiden hasn't had any luck reaching his idiot son to try and talk sense into him.

I just wish Kai would grow a pair and come kill me.

I would deserve it, and I'd welcome it to get Cami back. "

Damn, he's not just in a dark place, he's practically suicidal.

“At least you know she’s still alive,” I tell him. “If he’s kept her alive this long, that’s a good sign that he’s not going to kill her.”

The glare Saint gives me lets me know my words aren’t exactly encouraging.

Fine. I’ll keep my mouth shut. But I should warn Dre his brother-in-law is going off the deep end.

When Creed stands up after we order, everyone shuts up.

“Tonight, while we’re celebrating our freedom, which we owe to Tristan, I also want us to remember Carmine.

My brother was a good man, a better man than me, and he didn’t deserve to die so damn young.

That’s why Zara and I have decided to name our son after him, so he will not be forgotten.

His name will live on in our little boy, a small tribute to my brother every time his name is spoken. ”

“Salute.” I raise my glass of bubbly. “To Carmine.”

“To Carmine,” Dre echoes, and everyone around the table clinks their glasses.

Once Creed sits down, Stella stands up with her glass of water in her hand.

“Thank you, Tristan, for your persistence in giving us all a better future. We’ve all lost loved ones recently, so it’s nice to have something good finally happen.

And there's one more blessing for us to celebrate tonight.

"Turning to face Dre who sits beside her, she says, "Little Carmine and Oriana are going to have a baby cousin to grow up with them like the three of you guys, and I couldn't be happier. "

Everyone cheers, while Dre looks stunned. "Hold on. We're having a baby? You're..."

"She's had morning sickness for a week, you fool," Creed informs him.

Dre is still in shock as he stares at his wife, obviously seeing what he's missed. "Mia dolce vipera is having a baby viper?"

"God help us all," Saint remarks but there's a smile on his face as he gets up from his seat to go hug his sister. "Congratulations, Stella. Cami is going to be so happy —"

"I know, and I can't decide if I should tell her over the phone or wait."

"Tell her," Saint suggests. "It'll give her something to look forward to."

Stella nods and hugs her twin brother again, as the two, no doubt, miss their sister being here personally to hear the news.

Even once he's returned to his seat, Dre is still processing. "You...what...how long have you known?"

"Not long. I wanted to wait to tell you when you didn't have the case and prison sentence hanging over your head."

"God, I love you."

“I love you too,” she says before he wraps her in his arms and kisses her as if we’re not in a public place.

“Hard to believe she hated him just a few months ago,” I remark to Saint.

“Hard to believe he survived long enough for her to stop hating him,” he replies, making us both chuckle.

Creed and Zara, Dre and Stella, they all started out as enemies, and now, they’re happily married with babies on the way.

If it’s possible for them, then maybe there’s some small chance I could convince a stubborn DA to let me into her bed again without blackmailing her.

It’s not like I want to marry her or anything. I just want to fuck her once. Maybe twice if the first time is over too quick.

Being with Kirsten was unlike anything I’ve ever felt before, probably because she’s the complete opposite of me. I’m everything she hates, and she’s everything I want.

And if it wasn’t my family who sent someone to kill her, then who did? Just because they failed the first time doesn’t mean they won’t try again.

Kirsten needs someone watching her back, and it’s not like I have anything better to do.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten

“Kirsten?” Natalie asks over the office intercom as soon as I sit down on a Tuesday morning.

“Yes?” I grit out.

“Your, um, I mean Detective Daughtry is here to see you,” she says way too loudly.

Crap. Bryan doesn’t have an appointment, and I’m certain he’s not showing up unannounced to fool around.

Unlike a certain mobster, he’s usually all business.

“Fine, send him in.”

My office door is open, so the tall man strolls in a moment later, dressed down in a white button-up with his department-issued weapon visible in his shoulder holster.

“I haven’t seen or heard from you in weeks.” I’m not sure why, but I blame him for my lack of sex, for why I couldn’t resist that asshole at the club. “Been busy?”

“Something like that,” he says when he reaches to shut the door.

“No, leave it open,” I blurt out. I’m not sure why, but I don’t feel the urge to be alone with him while he complains.

With a shrug and frown, he comes over and takes a seat in front of my desk. “What are you doing, Kir?” he asks, making me wince, not at his question but his awful shortening of my name. He says it like cur , as in the dog. I think I’d prefer bitch to cur.

I play dumb, annoyed with the man I used to look forward to having inside me for all of thirty seconds. “I’m trying to work, and you’re interrupting me. Are you referring to something specific? If so, cut the bullshit and spit it out, detective.”

“You know, that sharp tongue of yours and short ass temper is what earned you your nickname.”

He’s not referring to his little nickname but the one everyone calls me behind my back — DA Cunt.

“I’m well-aware of the nickname, and it doesn’t bother me.

I’d rather be a cunt than a gutless pushover.

” Okay, so maybe that’s a tiny dig at the detective for not ever manning up and fucking me like I wanted.

He’s a pussy. I’ve known that since we met, and I’m not sure why I put up with his subservient demeanor this long.

How did he manage to make detective so young when he probably asks his superior for permission to take a piss.

“Now, are you going to actually say what you want to say or not? I don’t have time for you to beat around the bush, Bryan. ”

“You’re a smart woman, Kir. I’m sure you know that the entire police department is furious with you for that stunt you pulled yesterday.”

“I don’t give a shit what the department thinks of my decisions. They botched that whole case.”

“Two cops died because of that fucking raid!” Bryan raises his voice at me for the first time ever, making me think he must be feeling some heat from his peers.

“Guilty consciousnesses killed those cops, not the defendants,” I point out.

“It was practically entrapment for ‘an anonymous source’ to warn the Ferraros that someone wanted them dead and then arrest them for carrying guns minutes later. Would it have been better for me to have gone in that direction than simply say it was evidence tampering?”

Bryan shakes his head. “You shouldn’t have dismissed the cases, period! Why did you, Kir? You swore in your campaign that you wouldn’t bow to the mafia. You said that you would lock them all up, get them off the streets.”

“I don’t owe you an explanation for any of my fucking decisions,” I snap, since there’s no way I’m going to tell him the truth, that I got caught up in scandalous blackmail with a Ferraro.

“And why hasn’t your department made any arrests on the Bertelli murder, huh?

The man was shot in the middle of the street, and no one has been held accountable. ”

“Why do you give a shit about a mob boss going down? Shouldn’t you be celebrating his death? During your election, you promised your constituents that you would get rid of the mobsters, so what changed?”

“I didn’t take bribes from the mob, if that’s what you’re fucking inferring,” I assure him.

“Feel free to check all my bank accounts if you want confirmation. And my constituents don’t give a shit about three possession of firearm charges getting dropped.

Not when those guns weren’t used to hurt anyone.

The men were carrying for the sole purpose of protecting themselves.

The same reason I keep a loaded gun right next to my bed. ”

“You have a gun?”

“Yes. It’s no secret. Concealed carry permits are public record.”

“You’re more likely to hurt yourself with that damn thing than you are to hurt an attacker!”

“I like to be prepared for anything, since I’m a single woman living alone.”

“I could protect you.”

His offer makes me laugh. When his frown deepens, I mutter, “I don’t need a man to protect me. I only need one to fuck me until my legs shake. A job you’re obviously not qualified to fulfill.”

With that, he gets up and storms from my office.

“Pussy,” I whisper with a shake of my head. What did I ever see in him? Other than

being big and classically attractive, I had no connection, no chemistry with Bryan.

Unbidden, the image of a different man enters my head, one who can make my toes curl with a single smirk on his handsome face.

If I'd known who Tristan was, I never would've been attracted to him. I would've steered clear of the asshole, and I certainly wouldn't have let him lay a finger on me.

And then I would've missed out on so much mind-blowing pleasure that I passed out for hours.

Why did he have to be so good with his tongue and his manipulation?

While I've given significantly more oral sex than I've received in my thirty-five years from self-consciousness, I hopped right up in that swing and spread my legs without any hesitation, so eager for him to go down on me.

I may hate the asshole, but Tristan Ferraro has an undeniable air of authority about him that makes him hard to resist.

While I feel guilty about being stupid enough to let him make a fool of me, I don't think I regret the actual acts.

Not that I'd ever admit that to the smug bastard.

His authority comes from being a criminal, doing as he pleases in the world without any repercussions because of his name and the family he was born into.

Those are the types of people I wanted to take down when I became a prosecutor. Why should anyone be free to do as they please, break the law without consequence, when the rest of the world can't do the same?

“Kirsten?” Natalie’s annoying voice calls from my intercom again.

“What now?”

“You have a delivery.”

“A delivery? And?”

“It’s flowers. Do you want me to sign for —” She huffs. “He says you need to sign for them personally, so he’s bringing them to your office.”

“Fine,” I agree as I smooth my palms over her my hair, since it feels like my meeting with Bryan set it on end.

The non-descript delivery guy in a Yankees’ hat and black leather jacket places an odd combination of bright orange, pink, and white flowers on my desk.

I have no clue what kind they are as the man wordlessly thrusts his clipboard toward me.

I sign for them and then reach for the card.

The delivery guy momentarily lurks in my doorway while I read one sloppily handwritten sentence.

What was that prick doing in your office?

That’s it. No name.

I immediately know Tristan sent the flowers and exactly who he’s referring to as the ‘prick’. Which means he must have been watching the courthouse this morning. That

still doesn't explain how he could've gotten the flowers here so fast...

"Who sent these?" I finally ask when I'm capable of speaking again, but the delivery guy is long gone.

"Natalie!"

"Yes?" she asks from the hallway. When she appears in my doorway, she says, "Pretty flowers. Who are they from?"

"Who do you think?" I huff. "Close the door."

"But if the phone rings —"

"Close the damn door!" I whisper yell at her. As soon as it shuts, I ask, "Did you tell him Bryan was here?"

"Who? What?"

"Did you tell Tristan Ferraro that Bryan was in my office."

"Oh. No. I swear! He hasn't called me today."

Today.

"Then he must be sitting outside stalking me again."

"He never sent me flowers," Natalie remarks as she stares at the vase. "Odd arrangement, but pretty. What kind are they?"

"I don't know."

She whips her phone from her slacks and snaps a photo. Quicker than it should be possible, she says, “The search says those are orange lilies and pink gardenias. The lilies represent...hatred and the gardenias, ah, folly? Is that like stupidity?”

I consider that information for a second. “So, they mean stupid hate?”

“Or if he hates someone stupid?” she offers with a brow raised.

“Get out of my office. Don’t make me subpoena your phone records to verify that you haven’t been talking to him.”

“Fine, we spoke last night!”

“You talked to Tristan last night? Why? I told you to stay away from him.”

“He just sent me a text. I didn’t respond.”

She taps on her phone and then spins the screen around to show me the message log. It’s his local number that I recognize from the videos he sent me.

He asked, How pissed was she today ?

Natalie typed back, Kirsten knows I was helping you. If you don’t leave me alone, she’s going to fire me, so stop!

That was early yesterday. Then last night, he said, Tell me if that detective fucker makes an appointment to come to see her. \$5k if you tell me before he gets there.

“You could’ve called him instead of texting him,” I remark.

Rolling her eyes, she pulls up her call log to show me as well. “I haven’t called him.”

“On the landline?”

“Check the records, Kirsten. I didn’t call him! I don’t know how he knew. Do I wish I had five thousand dollars? Hell yes. But it’s not like I even knew the detective was coming until he just showed up!”

That is true. Bryan didn’t make an appointment today. He didn’t call and tell me he was coming either.

“Fine. I believe you. Let me know if he reaches out again. And screenshot all his messages.”

She nods her head in agreement. Then, with one last lingering look at the vase of flowers, she leaves my office.

I should throw the weird orange and pink bouquet straight into the garbage.

But I don’t.

Nobody’s ever sent me flowers before. And I hate that Tristan fucking Ferraro is the first.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Tristan

The DA is like a bad habit I can't shake now that I've had a taste of her cunt. I can't seem to stop following her around, watching her for hours whenever I can just for a chance to see her, even if it's only for a few seconds at a time.

After the hot night with her, then sleeping while holding her in my arms, she's all I think about.

And don't even get me started on the amazing blowjobs. Jesus. I can't think about those unless I'm somewhere I can take my hard dick in my own fist and choke it until I come.

Not that getting myself off is even close to as good as how Kirsten did it. My hand is a sorry substitute for her mouth or her fingers squeezing my balls so hard they might burst.

And while I know the best thing for me to do is go find a willing woman and screw her brains out for hours, I can't even think about being with another woman anymore. It's like everyone in the city may as well have grown a dick because I'm not interested in them in the least.

After another long week of following Kirsten to work, to her dumb-ass lunch meetings with rich fuckers, before heading back to work, then home, and I'm ready to rip my hair out.

Especially after I recognized the man heading into the courthouse the other day.

Fucking Natalie didn't even warn me like I told her to do when Kirsten's detective came to visit her.

And the fact that neither of them recognized me as the delivery boy is sort of funny. Pulling on a hat and holding flowers in front of my face was all it took to hide my identity, get through courthouse security, and into the DA's office.

I texted Natalie to ask if Kirsten threw my flowers away, but the girl hasn't responded, making me fucking crazy.

Just waiting and watching Kirsten from afar isn't enough for me anymore. I want her to see me, to talk to me, even if it's to call me a son of a bitch and tell me she hates me.

She hates me. That's what she said. It's why I sent the orange lilies. And I'm stupid for her, which is the reason I added the pink gardenia. I'm turning into a pussy whipped coglione like Creed and Dre.

Kirsten hates me, and I'm so obsessed with her that I waste all my time hoping for a glance of her.

Tonight, I'm planning on more than a glance. She's headed to a charity fundraiser, and while I don't have an invite, I have a few ideas on how to slip inside the hotel ballroom to see Kirsten up close and personal.

Kirsten

Thirty minutes of smiling and kissing ass at the American Heart Association dinner after a full day of work reviewing all the police reports in the Bertelli investigation, and my toes are so numb I can't feel them. I'm ready to go home and crawl into bed.

There are still a few big donors I need to say hello to before I make my escape, though. I'm on my way over to speak to a rich tech mogul when a server unabashedly shoveling shrimp into his mouth grabs my attention from the other side of the ballroom.

A big, attractive server with dark hair and eyes staring right at me.

Oh my God.

Tristan Ferraro has some nerve showing up here. I want to go over and slap the smirk off his smug-ass face. But I can't. The best thing for me to do is just pretend I don't see him, to forget he's here.

Before I glance away, he bites into another shrimp and tosses the tail onto his serving tray. When he licks his lips without the least bit of remorse, I unfortunately find myself thinking about those lips on my body, in one particular area.

Right, so first I need a moment in the restroom, and then I'll finish schmoozing so I can get the hell out of here.

The women's restroom is empty as I step into a stall and take time to calm my nerves.

I'm not going to let that asshole get to me.

I can't. What I did with him was just sex.

Everyone does it, and it's no big deal. So what if he has videos of me in compromising positions?

We had a deal that I kept. Nobody will ever see them.

Except for him.

I wonder if he's watched them repeatedly since that night.

I hate to admit that I've glanced at them a few times myself, mostly mortified at my behavior but also a little aroused.

Stupid gorgeous mobster. I wish I could forget seeing his muscular, tattooed body naked.

Pulling my floor-length dress back down, I flush and open the stall door, only to find the man of my nightmares leaning his ass against the sink with that damn tray still in his hands, his ankles crossed leisurely.

"Hi, sweetheart."

"What are you doing in here? What are you doing here period?" I head for the sink that's the farthest from him.

"I like watching you when you don't know I'm watching you. It's fun."

"You need to stop stalking me. How did you even get in here?"

"I paid the catering company to let me pose as a server. Have you tried the shrimp? They're fucking delicious."

"Eating any sort of food in a restroom is gross, but especially shrimp."

"Would you rather I eat you in the restroom?" he asks with a grin I can hear in his voice as I avoid looking at him.

“I never would’ve let you come near me if I had known who you were.”

In the silence, I glance at him, finding a frown on his face and hating I couldn’t resist looking at him again. “Well, you made the mistake of not asking who I was, so that’s on you. And you just hate that it was so good with me. Do you ever think about that night?”

“No. I want to pretend it never happened.”

“Too bad. It did and I know you’ll never forget it no matter how hard you try.”

“I should have you arrested.”

“You could try. Just remember that I’ll post those videos if you do. Even if I’m in jail, my cousins will get access to them.”

“You’re the most infuriating man I have ever met!”

“And you’re the most infuriating woman I’ve ever met.” He tosses the serving tray down onto the bathroom counter with a loud clang .

“Me? What have I done?” I ask. “Besides my job of prosecuting criminals.”

“You just exist,” he says with a wave of his arm toward me.

“You hate me for existing?”

“I didn’t say I hate you. I said you’re infuriating. You’re all I think about now, and it’s driving me fucking insane.”

Wow. The comment catches me off-guard. I’m certain I must’ve misunderstood. He

probably means he thinks about hurting me all the time, not like in the sweet way. Nothing about this man could ever be considered sweet.

“I never gave a shit about kissing women before — well, on the lips that is — but I regret not kissing you.”

“Try it and I’ll bite off your tongue.”

He grins at me like I just made his day. “What has my tongue ever done to you, other than make you scream and squirm?”

A flush spreads over me from head to toe at the blatant reminder of being restrained in that damn swing, completely at his mercy, while he devoured me. I’d never felt so out of control but oddly free. Free to just feel rather than overthink every little detail.

That’s the only reason the night was memorable for me.

“How about we make a deal? If I kiss you and don’t lose any part of my tongue, I’ll take you into that stall and fuck you with it.

” He pulls a container of breath mints from his pocket, popping one in his mouth.

He then holds out the circular plastic, offering them to me.

I shake my head, declining since I haven’t touched any of the food here.

Not that I plan on kissing him back if that’s what he’s about to do. No. He can’t actually be serious...

“Someone might walk in —” I start to say when he grabs my arm, wrenching it behind my back and urging me into the closest stall. It’s the handicap one which

makes it better and worse before he spins me around and slams his lips against mine, pressing me against the door with his hard body.

Is this actually our first kiss? Because it feels like we've done this before as our heads tilt in that perfect way to deepen it.

And when his wet tongue slides along the seam of my lips, I open for him, moaning at the feeling of his rough, urgent penetration of my mouth, his possessive hands gripping my hips.

It reminds me of his prodding fingers and how he shoved his tongue into another part of me as deep as it'd go.

A few tantalizing strokes later, he pulls back. "Hold this for me." And then passes his breath mint to my mouth before he tugs up the front of my long dress, revealing all of me to him.

"Those little blue panties are killing me," he remarks as his gaze locks on them. He swipes a finger over the crotch and along the satin material, grinning when he feels the dampness through them. "You're awfully wet for a man who infuriates you."

"And you're awfully hard for a woman who infuriates you," I point out with a nod to his erection protruding from his snug pants.

"You going to get on your knees and do something about it?"

I shake my head. "God, no."

"No? So, this is a one-way street tonight? Fine. Hold this." He takes my hands and places each on the bundle of fabric. "Keep your dress up or I'll stop," he warns as he runs a finger along the front waistband of my panties before hooking it inside and

jerking them down my legs.

As soon as I kick them off, he picks them up and shoves them into my freaking mouth. I spit them out, and he laughs. “Now, they’re mine,” he announces as he pockets them. Then, he mutters, “I’m not kneeling on this dirty floor.”

“So then how —” I start to ask before his palms reach for my bare bottom, hefting me up his body until my legs are thrown over his shoulders with my back resting in the corner of the stall. I throw a hand out, grabbing for the top of the door a second before his tongue enters me.

“Oh, shit!” I gasp as I throw my head back. Remembering we’re in a public restroom, I bite down on my lip as he tastes me. His entire face presses between my legs in such a way I’m not sure how he’s getting any oxygen.

Page 17

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

His palms grab my ass cheeks and spread them as far apart as they'll go, opening me to him.

The graze of his nose on my clit nearly sets me off.

I tighten my grip on the top of the stall door when he licks me up and down a few teasing times before finally fluttering the tip over that needy bundle of nerves.

I swear I come harder than ever before, gushing all over his face as the shudders of pleasure wrack my body. I can't even be self-conscious about how I'm soaking his face because it feels too good.

And Tristan doesn't stop at just one orgasm. Like the other night, he laps at me, kisses, and sucks my clit until my thighs tremble around his head once more.

Tristan

Kirsten is out like a light after the second time she comes on my tongue. The first time she flooded my face, her juices running down my chin before I could lick it all up.

Goddamn, that was so hot.

But now she's unconscious, sitting on my face, and I've got to figure out what to do with her until she wakes.

The woman should see a doctor about her orgasm narcolepsy or whatever condition

she has. If I had to bet, she just works so fucking hard and never relaxes, so the release helps calm her, forcing her into a restful sleep.

I lower her from my shoulders and down my body so not to whip her limp neck around. Finally, I get her cradled to my chest.

I should take her home, but I know she wouldn't want any of the snobs at the fundraiser to see us together. So, I put the lid of the toilet down with the toe of my shoe and sit down, using my time to just look at her face, inches from mine.

God, she's gorgeous. I've never seen a more beautiful woman. And when she's sleeping rather than scowling, she even looks sweet.

She's going to be so furious when she wakes, though, angry at herself for letting me lick her pussy again in public and then passing out.

If anyone should be angry, it's me. I'm the one with a hard cock and blue balls, no relief in sight.

Well, screw that.

Reaching underneath her, I unzip my pants and pull my aching length out stroking it in my fist a few times. But fuck, my calloused hand is drier than sandpaper.

And there's something soaking wet nearby. Two things, but since I can't put my dick on my face, I pull the back of Kirsten's dress up until her bare ass meets my erection.

I groan at the dampness on her smooth skin, dripping down her ass cheeks. Oh, and her inner thighs, they're even slicker. So slick, I can't resist slipping my cock up between them. My arms strain as I lift and lower her up and down my shaft until it's slick.

Holding her close to my chest, her thighs are nice and tight around me, feeling almost as wet and warm as her pussy would feel. But the first time I slam inside her, I want her to be wide awake and begging me to fuck her.

Right now, I'm just using the mess I made to find a little relief of my own.

Goddamn. I'm already so close...so fucking close. On my next slide though, I brush Kirsten's clit, and she squirms in my arms.

Oh shit, she's going to wake and rip off my dick. And I won't be able to protect myself, since I refuse to drop her on the dirty bathroom floor and dirty up her pale blue dress. At least it's not white.

Kirsten's thighs tighten around my cock all on their own, and her hips buck, pressing my length to her clit again and again.

"Oh, fuck me," I groan as my release barrels down my spine, drawing up my balls.

Kirsten's eyes open halfway, and she watches me as I lift and lower her, waiting for her to catch on to what I'm doing.

When she lifts her arms, I'm expecting her to choke me. Instead, she grabs my neck, holding on tight and pulling my mouth to hers.

Our tongues meet as her hips wiggle around, sliding her pussy up and down me until my cock swells and explodes between her legs. Her thighs clench repeatedly as she comes again, whimpering through it into my mouth.

When we both pull away to catch our breath after the last of the waves of pleasure fade, Kirsten's lips part to say something just as the bathroom door opens.

She closes her mouth, and we stare at each other silently as we wait for the woman in the stall next to us finish peeing, wash her hands, then leave.

“I fell asleep again?” she asks.

“Yes, you did.”

“I don’t know why that keeps happening. It never has before.”

“No man has ever made you come more than once in a night.”

“Barely once.”

“Then, that’s why it only happens with me,” I tell her with a cocky grin.

“I think I would’ve woken up sooner if you had shoved inside me.”

“I prefer you awake and begging me to fuck you.”

“That’ll never happen. The begging or the fucking. That was the last time you’re ever going to touch me or stalk me, or you will lose your nuts,” she says while still keeping a firm grasp on my neck.

A boulder slams into my guts at the resolve in her voice. I need to stop following her, but it’s just impossible for me to stay away.

“You’re gonna miss my tongue,” I remark through the panic building inside me of never talking to her or tasting her again.

“Not as much as I’ll miss my dignity.”

Fuck, there's nothing I can say to that. So, I grab a handful of toilet paper from the roll, clean up some of the mess between her legs, and help her to her feet.

Opening the stall door, I give her ass one last slap. "You've got my number if you change your mind."

"I won't." She grins over her shoulder at me.

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Tristan

After Kirsten left the fundraiser, I decided that I wasn't going to let her go without putting up more of a fight.

She said I was infuriating, that she hated me, but then she kissed me and let me eat her out in a bathroom stall.

The woman likes having my hands and mouth on her, and I want her to just admit it already and let me fuck her.

The day after the fundraiser, I'm so hard up for more of her, that I decide to let her catch me following her.

When she climbs out of her ride in front of a restaurant, I stride up the sidewalk toward her. She looks around, something she's been doing every time she's in public this week. I let her see me before I open the closest door and hurry inside as if I'm trying to be sneaky.

I end up in a used bookshop, which means there are a ton of rows for me to hide behind, including a second floor. I head up the steps, down some aisles, and wait, wondering how furious she'll be or if Kirsten will be angry enough to walk past every row of books to search me out.

It takes less time than expected for her to find me in the spiritual section of the store. Ironical, since I'd give anything to get on my knees and worship her again.

I watch her rush by from the corner of my eye before she stops and gives an exhausted huff of annoyance. Pretending to ignore her, I reach for a random book on the shelf...only to have her lunge for me, knocking it out of my hand. It lands with a loud thump on the floor.

“What the hell?” I ask, barely suppressing my grin as I turn to her. God, I love how feisty and violent she can get when provoked.

“Stop following me!”

“Sweetheart, you’re the one who found me in this giant bookstore.” I bend down to pick up the book on meditation. The toe of her high heels jabs me in my ass and nearly makes me fall over before I catch myself on the shelves, taking down five or six more books.

“What did I do to deserve your shoe up my ass?” I ask when I turn to face her, leaving the pile of books out of fear of her penetrating my hole on the next kick.

“Why are you still stalking me? You got exactly what you wanted!” Her voice is raised, no doubt drawing attention to us from the handful of other customers and employees.

“And more,” I add with a smirk.

She glares at me a second before jerking the book from my hands and smacking me in the shoulder with it.

“Ow!” I rub my bruised bicep as if it hurt. “You do know there are cameras in here, right? I can’t wait to see the footage of the high and mighty DA Cunt assaulting me for no reason.”

She blinks, and for a second, I think I've only succeeded in scaring her away when she whumps me with the book once more on my upper arm. "If I catch you following me again, I'll have you arrested for stalking!"

"Nice try, sweetheart. But we both know you won't do a damn thing to me. That's why you're so pissed off. You are fucked. And not in the good way. There's nothing you can do to me."

She strides closer to me, and my eyes widen in surprise. She's about to make the first move and kiss me. Instead of getting her lips on mine, she lifts her knee and drives it up — right between my legs.

With a groan, I drop to the floor, grabbing for my balls she just annihilated.

"If I see you following me again" — she taps my hands on my crotch with the pointy toe of her shoe — "I'll kick your balls so hard they'll crawl up and never descend again. Understood?"

I nod, since I'm incapable of speaking at the moment.

"Oh, and stop texting Natalie!" she shouts before I hear the click clack of her heels walking away.

Taking slow, deep breaths, there's nothing I can do but wait for the pain to pass.

Still, I wonder where that last demand came from?

Natalie warned me Kirsten confronted her about setting her up and was furious, but she didn't fire her.

So why would she care if I text Natalie or not?

Not that I plan to for anything other than details about Kirsten.

The receptionist was nothing but a means to an end, and she stopped responding to my messages.

A few minutes later, I'm still recovering on the floor when some tall guy so thin he could hide behind a pine tree, hovers over me. "Are you okay? Do you need medical assistance?"

"No. Well, I don't think so."

"Was that the district attorney?" he asks, making me swear.

"You're going to delete any security footage of her and forget she was here. If not, I'm going to string you up by your balls and slit your throat."

The kid stands there, as if confused by my threat.

"I'm Tristan Ferraro, Creed Ferraro's cousin and enforcer. Do you know who that is?"

His face goes a little pale. "Yes, sir. Sorry, sir," he mutters before he backs away.

Hopefully, my threat will be enough to keep him quiet about what happened in here.

It was my fault I lured Kirsten in here and pissed her off enough to risk someone witnessing her assault.

If she were to lose a vote for that shit in a future election, I'd hate myself because she would never forgive me.

And for some reason, I care about her opinion of me more than I should.

Page 19

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten

I can't believe Tristan is still following me after I told him to stop!

Well, hopefully the hit to his nuts will be enough to keep him away from now on.

Why was he still watching me, though? It doesn't make any sense. He got what he wanted and more.

Pacing in front of my living room windows, I can't help but wonder if he's out there watching me right this second.

Does he just want to torment me even more than he already has?

Unless...is he planning to keep using the footage of us to get more blowjobs? Is this going to be the rest of my life, wondering if he's watching me or when he's going to show up at my door demanding I...service him?

No. I refuse to bow to that asshole ever again. If he tries to pull that shit on me, then I'll just suck up my pride, let the world see all of me, and send his ass to prison for the rest of his life.

A sudden knock on my apartment door interrupts my internal ranting, making me freeze. Did he seriously show up just hours after I told him to leave me alone?

No. He wouldn't be that stupid, right?

Tiptoeing barefoot to the door, I look out the peephole and release a sigh of relief when I see an older man in a suit on the other side.

With his hands resting on his hips, his jacket is pulled back enough that the badge and gun in his shoulder holster are both visible.

Still, why is a cop, a detective by the looks of him, showing up at my apartment this late?

“Can I help you?” I call through the door, refusing to unlock it just yet.

Maybe it was my unexpected bed companion, but I’m feeling a little more cautious lately.

Since I’m almost certain Tristan Ferraro was lying about not knowing the attacker in the alley, I shouldn’t be so paranoid.

The Ferraros have no reason to send someone to try and kill me now.

“Sorry to bother you so late, ma’am. But I have something urgent to discuss with you about a homicide case I’m working on,” the officer replies.

“Can’t it wait until tomorrow morning?” I ask.

“No, ma’am, I’m afraid not.”

I’m still fully dressed in my suit with no shoes, and I assume he must need my help getting a warrant for a potential suspect, so I unlock and open the door for him.

“Okay, but please make it quick,” I tell him, my voice stern. I don’t appreciate him showing up at my apartment without calling first. There’s no excuse for that oversight

no matter how urgent the matter may be. He could've called on the way over here.

"Mind if I have a seat? It's been a long one."

"Fine." I sigh, gesturing with a wave of my arm toward the living room. I shut the door behind him. "Would you like something to drink?" Even though I'm annoyed, my mother would be appalled if I didn't try to be hospitable to a guest.

"I'll take a beer if you have one?" He nods while standing in the middle of my living room, despite his request to sit down.

I head for the fridge and pull out one of my light beers.

"Sorry if I interrupted your night. I apologize to your significant other as well..." He trails off making me pause as he continues glancing around the apartment.

That's an odd way of asking if I have someone over.

"It's just me tonight," I answer and bite my bottom lip in regret. Why did I say that? I should've lied and said, yes, my stupidly sexy mobster hookup is in my bed, but he won't mind waiting a few minutes for me to give him head. Right.

I push aside those idiotic thoughts. This man is a detective. I've seen him around the courthouse even if we haven't worked on any cases together yet.

"What do you need...sorry, who are you?" I ask when I go to offer him the beer bottle.

While I wait for him to give me his name, I watch as if in slow motion as he reaches for the gun in his holster.

Why would he...I glance behind me, toward the bedroom, wondering if that son of a bitch managed to sneak into my apartment, and the detective feels threatened. When I don't see anyone, my confusion blurs into fear.

This cop is pulling his gun on me .

I don't hesitate another second before I act, lunging to slam the beer bottle against the top of his head. It breaks in half. The liquid spills all over his face, and the detective staggers back two steps but doesn't lower his gun.

While he's off balance, I take off running to my bedroom and head for my gun.

I hear his footsteps come down the hallway.

My hands shake so badly that I know I'm going to be too slow when I pull it out of the drawer.

Still, I hurry, flipping off the safety, spinning around, and dropping to a crouch.

I don't have time to check if the bullets were removed yet again.

The detective fires his gun, and I pull the trigger, firing one loud shot, then another toward the doorway.

The gun wasn't empty. Thank god. And he missed me, shooting over my head.

One or both of my bullets catch the detective in the center of his chest. Still, he lifts his gun toward me again. "You little bitch..." he says just before I fire two more.

Finally, he stumbles backward the way he did when I hit him in the head with the bottle. There's no wall behind him, so he crashes into the hallway, landing on his ass.

Hurrying over, I slam my bedroom door shut on his shoe that's in the way, then lock it.

Fuck! Now I'm trapped in my bedroom without my damn phone! I really need to get a landline to keep by the bed in case of emergencies.

Then, I remember my laptop is still in here from when I worked late last night.

Grabbing it off the nightstand where I left it, I sit down on the bed and flip it open with my gun lying within reach next to my thigh.

Now what?

My options are sending an email, text message, or Facetiming someone. How the hell do I just make a call on this damn thing?

Opening up my text messages, I intend to beg the first name at the top of the list to send help. But when I see a number without a name near the top, I click on it instead. I'm not entirely sure why I choose him out of all my contacts, but I do.

For whatever reason, I don't think Tristan had anything to do with the detective who wanted to kill me. Which means, he was possibly telling the truth about the shooting in the alley.

It occurs to me a moment after I send the text asking Tristan if he can come over that I'm headed down a road I never thought I'd be on. But I can't risk trusting anyone at the station or in the DA's office if I call 9-1-1, since they might be compromised like the cop lying in my hallway.

I could've messaged Bryan. He's a VICE detective and would be a better option than a mobster. But...what if he knows the man in my hallway was coming over tonight,

or he doesn't believe my version of what happened?

Oh shit. What if the detective in the hallway is calling for backup?

I hesitate for a second before taking my gun with me to the door. I quietly unlock it, then yank it open, keeping my gun lowered to where I last saw him. He hasn't moved, which is good and bad.

I kick his shoe with my toe to try and get a reaction or a groan out of him, but there's nothing but silence.

When I finally stick my head out enough to see his face, I realize I didn't need to worry about him calling for backup.

He's staring up at the ceiling, unblinking...

dead. His gun is still clenched in one hand while the other rests over the bleeding wound on his abdomen.

A man is dead, and I killed him!

Slamming the door again and locking it, I run back to the laptop and see three dots in the chat window as if Tristan is typing a reply, taking his sweet-ass time.

Hurry! I send to him.

Is this a trap, or are you just missing my tongue?

Oh my God.

Since I don't have the time to deal with typing delusional messages back and forth

with him, I decide to Facetime him.

He answers right away. The box on my laptop fills with his tattooed chest before his face comes into view.

He grins at me like he just won the lottery, while I'm panicking and losing my shit.

"Hey, sweetheart. You missing me already? Not sure if my balls recovered enough to fuck you, but my tongue works just fine."

"Shut up!" I tell him. "I...I need your help."

"Your fingers can't reach that spot like mine can?"

"Stop, just...stop. Please," I huff as I run my shaking fingers through the front of my hair. "Why weren't you stalking me tonight?" I snap at him as tears well up in my eyes.

"Huh? You told me hours ago to stop stalking you!" he exclaims, then studies me on the screen.

"Wait, are you crying? Shit. I'm on my way," he says as the image of him moves, and I'm looking at darkness, like he tossed the phone down on a surface.

A moment later, his face returns. A shirt now covers his shoulders and chest. "What happened?"

"Some guy...a detective, or at least I think he's a real detective, just showed up to my apartment. He said it was urgent. I was handing him a beer when he started to pull his gun on me!"

“Fuck. Are you in your bedroom? Stay there. No. Go lock yourself in the bathroom. I’m coming —”

“He’s dead,” I tell him before he can end the call, dread turning my stomach as I speak the words aloud for the first time.

“Dead?” Tristan’s eyes are wide when his face reappears. “You killed him?”

I nod.

“Nice job, sweetheart. Wasn’t sure you had it in you.”

“Would you stop with the sweetheart bullshit! A man is dead, and...and I called you instead of 9-1-1 because...because he might be working with someone else in the department who wants me dead. I don’t even know why!”

“I’ll get rid of his body. Nobody except those working with him will ever know what went down tonight. I’ll find them before they get anywhere near you.”

It’s hard to believe he’s so quick to offer to help me, but I guess murder isn’t something that is all that new to the mobster.

And I don’t bother asking what it will cost me for his help. I already know I’ll pay whatever he wants.

Tristan

“Did you send some cop after Kirsten?” I ask Creed as soon as he answers his phone while I break every traffic law on the way to Kirsten’s apartment.

“What? No.”

“You better not be lying to me,” I warn him. “She gave us what we wanted. The cases are dismissed. Leave her the fuck alone.”

“Look, man, I’m not sure what’s gotten into you, but you need to calm the fuck down about this woman.”

“I can’t calm down because I’m on my way to her apartment to deal with the body of the man she just killed!”

“What?” Creed huffs.

“Either a real cop, or someone pretending to be a cop, came over to her place tonight. For some reason, she let him in, and then he tried to murder her. She got him first.”

“And why do you know this shit? What does it have to do with you?”

“Because she called me instead of the cops. Obviously, she can’t trust them. Someone still wants her dead. That’s why I’m asking you to tell me the truth.”

“I haven’t sent anyone after her.”

“Well, someone is still gunning for her. And I doubt they’ll give up after this failure.”

“Do you need my help?” he asks with a heavy sigh.

“Probably. I don’t trust anyone else...” I hate asking him, our family’s boss, for help, but I know I need it. It’s not just my life on the line here but Kirsten’s. Her life and her career.

“Fuck. Okay. Let me get dressed, and I’ll be on my way.”

“Wait,” I tell him, surprised but appreciative of his offer. “You can’t just bust into Kirsten’s apartment looking like, well, you. Someone could see you...”

“You want me to put on a disguise to come and help your girlfriend?”

“She’s not my girlfriend. And you don’t need a disguise. You just can’t come looking like you.”

“What do you have in mind?” he grumbles.

“Put on some sweats and a ballcap to cover your face. Nobody would think you’d be running around the city dressed down.”

“Fine,” he grits out as if not pleased. “You want me to bring in Dre too?”

“Yeah, may as well. I’ve got to figure out a way to get the body out of her place and clean up all the evidence.”

“Then what?”

“What do you mean?”

“You said yourself that whoever wants her dead will probably try again. So, she can’t stay at her place.”

I’m surprised Creed cares enough to think about Kirsten’s safety. And that’s not something I had overlooked either. “She’s not leaving my side until I know who is after her and they’re buried.”

There’s a long, silent pause, making me take my eyes off the road for a second to glance down at the screen, making sure the call wasn’t dropped.

“You like her,” Creed says. “You never did give us the details on how you convinced her to drop the charges.”

“Well, it certainly wasn’t out of the goodness of her heart,” I mutter. “But you don’t need those details.”

“You fucked her.” It’s a statement, not a question.

“No, I didn’t.”

“You at least screwed around with her. Is that what you used for blackmail? Photos or videos of you two going at it? I bet the uptight bitch would do anything to avoid evidence of you two together from getting out.”

I grit my teeth because he’s not wrong. I fucking hate how right he is about her not wanting anyone to find out about us hooking up.

“I have videos of her in a...compromising position with me. So yeah, she wasn’t going to lose her career just to send us to prison for three years.”

“You seriously like her,” Creed says yet again. “Are you still stalking her?”

“No.”

“Liar.”

“I was until this afternoon when she caught me and kneed me in my balls so hard, I may have lost the chance of ever reproducing. Not that the world needs another one of me...”

Creed laughs. “You’ve got it bad for the DA. I mean, I knew you were horny for her after seeing the shit you had on your phone, jerking off in public while watching her. But you are actually head over fucking heels for her.”

“Shut up and get your ass to her apartment. I’ll send you the address,” I add when I remember that unlike me, Creed hasn’t spent weeks sitting outside her building. “Tell Dre to dress down too.”

“And how do you plan to move the body with the security cameras and shit recording?”

“I guess we’ll need to take them out. Otherwise, the cops will be able to track the dead man to her apartment door and see he never walked out.”

“Right. It sounds like it’s going to be a long night.”

“You owe me,” I tell him.

“I know I do,” he grumbles before he ends the call.

When I arrive at Kirsten’s apartment door, I try the knob which easily turns. You have got to be kidding me! I mean, I know I told her to hide out in the bathroom, but dammit, a whole crew could’ve burst in on her in the five minutes it took me to get

here.

I send her a text message from my phone that I'm in her apartment, so she, hopefully, won't shoot me. I'm still surprised she called me instead of someone else tonight.

I shut and lock the door behind me while keeping an eye out. I don't hear anyone, but they could be waiting in the hallway outside her bedroom door, ready to ambush her.

I creep through the front rooms to the hallway where I find the dead man.

He's flat on his back, clutching his gun and guts in a puddle of blood. A giant puddle. Jesus. How many times did she shoot him?

I can't help but cringe. I could've been him if I hadn't emptied the bullets from her gun while she was sleeping the night I brought her home.

No, that's not necessarily true.

Kirsten never even tried to pull the trigger to find out it was empty. At some point she, thankfully, did realize what I'd done or else she would've been dead tonight.

I promise myself I'll never do that shit again, even if it means her blowing off my head someday.

God, why do I keep thinking about the future with this woman? There's only right now, getting this mess cleaned up, and then we're done. There's no future for us, not when I'm everything she's worked her entire life fighting against.

Bending down, I check for a pulse on the side of his neck just to be sure he's not playing a long game of possum, then roll him over to get to his wallet in the back pocket of his pants.

The bedroom door cracks open and a strand of blonde hair over a single eye appears watching me a second before opening the door wider. “You’re robbing him? That’s your first instinct here?”

“No. Well, hell yes I’m going to take any cash he has, since the dead can’t spend it where they’re going.

” I open the wallet and find a twenty and a few ones that I shove in my pocket.

Then I pull out his driver’s license. “I wanted to know his name and who the fuck he is, before dumping his body. Oh, and you’re fucking welcome,” I huff when I glance back up at her.

“Sorry.” The apology from her lips is nearly as shocking as her calling me for help.

“Thanks, I guess. I didn’t mean to...I wasn’t sure who to call...”

“You didn’t have a choice,” I remark. “There’s no telling which other cops are working with him. They’re a tight-knit group. And when they find out he didn’t complete his mission, they may come after you too.”

“How do you know it wasn’t your boss who sent him?”

“Because Creed told me it wasn’t. He has no reason to want you dead now. And he’s on the way over here with Dre to help clean this up.”

“You invited a mob boss to my house?” she huffs.

“Yes, sweetheart. It’s more than just removing the body from the scene. We’ve got to wipe every trace of him being here and delete the surveillance video. Unless you want to go to prison for murder...”

“It was self-defense,” she whispers.

“Right, but some of your rivals in the DA’s office would probably love the chance to get a headline in the news about the DA killing a man, right?”

“I just wish I knew why he came after me.”

“You don’t know him?”

“No, I’ve only seen him around the courthouse a few times.”

“So, you think he’s an actual cop?”

“Yes.”

I pull the badge from his hip and examine it. The thing looks real enough. In his wallet, I find his ID that says his name is Tony Wallace. There are a few business cards as well with his name on them. “These say he’s a homicide detective.”

“Do you think he came after me for someone being investigated for murder?”

“No, idea,” I answer. “Any cases that stand out to you as potential suspects?”

“Well, the Bertelli murder was just a few weeks ago. I...I just asked the officer in charge this week why there weren’t any arrests yet and had him send me all the reports to review...”

“Fuck,” I mutter. “If I had to bet, it was that little shit Bowen Bertelli who sent this guy.”

“What? Weston Bertelli’s son? Why wouldn’t he want me to put away the person

who killed his father? His sister sure as shit does.”

“Because Bowen’s the most likely suspect!”

Her jaw drops. “You think Bowen killed his father?”

“Not personally, but he probably hired someone to do it. Someone I doubt you’ll ever find. Or you wouldn’t, if he did better than this attempt.”

“You think Bowen sent the detective after me so I wouldn’t charge him? I don’t think there’s any evidence pointing to a single suspect. The detective has no leads...”

“Bowen’s not the brightest bulb in the box, but he wouldn’t want you or anyone else looking too hard into his father’s murder,” I tell her before refocusing on the task at hand. “You got some old blankets or something to wrap this fucker in?”

“What about his family? His friends?” she asks, not budging from the doorway.

“What about them? They’re probably as shady as he was if was willing to take money to kill you. Ballsy, but stupid.”

“They’ll never know what happened to him, never have closure...” she trails off as if she pities them.

“Too fucking bad. I wonder how many murders he never solved if the price was right. Piece of shit.” I kick his head and Kirsten scoffs. “What? He’s dead; you already killed him.”

“That’s not what I was scoffing at. It’s your audacity. You’re just like him!” she says, pointing to the dead guy.

“No, I’m fucking not.”

“You kill people and then cover up the murders all for territory or money, right?
What’s the difference?”

Page 21

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

“The people I’ve —” I snap my mouth closed since I know better than to give her any more ammunition to use against me.

She already hates me and knows I’m a killer.

“You know what, it’s none of your fucking business what I do or why.

Now, are you going to find something for me to wrap this son of a bitch up in or should I just throw him over my shoulder and haul him out of here? ”

“Asshole,” she mutters under her breath before she turns away, heading back into her bedroom.

A few minutes later, the dead guy is wrapped tight in multiple layers of bedding so none of his blood will leak through before we get him out of the building.

Or at least that’s my hope. I’ve just finished making a burrito out of him with Kirsten silently watching me when there’s a knock on the apartment door.

She gasps and looks toward the living room.

“I’ll get it. It’s probably just my cousins,” I say to calm her down. I don’t like seeing wide-eyed fear on the usually fearless woman’s face.

“I can’t believe I’m letting Creed and Andre Ferraro into my house, two more defendants —”

“They’re no longer defendants since you dismissed the charges. If anyone sees the three of us here tonight, they’ll just assume you’re a dirty slut who likes to fill every hole at the same time,” I assure her.

Groaning, she shoves my shoulder, pushing me into the hallway wall, and heads for the door as I hurry after her.

“Wait a fucking second,” I hiss at her in a whisper. “We don’t know for sure it’s my people. What if it’s someone else who wants you dead working with the detective?” I grab her shoulders and pull her away from the peephole, then take a look myself.

“It’s your people, just dressed like they’re out for a run.”

“I told them to come in a disguise rather than their usual suits. God, you really have so much to learn about getting away with murder.”

“Asshole,” she calls me while I unlock all the locks on the door and open it.

“You gonna tell me what this is about now that you dragged me out of bed and off my wife’s perfect...” Dre trails off when he follows Creed into the apartment and spots Kirsten. “You have got to be shitting me. What the hell is this?”

“Someone came after her tonight, and Tristan asked us to come help him clean up the mess,” Creed explains.

“Why couldn’t you handle it yourself?” Dre asks me. “I don’t want to be any part of this...woman’s scheme. We barely got out of the last charges she threw at us.”

“Well, tough shit. Tristan’s got a soft spot for her. Or a hard spot,” Creed remarks with his brow raised at me. “So, apparently, we have to help him. Wouldn’t you want our help if Stella killed someone?”

“My wife didn’t need anyone’s help covering up a murder. And Stella’s my wife. This...woman is nothing to me.” Every time Dre pauses, I know he wants to call Kirsten a bitch or cunt but thinks better of it.

“Just help me get the body out, and you can go,” I snap.

“Not until we get the security camera feed down,” Creed adds.

“I’m not touching a dead man if there’s going to be evidence of it.

But I did bring the big SUV, so there’s plenty of room for him in the cargo hold.

” Rubbing his chin with his leather gloves already on, he asks, “Any chance the building has a giant trash chute?”

“No. We’re not sending him down a trash chute!” I tell him, shitting on his new favorite means of body removal thanks to his wife, Zara.

“You...you’ve done that before?” Kirsten asks Creed before shaking her head. “Never mind. I don’t want to know. I... appreciate your help tonight, even though I know I don’t deserve it.”

“Hell no, you don’t,” Dre grumbles.

“I thought your wife made you less of an asshole,” I tell him.

“I am less of an asshole because of my wife, just not when I’m woken up in the middle of the night to help the enemy.”

“Kirsten’s not the enemy,” I remind him. “She was just doing her job when she charged us. It was nothing personal.”

“She campaigned on locking up all the mobsters in the city!” Creed exclaims.

“Yes, well, she dropped the charges, didn’t she?”

“Only after you got photos of her naked or whatever.”

“You told them?” Kirsten exclaims.

“Damn. She is pissed,” Dre remarks with a smirk. “Whatever you did to blackmail her must have been hardcore.”

“I didn’t show them the videos,” I assure her.

“You were supposed to delete the videos and leave me alone!” she huffs.

“Did you delete the videos?” I ask, and she lowers her eyes while losing some of the anger in them.

“Well, at least it doesn’t appear to be one-sided,” Creed mutters before turning to Kirsten. “Where’s the security office for the building?”

She shakes her head. “I don’t know.”

“Great. Well, Dre and I will go find it and take out the equipment while you two...glare at each other longingly,” he says before he turns to leave with Dre.

“This night just gets better and better.” Kirsten’s eyes are still on the door even after they’re gone.

“Hey, it could be worse,” I tell her. “At least your balls aren’t still throbbing from getting kneed.”

The corner of her lips lift in a grin at the reminder.

“And if I had still been following you, then maybe none of this would’ve happened.”

“Right, you would’ve somehow known that the random man coming into the building was intending to visit and kill me?” Kirsten asks with an arched blonde eyebrow.

“Maybe. At least I could’ve been here sooner,” I remark, and she can’t argue with that.

Kirsten

The three criminals work together removing the body, cleaning every inch of the floors, walls, and even the beer bottle mess in the living room. Probably because they have so much experience covering up murders. Not that I can complain or judge them now that they're using those skills to help me.

There's just one thing I've been chewing over the entire time and haven't been able to admit yet as they wrap things up. And I won't say it in front of the two grumpy mobsters.

"Whoever did this thought to pull the surveillance first," Creed Ferraro explains. "Which means, they had time to plan it out."

"What he means is that they're probably not going to give up," Tristan tells me.

Which is exactly what I fear. "Did you tell them about your theory?" I ask Tristan.

"Oh, right. Kirsten mentioned that she's been looking into Bertelli's murder."

"Fuck," Creed groans as he scrubs a palm down his face, and Andre rubs his temple in thought.

"Bowen?" Andre guesses.

"Got to be," Tristan says. "We're going to have to take him out sooner than we planned..."

“Whoa, man! You can’t just blurt that shit out in front of her,” Andre huffs.

“Sure, I can. I’ve got enough blackmail on the DA that she would never consider throwing us back in jail. Isn’t that right, sweetheart?”

He winks at me, and I roll my eyes at him, then tell the men, “I don’t want to know any details, but I don’t want to die either.”

“We’ll take care of him,” Tristan assures me.

“It’s not as easy as just snapping your fingers,” Creed grumbles. “Bowen is a boss now. The best thing we can do is go to his sister and hope she gets rid of him. Keep that mess in the family rather than raise any problems with all the other families.”

“Serafina’s a trained assassin, right?” I ask as all three men turn to me in surprise. “She came to see me last week.”

“Oh, really?” Creed looks to Tristan and then Dre. “What did she say?”

“She was angry and wanted to know why nobody had been arrested yet for her father’s murder.”

“Her adopted father,” Creed amends.

“Right. She obviously loved him and thinks someone came after him in a planned attack.”

“How does she not see that it was her brother?” Andre asks. “I mean, who else would have benefited from the old man’s death?”

“We need to talk to her,” Creed says. “Bowen may have gone to the cops for the hit

so it wouldn't get back to Serafina."

"I can talk to her," I offer as the mob boss arches a single eyebrow at me that looks so similar to Tristan's.

He also looks at me like I'm the shit on the bottom of his shoe.

"It's the least I can do after tonight. And if I talk to her, maybe with Tristan there but without anyone seeing him show up, then we could explain to her our theory on her brother. "

"We need more than a theory," Andre scoffs. "We need evidence."

"Yes, well, a theory is where we can start. And if I'm the one setting up the meeting, then it keeps the heat off you all, avoiding any mobster wars or whatever, right?"

"It could work," Tristan agrees quicker than his two cousins.

Creed shrugs. "Fine. But Bowen will probably find out about the meeting, putting you in danger."

"I'm already in danger!" I remind him.

"I'll keep an eye on her," Tristan offers. "I was already following her for weeks anyway."

"Fine. Whatever," Creed huffs and points his index finger at me. "None of this better come back on us, or you'll be the next one carried out of here like a pig in a blanket."

Andre snorts with laughter, making us all stare at the sudden change in his mood. "What?" he asks. "Pig in a blanket? The guy was a cop, so like pig is slang for...it

was funny. Fuck all of you.” He flips us his middle finger and then huffs, “Can we go home now?”

Tristan nods. “Thanks for the help. I owe you one, Dre.”

“Yeah, you do,” Andre agrees.

“Good luck,” Creed offers before the two men walk out the door.

“So...” Tristan starts. “I guess —”

“I don’t feel safe here,” I blurt out before he can say goodbye as well.

“Hell, I don’t feel safe here,” he replies with a grin that I know means he’s kidding. I guess a tough guy like him isn’t scared of much.

“Could I... I mean, I could call someone and ask, but it’s late,” I say in a rush before finally getting to the point. “Could I stay with you tonight? I can pay you for protection. Isn’t that how the mob works?”

Tristan blinks at me silently for a long moment. “Fuck no. I don’t want your money.”

“Oh,” I say as the weight of disappointment wells up in my chest. I guess there’s no amount of money in the world that’s worth dying for...

“You’re not leaving my side until Bowen is dead.”

“What?”

“Well? Go pack up your shit so we can go,” he orders. “I’m beat.”

He was saying no to me paying him, not to letting me stay. Thank God.

I nod and turn away with my shoulders sagging in relief to go grab a couple of suits and my toiletries. Anxiety meds are also a given.

If someone had told me a few weeks ago I'd feel safe with one of my most terrifying criminal defendants and that I'd willingly go home with him, I would've told them they were certifiably insane.

I never would've gotten close enough to speak to a defendant without a police escort before.

And now...now I'm trusting one with my life.

The drive to Tristan's apartment in his truck is short.

When we're walking up the stairs, he stops mid-step with my luggage in his grip and turns around to face me.

There's an odd, slightly terrified look on his face for the very first time.

"So, um, there's something you should know before we go inside. "

"What?" I ask, figuring he's a slob or has the occasional bug run across his messy floor. "Just spit it out. I'm tired, and it's been a horrible night...and your building is not what I expected..."

"Oh. What did you expect?"

"I don't know. A dark, dingy evil lair?" I tease with a grin. Instead, the building is so nice and new. I probably couldn't afford a studio apartment here on my public

servant salary. My trust fund is another story, but I try not to touch that money unless absolutely necessary.

“Right. Well, I, ah, I should’ve mentioned that I have a few roommates,” Tristan explains.

Shit. Here’s hoping they’re all asleep and don’t recognize me if not. Although, only an idiot would chance pissing off Tristan Ferraro. “And you don’t think they’ll approve of a guest?”

“Well, yes and no. They won’t like you, but since they don’t pay rent, they don’t have any right to bitch.”

“You let people live rent-free in your apartment?” Why would he do that? The rent must cost a fortune.

“Yes. It’s late tonight, but I swear I’ll kick them all out in the morning. Every single one, okay? Just don’t freak out and leave.”

“Where else would I go tonight?” I whisper on a sigh.

“Promise me,” he says in that demanding voice I first heard at the club.

“Fine, I promise. Just, could we please go inside now?”

He nods and pulls out his keys from his pocket to unlock the door.

I’m not sure what I expected to find in Tristan’s dark apartment. It’s a beautiful, open loft apartment based on the streetlight coming in through the cracks in the shades. But I certainly wasn’t anticipating half-dressed, passed out women lying everywhere. And I mean everywhere !

There are three of them, three , in a giant king-sized bed.

One is stretched out on the black leather sectional, and two are on a mattress on the floor.

A few stir when they hear us come in, and I stand there in frozen shock.

One in the bed sits up and waves a hand toward Tristan, blows him a kiss then flops back down on her side.

The girl on the sofa sits up, stretches her arms over her head, and says, “Hi, sweetie. You finally sleeping here tonight?”

Sweetie?

“Ah, yeah, I am.”

She then throws her blanket off and strolls over, wearing nothing but a bra and panties to kiss the man beside me on his cheek. “I’ve got to go tinkle.”

Before she even closes the door to what I’m assuming is the bathroom, I turn around and reach for the door.

“Wait, Kirsten. You promised,” Tristan says behind me.

“That was before we walked into your sex dungeon, harem, or whatever the fuck this is!” Someone shushes me from across the room, and I shout, “Oh, fuck you!” I open the door and flood the apartment with light from the hallway, making the occupants groan in complaint.

Or at least, it opened a few inches before slamming shut again.

Tristan reaches over me and flattens his palm against the door to keep it closed.

He wraps one arm around my waist and drags me away from the structure so he can lock up.

“Let me go!” I slam my fists down on his arm. Unaffected, he hauls me deeper into my own personal hell.

“No. It’s late. You’re tired and crankier than usual.

We’re going to bed, and the girls will all be gone by the time you wake up in the morning.

” With that pronouncement, a chorus of aww sounds in unison.

“Sorry, ladies. I’ll help you find alternative housing for tomorrow night,” Tristan tells them as he climbs up a set of metal stairs. “Good night.”

Several voices call back the same sweetly.

At the top of the metal stairs, he uses a key to unlock the door, then strides inside while my nails try to gouge his arm through his leather coat, wanting him to put me down.

The room is pitch black with no windows.

He flips on the overhead lights revealing another giant bed, empty and unmade, a dresser, chair, and normal bedroom furnishes.

There are a few items of clothing strewn on the floor and chair, but it’s otherwise tidy.

“This is my room. I’m the only one who sleeps in this bed,” Tristan tells me before he tosses me onto the mattress so hard, I bounce.

When I try to scoot to the edge and stand up, he climbs over me and pushes my shoulders back.

“Lie down and get some sleep. I’ll go grab your luggage and then lock the bedroom door. ”

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

The weight and heat of his body on mine short circuits my brain. I hate that his face is so close to mine and so gorgeous. My body relaxes underneath him against my will, melting into the comfortable mattress. Still, I'm not ready to let it go. "Who are all those...women?"

"Friends."

I roll my eyes.

"Friends who worked for an awful man."

"Whores who worked for a pimp, you mean?" I ask, quickly putting it together.

"Yeah, that. They're good girls who just needed a place to crash for a few days..."

Oh, and he just so graciously offered his apartment to a harem of freaking prostitutes?

"How long have they been staying here with you?"

His eyes close on a wince. "I haven't been home in a few weeks, so it wasn't a big deal."

Not a big deal? Is he fucking kidding?

"Did you fuck them?"

"Well, yeah. They're whores."

I scoff and shove at his chest to get him off me. Despite using all my strength, he doesn't move. If anything, he just gets heavier, flattening me even more into the mattress.

"Only if they wanted to, and I didn't pay them," Tristan explains.

"You just let them live here rent free!"

"I didn't offer them my place to fuck them. They just...really enjoy sex. There's nothing wrong with that."

"They fuck men for money!"

"Not anymore. They're all going back to school to get their GEDs or trying to find real jobs while they're staying here."

Whipping my head from side to side I tell him, "You are so full of shit."

Tristan's eyes narrow and then his lips twist. "Are you jealous?"

"Am I jealous of whores? God, no."

"Yeah, you are. I think you're jealous that I fucked them."

"No, I'm not."

"Sometimes it was two or three at the same time —"

My palm hauls back as far as it can in the tight space between the bed and his body to slap the shit out of his face, even harder than the previous time.

Tristan grabs both of my wrists and pins them above my head to stop me from hitting him again. He easily dominates me, making me so freaking wet despite being so damn angry at him.

“I haven’t fucked any of them since I started watching you.”

“Bullshit! They live in your apartment!”

“And I was barely here longer than to take a shower and change most days because I was sleeping in my truck outside your apartment or the courthouse or watching you flirt with those assholes at lunch.”

“What? I wasn’t flirting with anyone. And all those men are rich donors.”

“I know that, but I don’t like it.”

“Tough shit.”

“Hypocrite.”

With an indignant huff, I tell him, “I never slept with those men!”

“They want to fuck you.”

“You don’t know that.”

“I do,” he says. “Because every straight, single man who sees you wants you. How could they not? You’re fucking gorgeous.”

A tiny bit of my anger disintegrates thanks to his compliment. “And every whore who comes near you wants you and a free place to live apparently.”

“Yes, I slept with the women downstairs, but I never jerked off to them.”

“What does that have to do with any-fucking-thing?”

“Because it was just sex, a release, and then it was over and done. Physically and mentally.” He wets his lips with his tongue, drawing my attention. “Do you know how often I jerk off thinking about you?”

I shake my head and try to swallow down my stupid arousal.

“Constantly. Even before I ever touched you.”

“Now you’re just making shit up.”

“I would watch you in yoga class, bending over in those white pants, which should be illegal by the way, and I couldn’t even wait to get home to take my cock out.”

“Oh my God. You watched me at yoga?”

He nods. “And came so hard in my truck. Your ass in those pants has haunted me for weeks. I couldn’t tell you how many times I imagined bending you over, jerking them down, and shoving deep inside your tight cunt.

I knew before I felt you that you would be so damn snug because you’re so fucking uptight. ”

I am always uptight, except when I’m with this man. This foul-mouthed, demanding criminal. There’s something about him that weakens me, making me lose all my inhibitions.

Like usual with him, there’s a shift inside of me, cooling the anger and warming up

feelings much more dangerous. There's more to the mobster than meets the eye.

"You put pajamas on me."

"What?" Tristan's forehead crinkles in confusion.

"The night you brought me home, you put clothes on me before you slept naked behind me."

"Yeah, because I needed the barrier to keep from slamming inside you." He rocks against me, letting me feel his erection against my belly.

"I would've let you that morning," I admit quietly. "Before I really woke up..."

Closing his eyes, he groans and grinds down on me.

"I think the reason I was so mad at you wasn't because of the videos you used to blackmail me, but because I thought it was all an act to set me up."

His dark eyes open and peer down at me. "You thought what was all an act?"

"The way you touched me in the club, everything you did on the video. I thought you were pretending to want me just to get the blackmail you needed."

"Are you kidding?" he mutters. "I didn't get what I needed. What I needed was to be inside you, and I knew you would never let me. If I had pushed that far at the club, I think you would've pulled the trigger the next morning."

"You emptied my gun."

"And I'm sorry about that. If you hadn't realized it before tonight..." he trails off.

“He would’ve killed me.”

Tristan releases my wrists. His lips crash down on mine, and his tongue forces its way into my mouth as his body grows heavier, as if he’s trying to prevent me from leaving.

Reaching up, I slide my fingers into his dark hair, tugging on it the way he’s tugged on mine. The way I wanted to do the first time he went down on me, but I couldn’t with my arms restrained over my head in that damn swing.

Tristan groans like he approves while I part my legs, allowing his body to align in the perfect way with mine.

“You’re playing a dangerous game tonight, sweetheart,” he warns against my lips. Reaching down, he tugs my shirt out of my pants to get his big, warm hand on my bare skin. His palm cups my breast through my satin bra a second later, squeezing as his hips roll, teasing me.

“No more games,” I tell him. “I need you inside me too.”

Our kiss deepens for a moment before Tristan draws back and rips my shirt down the middle, shredding the buttons to reveal all that’s underneath. “I want you naked and screaming my name tonight, not God’s.”

“If you think you can give me something to scream about,” I joke. “And I want you...”

Tristan’s roaming hands freeze as he stares down at my face, waiting for me to finish my thought. “I want you to wake me up screaming in the morning.”

“God, yes.”

My pants are his next victims, as he destroys the button and zipper. I fight to remove my coat, suit jacket, and shirt while he tugs my pants and panties down my legs, stopping only long enough to remove my shoes and hose.

I can't believe I'm getting naked in his bed, that I'm going to have sex with the criminal while half a dozen women sleep below us.

But I'm tired of denying myself.

And I want Tristan to fuck me so good those women hear me scream his name over and over again.

Page 24

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Tristan

Before I have Kirsten for the first time, I want to hear her beg.

Sliding down her body, I part her folds with my tongue, then attack her clit with fervor, making her squirm and gasp.

“Fuck, how are you so...so good at that?” Her fingers thread through my hair, tugging my face closer to her body. “Never mind. More...please don’t stop...oh yeah...right there!”

God, I could come from just listening to her shouts.

When I pump my finger inside her, she detonates, screaming my name at the top of her lungs as her back arches off the mattress and her inner walls clamp down on my finger.

While she’s recovering from her orgasm, I quickly snatch up a condom and roll it on before she has a chance to change her mind.

Kirsten’s eyes finally open again when I stretch out over her, lining my cock up with her slick entrance.

I watch her face when I bury myself inside her for the first time.

Her eyes widen and her mouth opens in a silent scream as I fill her up.

When I'm fully sheathed in her tight pussy, I figure she'll need time to adjust to my size.

I was wrong. Her legs wrap around my waist, and she starts lifting her hips. Her nails dig in my back, like she wants me even deeper.

But she's not in control. I am.

Grabbing her wrists, I pin them above her head. Then, I lick a line up the side of her neck while swiveling my hips.

Kirsten makes a sound of aggravation that causes my dick to twitch in her and a smile to stretch across my face.

I lean down to her ear and tease it with the tip of my tongue, making her whimper. "Tell me what you want."

"Fuck me...I want you to...fuck me," she says while rolling her hips.

"Beg."

There's a brief pause before she caves. "Please fuck me, Tristan."

Hearing my name on her lips while buried in her heaven has me right on the edge way too soon.

Holding her wrists in one hand, I pull all the way out of her wet heat and reach down to swipe the head of my cock through her wetness. She goes wild underneath me when I tap her clit.

"Please! I need...I need you —"

I slam inside her so hard she screams and moves up the bed a few inches. “You feel so fucking good,” I groan, thrusting deep with each word as my vision darkens around the edges. Unable to hold back any longer, my hips snap, going harder and faster until we’re both breathing heavy.

Kirsten stares up at me, her blue eyes glazed and her teeth biting down on her bottom lip.

She’s so fucking hot, but she’s not getting her brains fucked out of her like I know she wants.

I keep her arms held down over her head and push her knees up to her chest. She needs to feel out of control to get off, so I make sure she knows she’s trapped under me, and that I can fuck her however I want.

Her head falls back on the next slam inside her, lips parting. Before I even touch the pad of my finger to her clit she’s clenching around me, coming on my cock and taking me with her.

“God...fuck!” I shout as my release floods the condom. The room darkens. I can’t hear a sound. All my senses are off-line until the final tremor leaves my body.

And when it all comes roaring back, Kirsten goes limp underneath me, passed out from orgasms and exhaustion.

I hate that it’s over so soon and that she’s sound asleep.

I miss her even though she’s right here in my bed with me. Whatever this is between us, it’s only temporary.

Page 25

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Tristan

It's hard to sleep for more than a few minutes. I keep waking up worried Kirsten will be gone.

But she's still here in my bed at nearly five a.m., which is when she's usually getting up.

I don't want her to leave my side to go to work today, not when some fucking cops apparently want her dead.

She also asked me to wake her up screaming, and I intend to fulfill her wish.

Her hands are tucked near her face as she sleeps soundly. As gentle as I can be, I wrap my tie around one wrist, then the other, leaving a little space in between.

While I love licking her pussy, I want her to wake up to me inside her.

I ease a hand between her legs, finding her still as warm and wet as she was last night.

Holding myself up on my side, I watch her face while slipping a finger inside her cunt.

Her expression doesn't change, but her thighs clench tighter.

Unable to wait a second longer, I roll on a condom, then lift her right leg to line

myself up with her entrance, easing in nice and slow. I rock my hips, sliding a little deeper each time.

Kirsten's lips are already parted, but her eyes are closed as her hips press back eagerly. With one more thrust I'm completely sheathed in her slick grip. Still, she's not awake, so I stay impaled inside her while my fingertips circle her clit.

She gasps and grabs at the sheets underneath her hands, finally waking up. But she requested it with a scream.

I press forward, rolling her to her stomach. My fingers keep rubbing while I start fucking her hard and fast into the mattress. I know she's wide awake when she moans, and her hips buck.

I slap her ass and get a shout from her.

Her pussy clenches around me, telling me she likes the slap, so I give her another and another until finally she shouts, "Tristan!" She pulses around my cock.

It's impossible for me to last a second longer.

I shove deep and fill the condom with a roar of pleasure.

Once I've come down from the incredible high, I reluctantly climb off her so she can breathe. I can't resist slapping her gorgeous ass again before disposing of the rubber. Then, I grab another tie on my way back to the bed.

While Kirsten lies there limply, I take her restrained wrists and wind the new tie through them and to the closest post on my bed. Tying knot after knot, Kirsten looks up at me with bleary eyes and a sleepy smile.

“What are you doing?”

“Making sure you can’t leave my bed.”

“Oh really?”

“Yes. You’re my captive today. No work for you.”

The sleepy haze vanishes from her eyes. “Okay, that’s not funny or sexy.”

“Neither is someone trying to kill you.”

“You can’t be serious, Tristan!”

“I do love hearing you scream my name. Now, even if those ties can’t hold you, I’m going to lock the bedroom door when I leave, from the outside.”

“Tristan! I have to go to work! I’m the district attorney! Everyone already thinks I’m slacking off after dismissing the charges against you and your cousins!”

“I’m sorry, sweetheart, but I need to find who wants you dead before I let you out of my sight. Unless you want me to keep watch in your office while you work...”

Her eyes widen and she shakes her head. “You cannot show up at the courthouse!”

“Right. Because I’m a defendant, former defendant, and eyebrows would be raised. We can’t have anyone thinking you would ever fuck someone like me.”

“I can’t lose my entire career for...this.”

“For me, you mean?”

“You live with six whores, Tristan. That doesn’t exactly scream long-term commitment.”

“If you want a commitment then just say so, sweetheart.”

She rolls her eyes. “We both know that this is nothing but sex.”

“Amazing sex. Best I ever had, and I’m guessing the same goes for you. Admit it.”

“Fine, yes, it’s amazing. The handful of times we’ve done it last night and fooled around at that club, but that’s it. It’s exciting and new right now. In a few weeks or days, it’ll get boring. You’ll move on, and I’ll go back to looking for my trophy husband.”

“Trophy husband? What the hell is that?”

“A good man to support my career without his overshadowing it. You know, so he can stay home with our kids until they go to school.”

“Wow. Sounds like you’ve got the future all planned out just as soon as you find Mr. Right,” I remark with barely contained rage, since I know that man is not me.

“Let me guess, the perfect guy for you went to some snobby ivy league school; grew up in a wealthy family; plays golf at the country club with all his smart, filthy rich buddies; and is such a push-over he’ll gladly give up his career to raise your brats?

Oh, and most importantly, he has a squeaky-clean record and can’t find your clit. ”

“I don’t care where he went to school or if he’s rich,” she huffs, blowing a strand of hair out of her face. “But the rest, other than not finding my clit, is pretty much the ideal man.”

“How gracious of you to marry a man who went to a state school on a scholarship.”

“It’s not about the money. I don’t want to give up my career to have a family. Just because I want kids doesn’t mean I should have to give up my job, my goals, and ambitions.”

“You want kids?” I ask, finding myself wanting some brats too lately. Probably just because my cousins have settled down and impregnated their women, making me feel left out.

No, that’s not true.

I want to have babies with Kirsten, no one else. And that has nothing to do with my cousins and their wives.

Oh shit.

I want her to be my wife too.

I’ve never thought marriage was for me. I mean, it only seemed to make both of my parents unhappy before my mom was killed. After that, my dad was an even bigger miserable bastard. My uncles had similar luck, so my cousins and I all grew up without mothers, without seeing what love looked like.

While I may be clueless about the concept of loving someone more than I love myself, it doesn’t change the fact that I want a commitment with Kirsten, as unlikely as that may be.

For weeks, I doubted I’d be able to convince her to fuck me, and I was wrong about that. With enough time and patience, I made it happen. I got her in my bed. So, maybe convincing her to want that sort of future with someone like me, instead of

some other asshole, might eventually work out too.

Smiling at her, I brush my lips over her pursed ones and nearly growl in satisfaction when she opens them for me. Her mouth and legs part to take me as if it's an automatic function that doesn't require a single thought, and zero hesitation.

"While I would love to stay in bed fucking you all day, I have shit to do," I tell her.

Finding out who wants her dead could wait a day, right? If she's here, safe in my bed...

No. My obsession with her is bad enough as it is. I'll have her again later, once I've looked into the hit.

I reluctantly and slowly force myself to move off her.

"Don't go anywhere," I say with a grin as I head for the attached bathroom to shower.

"Tristan!" she shouts after me. "You can't leave me here!"

"Sure, I can! I just did!"

Echoes of Kirsten's swears follow me downstairs from where she's still naked and tied to my bed.

The first stop I make on the lower level is for a talk with the girls, who are, thankfully, all packing up or having breakfast. Their greetings are chillier than usual, and I know it's not just because they have to move out.

"Your woman is a bitch," Dana says from where she's cooking breakfast in the kitchen.

“No, she’s not. And if you call her that again, I’ll let her claw your eyes out,” I warn her.

“She’s not even that pretty,” Summer goes over and whispers to Dana, making me roll my eyes.

“It was dark. You barely saw a glimpse of her. She’s fucking gorgeous, and you’re jealous,” I inform them. “Now enough about her. You all have seen some cops now and then, right?”

“Oh yeah,” Cassidy says from where she pushes her suitcase closed on the sofa to zip it. “All the time.”

“Really? Same ones or different.”

“Both,” Summer answers. “A few of them like to ‘arrest’ us for solicitation, then have us work off the arrest with them and their friends.”

“Jesus,” I mutter, hating that they’re put in that position where they can either fuck the cops or go to jail. “If you give me names, I’ll take care of them,” I tell them. “And I need you all to look at this photo and tell me if you’ve seen him around.”

I show a photo I found online of the dead cop to each woman who shakes her head..

“Alright, well, any names you recall of the others?”

The girls exchange questioning looks.

“You know they’ll never find out where I got their names. They’ll assume Creed has a bone to pick with them.”

“Fine. One of the worst is Slater,” Cassidy says.

“And Wilcox,” Dana adds with an eye roll. “Should’ve known based on his name.”

“How about that Dalton guy?” Summer asks. “Him and Reeves like to use us to torment the rookies.”

“Torment them how?” I question.

“Make them do things to us while they watch and jerk off. They comment about how small their dicks are and laugh at how fast they come. It’s really fucked up.”

“Poor rookies. Made a few of them cry afterwards. They had girlfriends but caved to the pressure of the older cops so they wouldn’t get fired,” Cassidy agrees with a nod.

“You too?”

“Yep. Not that I mind if the rookies are into it. I like being watched, and Dalton or whatever is hot,” Summer admits with a shrug.

“Their names are Dalton and Reeves? You know their first names?”

“Only the lasts, because it’s on their uniform, but it’s Reeves and Daughtry, not Dalton,” Cassidy corrects Summer.

Why is the name Daughtry familiar?

Oh fuck.

I quickly do a search on my phone for Detective Bryan Daughtry and show the girls a picture of him.

“That’s him,” Cassidy says right away. The others nod as well.

“Oh, he’s a dead man.”

“Why?” Dana asks. “The guy is probably just so insecure he prefers to watch others.”

“What do you mean?”

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

“It takes the pressure off,” she says as she makes the jerkoff gesture with her fist. “There’s no woman to have to satisfy, only himself, while someone else does the heavy lifting. Kind of sad really if he doesn’t have the confidence in himself to fuck a woman.”

“Oh, but he loves to criticize the rookies,” Cassidy remarks.

“That’s probably just his way of being critical of himself. Trust me, I took a psych class in high school,” Dana proclaims.

Before I head out, I take Kirsten’s luggage upstairs and talk to the woman about Daughtry. But all my plans go out the window when I find her nearly in tears.

“What’s wrong?” I ask, shutting and locking the door behind me.

“Seriously? You left me tied up in your bed!”

“Sweetheart, it’s barely been ten minutes since I left to take a quick shower,” I tell her as I climb over her. She looks away, and I grab her chin to make her look at me. “You’re upset? I thought you liked being restrained.”

“I do, I just...wasn’t sure how long...and I need to go to work, you controlling asshole.”

“You like this controlling asshole,” I remind her. “And I’m not being controlling by making you stay home today. I’m keeping you safe from Bowen or whoever wants you dead. So, if I untie you, will you call in sick? Just for a few days?”

“One day. Today,” she counters. “I can’t miss work.

“Fine,” I agree.

“And I need a shower.”

“Okay.” I reach up and undo the tie knot.

“Will you come with me?”

Frowning, I pause on the wrist knots to look at her face. “You’re that scared?”

“No, I’m that horny.”

“Oh. Why didn’t you just say so?” I grin.

“Tell me about your cop,” I say to Kirsten when we’re drying off from our joint shower. She demanded to clean up before I laid a hand on her again, so I ate her out while she washed up, then fucked her against the shower wall.

“My cop?” she repeats as if she’s clueless to whom I refer. “The one who tried to kill me?”

“No. The one you fuck in your office once a month.”

“How did you...Natalie?”

“She told me he comes in for an appointment and stays about half an hour. But judging by how fast you came on my fingers that first time, I’m guessing he wasn’t giving you what you needed.”

“He doesn’t. Wasn’t. What good is carrying around handcuffs if you won’t use them.”

Oh, fuck me. I’m going to buy some tomorrow or online and have them shipped overnight.

“He was a prick who wouldn’t put the cuffs on you. What else?” I ask while Kirsten returns to the bedroom and pulls clothes from her luggage.

“He wouldn’t even bend me over my desk. Not once.”

“Why not? Where else is there to fuck?” I ask in genuine confusion when I follow her.

“Face to face with me sitting on my desk usually. Once I rode him in the chair.”

“Did you suck his dick?” I find myself asking for some unknown reason. Do I want to think about Kirsten’s mouth on another man? Fuck, no. But I need to know all the same.

“A few times when he would try to tell me we shouldn’t risk it...”

“He’s a piece of shit.”

“What? Why? Because I fucked him?” she asks as her beautiful breasts disappear behind her white lace bra.

“Because of what he does with whores and rookies.”

“Now you’ve lost me.”

“Did you know he makes the rookies fuck whores while he gets off watching them?”

She shrugs. “There’s nothing wrong with that if everyone consents. Besides, it’s not like we were in a committed relationship or anything. It was just once a month for a few months. I haven’t seen him in weeks before he came by to bitch the day you sent the flowers.”

“Guess he’s been busy breaking in the rookies.”

“Why? And he’s a detective. Why would he have anything to do with training rookie cops?”

“I didn’t say he was training them.”

“Oh. Oh! You think he...”

“The girls saw it with their own eyes, him directing the rookies or whatever while he and some other guy watch.”

“The girls who lived here?”

“Yes.”

“And you believe them?”

“I do. They have no reason to lie. And it’s not like I asked about him specifically. They brought it up first, and then I showed them a photo of the son of a bitch.”

Kirsten frowns at me, then glances at my limp dick. I was so busy watching her get dressed I forgot to put clothes on. “You’re upset by what they told you.”

“Who wouldn’t be? I knew rookies go through shit like getting hazed, but they’re crossing a line.”

“Are you going to hurt him?”

“Probably. Does that upset you?”

“I don’t want to know the details.” She slips her white panties up her legs.

“And I don’t want him ruining our morning.

” Kirsten comes over and wraps her arms around my neck, then places a kiss on my cheek.

“How about we change the bed sheets, you lie down, and I use my mouth to get you nice and hard again for me?”

“Can I restrain your hands behind your back first?”

“Sure.”

“Then you’ll suck me off and ride me?”

“Reverse cowgirl so you can slap my ass and pull my hair?”

“Fuck yes,” I agree, giving her bottom a hard slap. “Why did you put clothes on?”

“I thought you were leaving.” She glances down and adds, “And it looks like you don’t need my mouth after all.”

“Oh, I still need to come in your mouth. It’s all I’ve thought about since that night

you came to thank me and the next morning.” I push her down onto the bed. “After all, you’ve come on my tongue at least, what, ten times? So, you’ve got some catching up to do.”

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten

The morning with Tristan is no less passionate than the night before. I swear it's like I can't keep my hands off him. I want more of what only he can give me.

So, when he climbs out of bed and starts putting on a suit, I'm annoyed and disappointed. "I've got to head out and handle something real fast. Do you need anything before I go?" Tristan asks as slips on his suit jacket then checks his firearm.

"I...I want to get out of the apartment for a few hours," I tell him because I don't want to be left alone. "Can I come with you?"

"Really?" He scowls. "It's not safe. And you're not going to like what you see me do."

"What are you going to do?" I question. "And I'll be safe with you. Nobody knows I'm here except your cousins and the girls downstairs, right?"

Shaking his head, he says, "Fine. Come or don't come, but I have to go."

"Give me a minute to get dressed," I huff. While I need to set up a meeting with Serafina — outside of the courthouse — I figure it can wait another day since nobody will expect me to be tagging along with Tristan.

Once I'm ready, dressed down in black yoga pants and a gray sweatshirt with my hair in a messy bun, we take his truck across town and find a parking spot in front of a cluster of Italian restaurants and delis. Even the pharmacy and dry cleaner have

names like Giordono's and Lombardi's.

"Let me guess, these are all mob businesses?" I ask before he kills the engine.

"Creed owns some small businesses, but most of these are run by individuals who are not made men. They're just associates."

"Associates who have to pay you...what's it called? Pizzo?"

"No, they chose to pay the pizzo," Tristan replies.

"Because if they don't, you'll kill them?"

He stares at me in the passenger seat. "Do you seriously think so little of me, that I would kill someone over a few hundred dollars?"

"I thought that's what the mob does."

"The businesses pay up to keep themselves safe. It's money for protection.

It's sort of like insurance. When everyone who lives around here knows they're protected by Creed, by the Ferraro family, then they think twice before they fuck with the businesses.

At least most of the time. Sometimes there are a few idiots who press their luck," he explains.

"Now, are you coming inside, or do you want to wait in the truck?"

"I'll come in," I decide, even if I'm dressed down without makeup or my hair fixed perfectly.

With the mobster, those things don't seem to matter.

In fact, I think he prefers when I'm a little messy.

The way he stared at my pants before we left his apartment makes me think he likes the tight fit on my ass more than my stuffy suits.

I follow Tristan into a cute, old-fashioned ice cream shop of all places, complete with checkered floors and red decor.

It's gelato actually, which I should've guessed.

The front window glass is broken, shards scattered everywhere.

A pretty man with shoulder-length dark curls holds a broom inside, sweeping up.

His hands are shaking as he works, and his shoulders are hunched.

He looks upset before he even glances up and sees the mobster headed his way.

His eyes widen and then... he lets out a sigh of relief.

"Mr. Ferraro," he says in greeting. "Thank you for coming so soon."

"Do you have security footage of the asshole who did this?" Tristan asks.

The young man nods.

"Text it to me. How much did he take?"

"Almost four-grand," the guy says. "My parents are going to fucking kill me when

they find out I didn't make the bank deposit last night."

"They won't find out. I'm going to go get your money back right now," Tristan promises, which seems a bit too cocky. "You know the guy who did it?"

The man nods. "We went to high school together. My friend, Kelly, she works here part time and is dating him. His name is Reggie. Reggie Reynolds."

"How did this Reggie know about the cash you had on hand? The girl told him?"

He nods again and swallows loud enough for us to hear. "I may have mentioned needing to make a bank run last night. Please, don't hurt her, just him!"

"You got a thing for this girl or something?" Tristan asks, and the guy's nose wrinkles in disgust.

"God, no. I'm gay."

"Oh. Right. Well, this girl is trouble. She's going to have to be punished in some way too."

"Fine. Just don't hit her."

Tristan scrubs his palm down his face. "Why does everyone think I'm a monster who hurts girls and kills over a few bucks?"

The young guy looks from Tristan to me and then lowers his eyes to the mess on the floor.

Shaking his head, Tristan says, "I've got some guys coming to replace the glass. The shop should be all sealed up by tonight when you close."

“It’s not like anyone wants ice cream in the winter. And I doubt any other...customers will be willing to literally crawl over broken glass to get what they’re looking for.”

“Right, well, I’m sorry this happened to you, kid. I’ll make sure it doesn’t happen again.”

“Thanks, Mr. Ferraro.”

“Keep your head up, Emanuele.”

When Tristan and I are back in his cranked truck, getting warm while he types on his phone, I ask him, “What else does the adorable ice cream shop sell?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He grins without glancing up from his phone. “The Pescis only sell happiness in a cup.”

“Happiness in a cup? You mean drugs?”

“Why? Are you going to have them arrested?”

“I don’t arrest anyone. I prosecute cases.”

“Right. Well, let’s just say that if anyone ever offers you some sort of colorful little pills in the shape of cartoon characters, you should decline.”

“MDMA,” I say in understanding. “I do know what’s on the streets, since it’s all written up in the police reports. I’ve even seen it firsthand in evidence.”

“Well, don’t tell any of your cop friends about the Pescis unless you’re willing to try to make a living selling ice cream in the winter.

” Waving a hand at the shop, he says, “They had no choice but to close or branch out. It’s a necessity, not greed.

These families have mortgages and bills to pay like everyone else.

But I’m guessing you’ve never spent a day trying to figure out if you should pay the past-due electric bill or get groceries. ”

“And you have?” I ask him.

Tristan shakes his head before tossing his phone into the cupholder.

Pulling away from the curb, we head for the address he put in his GPS.

“No, thankfully, my family never had to struggle to make ends meet. But I grew up with plenty of people who did. And for those people, they do what they have to do to survive. You should think about that the next time you ask a judge to throw the book at them.”

“So, you’re saying I take my privilege for granted?”

“Yes. I know everything in your world is black and white. But there are plenty of good people who live in the gray area. There are reasons they do what they do, and most of the time, it’s not just to be a dick or because they’re evil.”

“Says the criminal.”

“Says the criminal,” he agrees.

“Do I even want to know all the crimes you’ve committed or why they were done?”

“Probably not,” Tristan replies.

“I’m guessing that you have killed men before, right?”

“Yes.”

“Why? What did they do for you to think they deserved death by your hand?” I ask, genuinely curious to know more about his life and the choices he’s made.

“Well, let’s see. The last men I killed were guards who worked for...

a bad man who had taken Zara. That’s Creed’s wife.

They worked for the man who took her daughter and stood by while he tortured Zara, carving letters into her chest and burning her.

I took out the guards to rescue her daughter and two nannies who were innocent women, barely twenty years old, while Creed went after Zara and the man who hurt her. ”

“Wow,” I mutter as I consider that whole complicated situation.

“What would you have done in that situation?” He doesn’t sound angry as he focuses on the road, simply curious as well. “If you were me? If you were Zara, what would you have done?”

“I don’t know,” I answer honestly as I stare out at the people and businesses passing us by. “While I would hate it, I think I could kill to save my child’s life. Or any innocent child’s life. But only if there was no other way to handle the situation, like arresting the men.”

“So, you would be okay with officers getting shot, possibly killed responding to that scenario? What about the girl and the women getting hit by exchanged gunfire when the men refuse to go down without a fight?”

“You make some good points,” I admit.

“Sometimes, in my gray world, it’s better to take a few lives who deserve to die than to let innocents become victims.”

“That’s the only time you’ve taken a life, when you had to choose between them or innocent lives?”

“Not always. Sometimes it’s just good old self-defense.” Glancing over at me, he says, “You’ve been in that situation before. You know first-hand how it feels to make the snap decision to keep breathing by killing someone else.”

“Yes, I do know what that feels like,” I agree. “I didn’t even hesitate last night. I always thought I would if I faced someone with a gun, but I just wanted him to die instead of me.”

“You couldn’t have shot to wound, or he would’ve killed you,” Tristan points out.

“I know. And I don’t feel bad about it. The only thing I feel guilt for is hiding his body. And that’s because I have to meet with the families of victims all the time who just want some closure. Most never get it. That cop’s family won’t get any. They’ll always wonder.”

“Letting them wonder is better than going to prison.”

“If it was self-defense, and in normal circumstances, I would’ve called the police and explained everything.”

“But it wasn’t normal circumstances. You were caught in the gray area where doing the right thing could’ve gotten you killed, so you had to do the wrong thing.”

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

“I guess,” I agree. “So, Tristan, what other crimes would you like to provide explanations for committing?”

“Well, the gun charges against me and my cousins were complete horseshit. I mean, Creed had just received a goddamn death threat. Only an idiot would’ve left his house unarmed after that.”

“I left my house without my gun.”

“Yes, but you have me for protection. And luckily for you, I’m not illegal to possess.”

“You should be,” I tease him.

After a few moments of silence, Tristan says, “Tell me about your family. Just because you grew up wealthy doesn’t mean you don’t have your own trauma. While you may look put together most of the time, I know there’s got to be more to you than the perfect exterior you strive to maintain.”

“I didn’t grow up with any trauma,” I declare.

“But my life hasn’t been easy. My parents put a lot of pressure on me to not just succeed but to excel at everything I did.

Growing up, I had tutors for every subject, a few instruments, even chess because whatever I did, I had to be the best at it, or they were disappointed.

My father especially. Honestly, it felt like he was disappointed even when I was the best. Nothing was ever good enough for him, and my mom just wanted me to marry someone rich and plan parties. ”

“They sound like assholes.”

“They are. I try not to visit them except on the holidays. I get so stressed out about seeing them around Halloween, and it doesn’t let up until after New Years.

They think I should be married by now and have a few kids who will be the prettiest, smartest children to ever walk the earth.

Since I became the DA, they tell me how my approval ratings are low, and if I don’t shape up, I’ll lose my next election.

If I do lose...well, I’ll never hear the end of it from my father.

That’s why I’m still campaigning, looking for donors now instead of waiting until election year.

I’ll need all the help I can get with television ads and billboards... ”

“If you hate seeing them so much, why do you keep putting yourself through that hell on the holidays?”

“Because...well, it’s just seemed like a requirement.

And they’re all the family I have, since I was an only child.

There’s never been time for me to have a social life.

Not in high school, certainly not in college, and I don't think I spoke to anyone unless it was in the classroom while in law school.

I don't have any friends who just want to hang out without wanting something in return — a speeding ticket dismissed, a friend's drug charges dropped... ”

“Damn, sweetheart.”

“I thought once I graduated and started practicing that I could finally take a deep breath and relax a little, maybe even finally enjoy life. But my first year as a prosecutor in Boston, I realized that all the years in school were nothing, that I now had the responsibility to protect people's lives.

That a sexual assault victim might live in fear for the rest of their life if I fucked up and didn't get a conviction.

And I was just an assistant to the assistant DA in those cases! ”

“That's a lot of pressure.”

Nodding, I pull my coat tighter around me and admit something to him nobody else knows.

Why not? He already has worse blackmail on me.

“I had a nervous breakdown. That's the only skeleton in my closet that could ruin my campaign if it came out.

Or it was before the sex tapes with you and then killing the detective. ”

“You had an actual nervous breakdown?” he asks quietly.

“Someone found me on a subway one day. I had been riding for hours in a daze because I couldn’t get off and face the caseload on my desk.

I refused to leave and had to be dragged off by a security guard.

I just wanted to pretend I was someone else for a while, going somewhere different where life was easier, better.

My parents came and picked me up. They refused to let the doctors hospitalize me.

I was put on meds and had to take so much time off, so I ended up resigning.

I told the DA there that I was moving for another position, when really, I was just trying to figure out how to keep going. ”

“I saw you on the subway the other day.”

“When you were stalking me?” I try to recall when that was. I think it was days before the sex club.

“Yes. You got on, and I sat there and watched you for hours that night.”

“When I get really stressed out, I still go down and get on the subway with no destination.”

“Strange, filthy choice,” he remarks with a grin.

“Yes, but there are always people around, so I guess it’s better than being alone. I didn’t realize how lonely I was until I met you and you wouldn’t stop lurking nearby.”

“I was obsessed. First, before we spoke, I was trying to figure you out, since I couldn’t talk to you. Then, after the night in the club, well, I had other reasons for wanting to be near you.”

“You didn’t stay away, even when I told you to.”

“Not the first time, but the second I did, and you nearly got killed,” he grumbles. “And I would’ve started stalking you again after a few good night’s sleep. I was practically a zombie by the time I got to talk to you. Definitely more insane than usual thanks to insomnia.”

“That’s your excuse for feeling me up within seconds of meeting me for the first time? Insomnia?”

“I was desperate to touch you and after weeks of wanting you. Then, there you were, finally within my reach. Even though I knew I was coming on too strong, too fast, I couldn’t control myself. You had made me crazy, and you didn’t have a clue who I was.”

“I’m sorry I accused you of arranging the shooting in the alley that night.

It just didn’t seem plausible for a man I just met to risk his life to save mine.

You setting it up, knowing you wouldn’t get hurt, made more sense.

Nobody has ever done anything like that for me.

And I couldn’t think of a single person who knows me who would have done it either.

Not even my parents. I know my nickname is DA Cunt. ”

“You might give the attorneys you work with and the criminal defense attorneys on the other side of the aisle a hard time, but you do it for the victims, right?”

“Right,” I agree. “The rest, I don’t care if they like me or not.”

“You’re a good DA, a little harsh, but your heart is in the right place. With some open-minded understanding, I think you would give more second chances. Good people can make bad decisions and mistakes.”

“I know. Well, I’m starting to realize that, too, thanks to you,” I admit. “Living in the gray area is necessary sometimes. I didn’t think that a few weeks ago. I only saw things in black and white because my life has been so insulated from the problems of the real world.”

“I want to meet your parents,” Tristan says. “The next time you go visit, take me with you, and I’ll make sure they get off your ass.”

The thought of Tristan meeting my parents makes me laugh out loud. God, they wouldn’t know what to do with him.

“Since they will never approve of any man I choose, it could be fun to fuck with them. What about your parents?”

“They’re both dead. I don’t remember much about my mother. My father, well, he wouldn’t have liked you.”

“No?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because he would’ve took one look at you, knew you were too good for me, and that you were only going to break my heart.

He was a bit cynical about love after my mom died.

He never remarried, just slept his way through as many women as he could, as if he was trying to punish her, to get revenge on her for dying and leaving him.

When I was nineteen, he got drunk, wrecked his motorcycle and died. ”

“I’m sorry you lost both of your parents when you were so young.”

“I’m sorry your parents are cunts.”

“Yeah, me too,” I say with a heavy sigh.

Tristan

So, maybe I pull my punches just a little when Kirsten is watching me pummel the thief.

He deserves more pain though for stealing from Emanuele and the Pesci family.

If I let him off too easy, he might be stupid enough to rob someone else.

If I inflict too much pain, Kirsten will run from me like her fine ass is on fire.

When the kid's arms stop reaching up to try and swat me away from where he's sprawled on the floor of his shitty little apartment in the Lower East Side, I finally stop beating him.

Rolling his limp body over, much like I did the dead man in Kirsten's apartment, I pull out his wallet, which is empty, other than his license. When I check his pockets, I find a wad of cash in one front pocket, another wad in the other.

Standing up over him, I combine all the bills. Before I start counting, I nod toward Kelly and tell Kirsten, "You get to decide her punishment."

"Me?" she whispers when she comes closer, and I have to restart my count, since she's so pretty and so damn distracting.

I don't respond until I have the final tally. "Four hundred is missing, but the rest is here. What did he already spend it on?" I ask the girl who stands pressed into the

corner like she thinks she can hide in the shadows from me.

“It’s...it’s in my purse.” She nods her chin toward the bag on the kitchen counter.

“I’ve got it,” Kirsten offers as she goes over to dig through the girl’s things. A moment later, she holds up a baggie containing a colorful assortment of pills between the tips of her two fingers.

“Well?” I ask the prosecutor. “What do you want to do with her?”

Glancing at the unconscious man by my feet, Reggie, she says, “Let’s drop him off at the hospital and take her to a rehab facility.”

“Aw, you’re no fun, sweetheart.” Despite my complaint, I’m obviously still going to do whatever the woman wants.

Blowing out a huff of air, she digs back into the purse and pulls out a cell phone. “We could also call her parents...”

“Don’t you fucking dare!” the girl hisses.

“I think you’ve found the perfect punishment,” I laugh.

Kirsten not only goes over and uses the girl’s face to unlock her device, she also takes photos of the bag of drugs and wad of stolen cash to send to the “Mom” contact in her phone before we leave the apartment.

I haul the limp guy over my shoulder like a sack of potatoes while Kirsten strings the girl along with us on the promise that she’ll get her phone and things back as soon as she gets to the treatment facility.

Once we've completed both the hospital and rehab runs, I drive us back to the Pesci's gelato shop.

"Do you think either of them will learn their lesson?" Kirsten asks from my passenger seat.

"Probably not. I should've hit him harder. Broken a few ribs or his nose."

"Why didn't you? Because I was there?" I shrug in response, and she goes on to say, "Tristan Ferraro, you helped me hide a dead man's body. It'll take more than a few broken bones to scare me away."

I wish that were true, but I still think the DA is in shock or riding the waves of orgasmic bliss. It's only a matter of time before she freaks out about...well, every fucking thing we've done this week.

When I decide to employ my right to remain silent, Kirsten says, "I don't regret it, any of it. Only the inability to give the asshole's family closure, since they're probably good people. Nothing else, though."

"Now who's the one reading minds?" I tease her since she accused me of doing that to her the night she woke up with me in her apartment.

The woman is in denial, regardless of what she says. Right now, I'm what she needs — a criminal who'd do anything to protect her, even kill. Once she's in the clear and Bowen is dead, no longer sending cops after her, she'll kick my ass to the curb so damn fast...

Kirsten's small palm reaches for my thigh, giving it a squeeze and drawing my attention to her rather than the red traffic light ahead of us. "Tristan, I don't want you to kill Bowen."

“Too bad. He’s got to go. He got Carmine killed...”

“I know, and he deserves to be punished for all the shit he’s done. But I don’t want you to do it for me. And part of the reason why I’m not in a rush for him to be...eliminated, despite the fact that he probably wants me dead, is because I like having a reason to spend time with you.”

Okay, maybe she is psychic.

Even though it’s cheesy, and I’ve never held hands with a woman, I cover Kirsten’s with mine. “You’re not getting rid of me that easy, sweetheart.”

“Good,” she says with a sigh that sounds like relief.

Kirsten

Emanuele was so happy when Tristan returned every missing dollar, that he actually threw his arms around him, hugging the mobster.

My heart melted a little more for Tristan because I knew four-hundred dollars was missing from the cash, which means he added it back from his own pocket. He also gave Emanuele the bag of various pills, which wasn’t as sweet.

Still, I’m quickly learning there’s more to the man than his mob ties and violent deeds.

Deep down, Tristan is a good guy. He cares about people, especially his family, since he was willing to stalk me for weeks to blackmail me and prevent them from going to prison.

I think he also cares about me. Why else would he go out of his way to help me when

I was such a bitch to him?

I told him I hated him, and he sent me flowers.

Yes, he also made me get on my knees after hitting him in the face with his phone, but I like it when he's a demanding jackass.

How did I get here, to the point where the only person I can count on, the only person who gives a shit about my safety, the only man who turns me on like no one ever has before, is a ruthless mob enforcer?

I think I'm falling in love with him, which is scary but also exhilarating. When I'm with Tristan, I feel like I can finally be myself for the first time in my life. There's no need to fake anything or try to win every argument. He sees me, all of me, and still wants me.

And the mobster is not the least bit intimidated by my career. There's no competition between us. We're just...equals. Complete opposites but equals.

I can tell him anything, even when I disapprove of his decisions, and he won't walk away.

Unable to hide my grin when we're back in his truck and headed to his apartment, I tell him, "You should've thrown those drugs away."

"The kid's in his twenties, and he's smart.

He'll sell them, or him and his friends will use them wisely, you know, just to loosen up.

" Tristan reaches for my hand that's resting in my lap.

He lifts it to his lips and kisses my knuckles, then places it on his thigh.

“You could do with some loosening up yourself, sweetheart.”

Every time he calls me that, I fall a little bit more for him. It makes me feel like I’m his. Which is probably the reason he uses the term of endearment so often. After only a few hours with him the first night, Tristan seemed to know me better than I knew myself.

“I don’t need pills to loosen up. I think you’ve already figured out how to do that pretty well all on your own.”

“True enough.” He grins. “You need more rest.”

“Huh?” I ask since his comment is so out of the blue.

“You wouldn’t pass out after two orgasms if you got more sleep. You work too damn much.”

“I enjoy what I do, even if the hours are long. And I’m going back to work tomorrow. It’s probably for the best, you know, to avoid raising any suspicion about the missing detective if someone saw him in or near my building.”

“Fine. But I’ll be outside the whole time if you need me.”

“I’m sure you have better things to do for Creed than babysitting me from afar.”

“Not until Bowen is taken care of. And while I wish I could go do it right now myself, I know Creed is right. It has to be done carefully to avoid causing problems.”

“Right,” I remark. “You don’t have to give me any details. It’s probably best if I

don't know."

"Agreed."

"What I would like to know right now is if your apartment will be empty when we get back?"

"Absolutely. I would've thrown them out last night if I knew how upset you would get," Tristan grumbles.

"No, you wouldn't have. But I appreciate you finding them alternative housing arrangements for tonight. You're paying their rent wherever they are, aren't you?"

He winces and tightens his grip on my hand. "Not because I want them."

"I know. I get it."

While the two of us may come from opposite worlds, we do have some things in common.

Both of us feel the need to help those who have been victimized by assholes. We just do it in very different ways. I'm stuck using the law and waiting on the wheels of justice to slowly turn, while Tristan prefers to roll up his sleeves and push the wheels all on his own.

I may not always approve of him using violence, but I must admit that he gets results a hell of a lot faster.

Tristan

Kirsten was up early the next morning, determined to go to work after one day off. I tagged along, looking forward to the moment she'd get off work and return to my apartment so I could ravage her.

But after several days of having to wait hours for her in my cold truck, I've grown impatient.

No decision on dealing with Bowen has been made yet, which means I'd much rather be in the same room as Kirsten, than so far away. Speaking to someone in the police department would be helpful to us too.

I dress up in a nice suit and head into the courthouse to see her, planning on killing two birds with one stone.

I enjoy getting a glimpse into her world. It's hot seeing her boss people around. I like watching her in her element, even though I plan on interrupting.

After giving Natalie her instructions, it only takes about two seconds of me standing in the DA's doorway before she looks up from her laptop.

"Tristan? What are you doing in here?" Kirsten slams her device closed then rushes over. Grabbing my arm, she pulls me into her office, then slams the door shut behind me and locks it, which I'll be undoing shortly.

In answer to her question, I hold up a clinking pair of metal handcuffs and then

unlock the door while she's distracted by the sight of them.

"You shouldn't be here. Can't this wait until tonight?" she asks, practically pleading with me to leave. I hate how uptight she still is about being seen with me. I understand, but it pisses me off.

Pushing down those feelings, I tell her, "I thought I could finally fulfil your fantasy, here, in the office. You know, bending you over the desk with your hands restrained. Don't worry. I'll cover your mouth so nobody will hear you scream my name."

"Tristan —"

"Oh, this is happening, sweetheart. Right here. Right now." I grab her neck, walk her behind her desk, push her chair out of the way, and pause, noticing the wilting flowers from the corner of my eye. Letting her go, I reach and take a dry orange petal between my fingers.

She kept them. Sure, they desperately need some water, but she didn't throw them away.

I didn't ask her because I was afraid to know.

Why I give a shit that she didn't instantly trash them when she was pissed and didn't trust me, I'm not sure.

Just part of my evolution into being a whipped pussy, I guess.

"They didn't get watered over the weekend. I'm surprised they lasted this long," Kirsten remarks when she notices my attention on the vase of flowers. "They represent stupid hate?"

“Stupid hate,” I agree with a grin. “I knew you hated me but that it was pretty stupid, since you obviously still wanted me. And you had no idea that I was the delivery guy.”

“You...that was you?”

“That was me.” Spinning her around, her back to my chest, I lift her silky blonde hair from her neck and place a trail of kisses along it.

While she’s distracted, I grab one of her fists and slap the cuff on it behind her back, then the other.

“You want me to bend you over and fuck you right here, don’t you?”

” I ask against her ear once her hands are restrained.

“Yes.”

I grab the nape of her neck and shove her head down onto an empty spot on her desk.

“Stay there, cheek on the desk, no matter what,” I order. Keeping my grip on her neck, I use my free hand to lift up her skirt, then kneel behind her.

I start by running the tip of my tongue around her asshole.

“Tristan!” she whisper yells. She’s not mad about where I’m playing with her, but that she’s in need of relief.

I lap up the arousal dripping from her and slowly make my way to her clit, knowing we have a little time to waste.

“Oh yeah,” she moans softly when my tongue batters her bundle of nerves. Her cuffed hands find my hair and tug as she widens her stance in eagerness. Her next moan sounds muffled, like she’s biting down on her lip to keep quiet. So, I just try harder, since I don’t really give a shit who hears her.

I tease her long enough that when I finally suck on her clit, she screams, “ Oh god !” And shudders with pleasure.

When I stand up, I don’t give Kirsten a chance to recover before I take out my aching cock and shove inside her.

Last night, she gave me the green light to stop using condoms. While I knew it’d feel different to be inside a woman bare, I never expected it to feel so damn good I can barely hold off coming.

I cover Kirsten’s mouth when she cries out because with her clenching around me so hot and tight, I already have to grit my teeth and think about headless chickens.

Hearing her shout my name while I’m buried inside her for the first time without protection would be too damn much.

And just as I expected, after her second orgasm my girl passes out face down on her desk. Her wrists remain cuffed behind her back while I’m deep inside of her, not so patiently waiting for our guest to arrive.

Thankfully, right on time, there’s a knock on Kirsten’s office door. At least Natalie is still good at following orders.

“Come in,” I say loud enough for him to hear but not loud enough to wake the exhausted DA.

A familiar looking man appears in the doorway in a cheap gray suit. His eyes widen when he sees me behind the desk and Kirsten sprawled on top of it.

“Come in and shut the door. I’ve heard you like to watch.”

He slowly closes the door and then says, “You’re a Ferraro.”

“Tristan.”

His jaw is clenched tight as if in disapproval as he stares at Kirsten, but the front of his pants definitely tents in interest. Asshole.

“What did you do to her? Did you drug her?”

“Oh, right. You wouldn’t know this about her, but after two orgasms, she passes out no matter where she’s at,” I tell him as I pull back and then shove into her, causing her to moan softly.

“You’re disgusting.”

“I’m disgusting? Don’t worry. She enjoys it when I wake her with my cock inside her.

Disgusting is forcing rookies to go down on whores or fuck them while you critique them like you’re the expert.

Have you ever actually made a woman come?

You sure as hell didn’t get Kirsten off, you selfish bastard. ”

“So, this is why she dismissed the charges?” He waves a hand toward us then presses

it against the front of his pants as if trying to hide his erection.

“The charges were bullshit,” I tell him. “Who is pissed about her putting the blame on the department and asking about the Bertelli investigation?”

“What?”

“A detective tried to kill her the other night.”

“You’re lying. She would’ve told me...”

“Detective Tony Wallace is no longer with us. He failed, obviously, since she’s still alive, and he’s been missing work, right?”

“What the...oh fuck. You think I had something to do with that?”

“If you did, then you’re dead as soon as I have proof. If not, then you better help me find out who set up the hit, or you’re still going to be a dead man if they come after her again.”

“I don’t know anything about that shit!”

“Then ask around.”

“Fine. Is that it?”

“No. Now, you should watch and learn a few things. If you reach around here while you’re fucking a woman and rub her clit...

” Kirsten gasps and squirms underneath me.

I cover her mouth again to quiet her cries as I begin slamming inside her and getting her off.

Her hips buck wildly with every one of my thrusts, already so close after my tongue fucking.

“That’s it, sweetheart. Come on my bare cock again now that you’re dripping wet for me.”

Her head is turned away from the door, so she doesn’t notice our guest as she trembles underneath me with her pleasure. Her loud moans sound like muffled sobs. Her restrained fists grab blindly for the front of my untucked shirt to pull me closer.

Looking down to watch where we’re connected in that perfect way, I finally let go, coming inside her without a rubber for the first time.

Too bad she’s got one of those IUD things and can’t get pregnant.

One day, though... I groan at the thought of her begging for my cum, for me to put a baby in her in a few years, even if it’s a far-fetched fantasy.

When I pull out, I run my fingers through our combined arousal leaking out of her and press it to her lips. “Taste how fucking good we are together.” I shove my fingers deep into her mouth, mostly to silence her outrage when I ask the prick, “Did you learn a thing or two, detective?”

Kirsten goes still and then her head pops up. My fingers are still inside her mouth as she finds our observer who also freezes with his hand shoved down the front of his pants. She tries to rise, but I put my palm on her neck to keep her down. “Hold on, sweetheart. Let the man finish.”

Swiping through the dripping mess again, I press my fingertip to her asshole and press it inside, making all the fight go out of her. “Your virgin ass is so damn tight. And it’s going to be mine.”

I work my finger in and out a few times, then two fingers, making her whimper.

The detective’s breathing grows more ragged, his arm moving faster at my teasing.

Finally, I remove the toy from inside my jacket pocket and shove it inside as far as it will go.

When I give the plug a slap, Kirsten gasps in that way I love, so I do it again and again, certain she’s close to coming once more.

As soon as she moans with yet another release, I pull her panties up and skirt down, then undo the handcuffs with the key, pocketing them.

“Leave that in until you get home, sweetheart. I’m claiming your ass as mine tonight,” I tell her.

Pulling her chair back over, I guide her down into it. Kirsten squeaks and clutches the arm rests tightly when her bottom hits the seat.

I lift her back up and tell her, “How do you think it’ll feel when it’s my big cock up there instead of that little plug?”

” Shoving her down again makes her release a sob of pained pleasure as she stares up at me with her eyes still glazed.

Her reaction causes a cursed groan from the other man in the room.

I toss the box of Kleenex to him without looking, knowing by the sound he's finished jerking off while watching us, her.

Leaning down, I press a kiss to her lips then straighten. "I'll walk our guest out. We've got more business to discuss."

"I...I'm not sure if I'm furious at you or even more enthralled," she whispers, earning another kiss.

"I prefer furious," I lie. "The sex is better when you're good and pissed off." I grip her chin. "But don't expect to have any voyeurs watch us later. You're mine, and I'm not sharing an inch of you with anyone else ever again."

She doesn't respond, so I let her face go, unable to name the look in her blue eyes.

Daughtry opens Kirsten's office door and walks out first with me following him. He then holds open the door to leave the DA's office while saying goodbye to Natalie and the other employees lurking around.

Neither of us speak a word until we get outside in the brisk cold.

"Stay away from Kirsten. Don't call her, don't email her, and don't even think about scheduling any of your special appointments with her again."

"What if I need to speak to her about a case?" he asks, not sounding pissed but just curious.

"You two don't have any cases together and never will," I assert. "Knowing Kirsten, she wouldn't endanger a case by having the details of you two coming to light, giving a judge a reason to dismiss it."

“True enough,” he admits. “You’re in love with her.”

I chuckle at his ridiculous comment. “I just let you watch me fuck her, and you think that means that I’m in love with her?”

“I get it. You were marking your territory or whatever. But you don’t have to worry about me.”

“You’re going to stay away from the rookies too,” I warn him. “No more fucking games with the whores.”

“How did you —”

“I know the whores. From now on, you’ll only get off on watching willing men with the girls. I’m sure there are plenty of your cop buddies who wouldn’t mind you jerking it while they get laid.”

“I’m bisexual,” he whispers.

“Good for you. Not sure why you’re telling me, though.”

“I’ve never been with a man.”

“And I’m sure as fuck not going to be your first,” I warn him.

“No, that’s not why I told you. I just...I wanted you to know that I can give up Kirsten with no problem. Not that I think she’ll be broken up about it. But I can’t just start screwing men.”

“If you’re worried about your police friends finding out and giving you shit, then just go find yourself a nice male prostitute to play with. But don’t act out your frustrations

with the vulnerable rookies. You're no better than the rest of your homophobic buddies when you fuck with them."

"Fine. But most of the guys love it."

"Sure. Keep telling yourself that," I huff.

"Now, on to more serious issues. You need to find out who else knew that cop was going to come after Kirsten so we can stop them before they try again. Someone is either pissed about her asking too many questions on the Bertelli murder or for throwing the department under the bus by dismissing our cases."

"And how exactly am I going to find out who's responsible? I haven't even heard a whisper about Tony."

"You could start with blackmail. I'm guessing you have plenty of that thanks to your extracurricular activities."

"So, you give me shit about fucking with the rookies and then want me to use it to get information out of them?"

"Yes, if it means protecting Kirsten, anything fucking goes."

Kirsten

“What in the world just happened in here?” Natalie whispers when she steps into my office as soon as the two men leave.

“Nothing.” I stand up to tidy my desk that got disheveled during our romp.

“I saw Detective Daughtry and Tristan leaving together. Are they friends now?”

“Friends?” A bark of laughter escapes me at the thought.

“The detective held the door open for Tristan when they left. And they looked friendly enough.”

“I bet they did.” Bryan is probably scared shitless of Tristan now. Or he’s eager to be his best friend after that little show he put on. One Bryan seemed to thoroughly enjoy. I can’t believe Tristan did that...

“So, you didn’t just have sex with them both?” the nosy girl has the audacity to ask.

“God, no, Natalie! This is how gossip gets started. The three of us just...talked.”

“Right. Well, you and Tristan must have done other things before the cop got here because your face is red and blotchy like you just came a gazillion times.”

“It was only three or four times. I lost count.”

“I knew it!”

“Losing count happens a lot with Tristan, since he likes to do it again and again. And then I fall asleep, which is so fucking embarrassing.” Especially when I wake up to him fucking me while another man, my former, mediocre lover, watches with his hand in his pants.

God, why was that so hot? I should be angry at the invasion of privacy, but I’m just turned on. The thing the mobster shoved up my ass isn’t helping either.

“Have you ever had...anal?” I whisper to Natalie.

“Yes. Why?”

“I haven’t, but um, Tristan has expressed an interest in doing it tonight.”

“Go for it. He’ll get you off so many times before that you’ll barely notice where he’s shoving his big dick.”

“You say that like you have experience,” I remark.

“Well, he did have me in the stocks, at his mercy for hours. Not that I had any complaints.”

“I hate that you’ve been with him,” I admit with a heavy sigh.

“No kidding. The feeling is mutual.”

I abruptly sit down at that admission, only to squeal and pop right back up.

“Everything okay?” Natalie asks with a furrowed brow.

“As if you give a shit.”

“Sore? I remember that too.”

Shaking my head to ward off thoughts of Tristan and Natalie, I check the time on my phone and then grab my purse and briefcase. For once, I’m leaving early. I really should go make sure Tristan doesn’t kill Bryan on the way out of the courthouse.

“I’m headed out for the day,” I tell Natalie. “Call my cell if anything urgent comes up?”

“Sure. See you tomorrow.”

“See you then.” I rush out. Or I walk as fast I can with the plug. It’s funny that Tristan made all sorts of comments about me having a stick up my ass when he’s the one who likes putting things up there.

When I exit outside, I find the two men talking. Surprisingly enough, Tristan doesn’t look too murderous.

“What are you two still talking about?” I ask as I stride toward them. From the corner of my eye, I notice a car slowly rolling through the mostly empty street.

When he turns and sees me, Tristan’s eyes widen. “You’re leaving early today?”

“Yes. You’re a bad influence,” I say as he walks toward me as if he’s too impatient to wait for me to reach him.

“Get down!” Bryan yells.

Before his words even register, Tristan tackles me to the ground. It’s like déjà vu as

the pop-pop-pop echoes around us. Unlike before in the alley, there's shot after shot being fired before tires squeal.

Shit! It must have been that creeping car.

"Are you okay?" Tristan asks from above me.

I nod and wince at the sudden splitting headache. He swears and reaches for the back of my head, his fingers come away red. "You're bleeding. Dammit, I let you hit your head."

"It's nothing. At least I didn't get shot." I try to lighten the mood.

"Backup is on the way, along with ambulances," Bryan declares before he kneels down next to us with his gun in his hand. "How many times were you hit?"

"None. I'm fine," I tell him. I try to push Tristan off before anyone I work with sees him on top of me. He finally sits up on his knees and winces.

"There's at least two entry wounds," Bryan remarks as he looks at...Tristan.

I scramble to look at his back. "Oh, my god." Two wounds pour blood down his jacket — one near his shoulder blade and the other on the tricep of his right arm. "We need to stop the bleeding until the ambulance gets here. You said it's coming, right?" I ask Bryan as I press my palms to the holes.

He nods. "No exit wounds, which means they'll have to dig out the bullets."

"How convenient you were standing there with us and came away unscathed," Tristan remarks as he braces a hand on the ground to try to get up.

“Quit moving. Just...stay where you are,” I tell him, pushing down on his shoulder.

“They might come back,” Tristan grumbles.

“Nah, I’m pretty sure they’re dead.” Bryan points to the lamp post on the other side of the intersection where the car’s front end is smushed, the engine smoking.

“Again, that’s fucking convenient, detective.”

With that pronouncement, Tristan stops trying to get up and stays kneeling on the ground. I return to applying pressure on his back and arm.

“Tell the emergency responders to hurry the hell up!”

“I want them to treat the shooters first,” Tristan protests. “If they die, we won’t get any answers from them on why they came after you or who sent them.”

“No, you need to get treated first before you die!”

“I’m not going to die,” he proclaims with a roll of his eyes.

“Damn. Apparently, the feelings go both ways,” Bryan remarks softly to Tristan.

“What feelings?” I snap.

“They do,” Tristan answers, but I ignore his comment.

“Why aren’t you on the phone with 9-1-1?” I huff at the detective.

“You hear those sirens? That means they’re on the way, Kir.”

“There are always sirens blaring in the city!” I yell.

“Kir? You call her Kir like she’s a mongrel?” Tristan asks.

“It’s short for Kirsten.”

“You’re an idiot,” the mobster tells the cop.

“What do you call her?” Bryan asks but Tristan doesn’t answer.

“Sweetheart,” I answer for him. “He calls me sweetheart.”

Bryan looks between us and then laughs. “You two make the oddest couple I’ve ever fucking seen.”

“And he’s seen a lot of couples, haven’t you, Bryan?” Tristan teases.

Finally, I spot the blue lights in the distance just before the ambulance flies down the street behind them.

Bryan leaves us to direct the officers to the wrecked car, telling them they’re the shooters and to cuff them if they’re still alive.

If they were, they would’ve opened the doors and run or jumped out and kept shooting.

Why the fuck do people keep trying to kill me? And why does Tristan keep protecting me?

“Who’s first?” the paramedic asks when he approaches with a medical bag.

“Him. He was shot,” I say.

At the same time, Tristan mutters, “Her. She could have a brain bleed.”

“I don’t have a brain bleed! I barely scuffed my head while you have two bullets imbedded in your body!”

“I’ll take it from here, ma’am,” the responder says when he kneels next to us. “You can move your hands now.”

I pull my bloody palms away, and he takes over, ripping Tristan’s jacket and shirt off right there on the sidewalk.

“It’s freezing cold out here!” I tell him, in case he hasn’t noticed.

“I need to see the wounds if I’m going to tend to them.” The responder pours what I assume is antiseptic over Tristan’s back and then his upper arm. “I’ll throw a blanket over him once I bandage the wounds.”

“I’m going with him to the hospital.”

“Are you his wife? Girlfriend?” he asks while he applies gauze to the wounds.

“Yes.”

Tristan scoffs. “No, she’s not. She doesn’t know me.”

“Tristan!” Though, I know why he’s denying our relationship or whatever this is in public. I love and hate him for still trying to protect me, but I’ll say I’m his wife if it gets me a ride in that ambulance so I can stay by his side.

“He took the bullets meant for me,” I explain to the paramedic. “What does that tell you?”

“That he’s either an insane stranger, or he knows you so well he would rather die than live without you.” The guy grins.

I don’t know if he’s teasing or not. “Is he...is it that bad?”

“He’ll be fine. As soon as those bullets are yanked out, he’ll get to go home, probably tonight if he doesn’t spike a fever.”

“Can’t you just pull them out here and be done with it?” Tristan asks.

“No, sir. Sit tight while I go help my partner with the vehicle occupants.”

When he jogs off without retrieving a blanket, I slip off my coat and wrap it around Tristan’s shoulders.

“I’m fine. Keep your coat on.”

“No. I’m wearing two layers, and your skin is bare,” I point out. He tries to shrug the fabric off his shoulders, but I grab the two halves at the front and hold it tight. Cupping the side of his face with my free hand, I ask him, “How are you feeling, really?”

“Sleepy.”

“That’s probably the blood loss.”

“More like the cum loss,” he whispers while waggling his eyebrows. I go to slap his arm but stop when I remember the wounds. His eyes are glazed and heavy, making

me wonder if it's worse than he's letting on. At the sound of more sirens, we both glance over and find another ambulance arriving.

"You should let them check your head and take you to the hospital to get it looked at."

"My head is fine."

Tristan clenches his jaw. "Go, Kirsten. Before somebody sees us."

"I don't care who sees us!"

"Yes, you do. Those donors aren't going to give you big checks if they see you associating with a mob enforcer. Not to mention, all the votes you'll lose..."

Leaning forward, I brush my lips over his, silencing his concerns for me. "I don't care," I repeat.

With a grin lifting his lips, Tristan grabs the back of my neck with his uninjured left hand and pulls me closer, not to kiss me but to bury his face in my neck and hair. I hear his deep inhale, then his staggered breath before he whispers, "No matter what, don't pull out the plug."

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

My heart sinks at the concern in his voice.

He's hurt worse than I thought. "Nobody is going to pull the plug on you," I promise him as I run my fingers through the back of his hair, holding his face to my neck, even as his lips lower and place a kiss on my chest where the top button of my dress shirt is undone.

His tongue darts out, sweeping into the dip of my cleavage.

"I was talking about the plug in your ass, sweetheart. I want to be the one who takes it out tonight when we get home."

I tug on his hair hard enough to pull his face from my bosom. "You are awful. I'm sincerely worried about you, and you're thinking about fucking my ass."

"Thinking about fucking your virgin ass might be all that keeps me from going toward the light."

"You jackass," I huff with a laugh before I press his face back to my chest where he immediately resumes his teasing licks and kisses hidden behind the curtain of my hair. Sweet kisses that are so soft and gentle my heart flutters wildly in my chest.

What started out as nothing more than an explosive chemistry with the mobster has turned into more, not just for me but for Tristan as well.

He cares about me, so much so that he risked his life not once but twice to keep me safe.

The first occasion was just minutes after he touched me for the very first time.

Tristan's lips move up the side of my neck, making me gasp as another feeling begins to overwhelm me. Why can't I seem to get enough of him? Even after marathon sex for days, I still want him and need more of him. Not just the sex but him . All of him. The good and the bad.

I think the bad is what turns me on the most. He can be so violent and dangerous, but he's always loyal to his family, willing to do literally anything for them. He's ruthless out of love, which is why I think I've started to fall for him. To know he would do nothing less for me...

"The other two are DOA, so we're done here," the paramedic tells us, startling me and causing Tristan's face to pop up. "Do you need a stretcher?"

"No, I don't need a fucking stretcher. And you haven't examined her head."

"Looks superficial. We'll have a doc check it in the ER because if you need stitches, trust me, you don't want me to do them."

A few minutes later and Tristan is up and walking to the ambulance, refusing any assistance.

I wave to Bryan and then climb into the back with Tristan.

Once he's settled on the bench and fastened in a safety belt with a blanket around him, I take a seat next to him, yelping when the cold bench meets the plug I'd already forgotten was inside me.

"Headache getting worse in the lights? You could have a concussion," Tristan says as he looks me over.

“It isn’t my head that’s making me uncomfortable,” I tell him softly. “It’s my ass.”

“Just wait until later.” He flashes me a wink and a smirk.

“You are not going to do anything but rest later,” I assure him.

“Fuck. I was supposed to pick up a bunch of late pizzas for Creed this afternoon. I got sidetracked with the office sex.”

“Glad it was good enough to distract you from ‘work’.”

“I changed my mind,” he says as he slips his uninjured arm around my waist to pull me closer.

“About what?”

“Letting Bryan watch us. Now that I know he’s more turned on by me than you, his jerking off doesn’t bother me as much.”

“What?” I whisper. “He’s —”

“Also into guys? Yep. I almost feel bad for the closeted bastard. While plenty of people can go both ways and love men and women equally, I’m thinking Bryan is just denying the truth to himself because he’s afraid of coming out on the force.”

I nod my agreement as I consider his earlier decisions. “Wait, I don’t want him watching us and thinking about you.”

“No? Jealous?”

“Yes. Yes, I am. I don’t want to share you with the whores or him.”

“Fine. It was just pity, you know that, right? I’m not —”

I press a kiss to his lips, shutting him up as our tongues meet with the promise of more than hot office sex or a dirtier romp while I’m tied up in his bed.

Only a throat clearing pulls us apart.

“If you have any personal belongings or valuables, you should give them to her since you’ll have to be stripped down for x-rays or whatever,” the responder who worked on Tristan says as the ambulance comes to a stop at the hospital.

“You’ll need to wait for him in the lobby until he’s assessed and assigned to a room.”

Tristan pulls his phone from his pocket and offers it to me. “If Creed calls, will you tell him I’ll collect the payments tomorrow?”

“Yeah, sure.”

With one last kiss on my cheek, he gets up and hops out of the back of the ambulance.

By the time I follow, he’s already been taken through to the back which requires an ID badge.

I take a seat and decide to call Creed without waiting for him to reach out. After all, I know Tristan’s worthless passcode.

“Where are you?” the growly voice snaps. “I’ve been waiting at the office for you to come by with the cash.”

“Tristan is in the ER right now, you arrogant asshole.”

“Who is this?”

“Kirsten.”

“The DA? What the hell are you doing with Tristan’s phone?”

Wait. Tristan hasn’t told his boss, his cousin, that we’re seeing each other, that I’ve been staying with him since the night they removed the dead man from my apartment?

“I...they’re evaluating Tristan’s gunshot wounds, but he said not to worry, he’ll collect your money tomorrow.”

“He got shot?”

“Yes.”

“Let me guess, and it’s your fault?”

“How is it my fault that someone wants me dead?”

“It’s your fault that you’ve got his dick so twisted up he would risk his life for yours.”

“You don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about. It’s more than just sex.”

“For you maybe,” he snaps.

And just like that, one comment from the mob boss has me doubting everything.

Is it just sex for Tristan? No. No man would willingly risk his life twice just for a few fucks. Especially not that man.

“Are you jealous?” I ask the mobster. “Worried he won’t keep bending over backwards for you if he’s wrapped around my finger? He does whatever the hell you ask, and all you do is take advantage of his loyalty.”

“You’ve got some fucking nerve, woman.”

“So do you. I don’t know why Tristan would risk his life for you.”

“Well, he’s not literally taking bullets for me, is he?”

“He almost did. I could’ve shot and killed him!” When my exclamation causes heads to turn my way in the quiet waiting room, I get up and walk out the automatic doors to continue our conversation outside, ignoring the slight dizziness.

“What are you talking about?” Creed asks with a heavy sigh.

“When I woke up with Tristan in my apartment, naked in my bed with me, I held him at gunpoint,” I explain. “He did that for you and Andre. He risked his life to get the charges dropped.”

“But you didn’t shoot him.”

“I could have!” I don’t mention that he’d removed all the bullets before he felt confident enough to be a cocky jackass.

“You didn’t, so it’s a moot point.”

“Are you going to come to the hospital and see your injured cousin or not?”

“I’m already on the way, you snobby bitch.”

I scoff at his insult.

“What? It’s true,” he says when I don’t respond with words. “You’re so stuck up and worried about what people will think about you fucking Tristan that he’s been hiding the two of you from our family.”

“He didn’t tell you I was still staying with him?”

“No, he didn’t.”

“Did you know about all the prostitutes living with him?” I can’t help but ask, even if it’s way off topic.

“The what?” Creed mutters. “Did you say he’s living with prostitutes, as in more than one?”

“Yes, he was, six of them.”

“Why did he have six whores? I know he’s a horny bastard, but does he have some sort of sex addiction?”

“He let them live with him for free.”

“In exchange for unlimited fucks maybe...”

“He hadn’t slept with any of them in weeks.”

“Even I wouldn’t have resisted six whores in my bed before I met Zara, and I was practically a monk.”

“I don’t care what you would have done. I believe Tristan. He was helping them out, letting them live there so they wouldn’t have to, you know, screw men for money.”

“How generous of him. And economical, based on all the money he would save paying for them by the hour.”

Dammit. I don’t want to think about him with anyone but me, especially women he paid to have sex with because yuck, and how pitiful that he didn’t have willing women.

I guess with his kinks for tying up his partners and spanking them, it’d be easier to negotiate those things in advance with a professional.

“Would you shut up about the past? I’m guessing yours isn’t stellar.”

“Like I said, I was practically a monk before Zara because women were afraid of me.”

“And women aren’t afraid of Tristan?”

“I guess you have a point there. He has been known to get so rough women cry and shit afterward.”

“Really?”

“Why do you sound surprised? He doesn’t exactly put off any warm and cuddly vibes.”

“He’s warm and cuddly with me.”

“Really?” His voice is heavy with disbelief. “You fell for that?”

“I didn’t fall for anything. He’s been nothing but genuine with me.”

“Right. Well, you can stop bitching at me on the phone now. I’m here and need to call Dre.”

I spin around and see the passenger door of a dark SUV open at the entrance before the mob boss steps out. The sight of him still makes me uneasy, not because I think he’s intimidating, but because he represents everything I fight against, and I hate that I had to drop the charges against him.

“You can go now,” he says as he approaches with his phone to his ear. “I was talking to the DA. Yes, she’s here at the hospital too,” he tells who I assume is his cousin on the call. “Give me Tristan’s phone.”

“No. And I’m not leaving until he’s released,” I inform him.

“Great,” he grumbles sarcastically. “Dre, bring food and coffee. It’s going to be a long night.”

“So sorry to inconvenience you with Tristan’s bullet wounds.”

“I meant it’s going to be long because of you,” he says as he slips his phone into his coat pocket. “I love my cousin, and I hate that he was hurt. How bad is it?”

“Two shots. One to the upper back and one to the side of his arm.”

Creed nods and looks toward the hospital entrance. “So, nothing vital was hit.”

“No. But he lost a lot of blood.”

“I’m sure he did. Someone put two holes in his body. Who was it?”

“It was two men in a car driving by the courthouse. Bryan, Detective Daughtry, was there with us, and he fired back, killing them both.”

“How convenient.”

“That’s what Tristan said too,” I whisper.

“Right, because now there’s nobody left to question. Three for three on dead ends.”

“Three for three?”

“The guy in the alley who shot at you, right? Then, the detective in your apartment. Now this hit. That makes three. Without someone left alive to question, we’re not going to get to the bottom of who wants you dead.”

“I thought Bowen Bertelli was the number one culprit.”

“He is, but now that you’ve managed to piss off the entire police department with our dismissals, thanks to the claim of evidence tampering, you may have put another bullseye on you.”

“Well, why haven’t you done anything to Bowen yet?”

“I thought you were going to talk to his sister.”

“Right. I am. I will. I’ve just been...busy.”

“My cousin’s been that distracting for you? Wow. Good for him.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I huff.

“You’re obviously an uptight bitch. Whatever he’s been doing to unravel you is nothing short of miraculous.”

“I care about him,” I say even as my cheeks flush.

“You’re so dick-whipped it’s pathetic. Maybe it didn’t take much effort on his part if you were just that desperate for a good fuck, and he finally gave it to you.”

I haul my arm back and slap the shit out of the mob boss. Based on the darkness that fills his eyes, I quickly reach up and rub the back of my bloody head. “Pretty sure I have a concussion,” I lie to explain my unexpected reaction.

I’m not sure why I hit him. It’s just, I want to believe that it’s more than physical between me and Tristan, and I hate that Creed fucking Ferraro wants to take that away from me, making me doubt everything.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Tristan

“Creed?” I say in surprise, sitting up straighter in my chair when my cousin appears in the hospital room. “What the hell are you doing here?”

“What do you mean what am I doing here? You got fucking shot! Why wouldn’t I be here? Not to mention, your DA chewed my ass out about how I don’t appreciate you before I showed up at the hospital, and she assaulted me.”

“Wait, what? I refused all pain meds, but I must be high because it sounded like you just said that Kirsten assaulted you.”

“She did. In public. Right outside, in front of the ER, in front of God and everyone. And because she’s a woman, the goddamn DA, and your girlfriend, I couldn’t do anything but stand there and stare at her like an idiot.”

“Kirsten slapped you?”

“Yes”

“In the face?”

“Yes,” he mutters, rubbing the left side of his cheek.

“Damn. Why would she do that? She must have had a good reason.”

Creed slips his hands into his pants pockets and stares at his feet. “I may have said

something that insulted her.”

“What did you say?”

“I think I called her dick-whipped.”

“Wow.”

“Pathetically dick-whipped. Oh, and desperate for a fuck that you finally gave her.”

“Fuck, Creed.” I scrub my hand over my face, wincing when the move pulls at the ache in my right arm and upper back. “You have to go apologize to her.”

“I don’t have to do shit,” he replies. “She should apologize for slapping me!”

Dropping my hands, I stare at him. “Is that what you think? That you don’t owe her an apology.”

“I don’t.”

“So, you wouldn’t care if I told Zara she was pathetic, dick-whipped, and desperate. Is that what you said?”

“Fine. I’ll apologize. But if she hits me again —”

“It’ll be because you deserve it, and you know it. Jesus, for her to lose control, to assault you in public, knowing anyone could be getting a video of it, she must have been pissed.”

“She’s worried about you.”

“She thinks she owes me for saving her life.”

“Doesn’t she?”

“No. She didn’t ask me to jump in front of bullets for her. I did it because I’d rather die than let her be hurt. And even when I was trying to protect her, I smashed her head into the sidewalk. Is she okay? Has she been examined?”

“I don’t know.”

“She probably has a concussion. Another explanation for why she hit you.”

“It’s funny watching you make excuses for her, but it’s not funny to see you in here with bullet wounds. You could’ve been killed because of her!”

“But I wasn’t.”

“Well, now we’re sure as shit going after Bowen because he’s fucked up and hurt my family.”

“So, you didn’t care before that he wanted to kill the DA, but because I caught a few slugs, you’re ready to string his ass up?”

“Yes. I don’t know her. That woman tried to send me to prison!”

“We broke the law. Yes, the raid at the club was bullshit, and it never should’ve happened. Carmine would still be here if those cops hadn’t snuck up on us.”

Creed turns away at the mention of his dead brother.

“But despite how it all went down, we still committed a crime by carrying the guns,

knowing they're illegal in the city.”

“Your DA said she could've killed you when she woke up the first time with you in her apartment.”

“Nah, I had gone through her shit before I got into bed. I found her gun, unloaded it, and made sure there wasn't one in the chamber, knowing she would probably go right for it.”

“At least you were thinking with a little bit of your brain that night instead of your dick.” I shrug my uninjured shoulder, and he asks, “What have the doctors said so far?”

“Nothing, except I need to get the bullets out. After that, I'm going home.”

“I'll stay until you're released.”

“Oh, I'm going home tonight, even if I'm not cleared by the doctor. Kirsten and I have plans.”

“You need to rest and get some distance from that woman before she gets you killed.”

“This isn't her fault. It's Bowen's, and whichever cops he's been working with to come after her. Now, go apologize and go home.”

Creed arches a dark eyebrow. “You never would've spoken to me like that before her.”

“Well, maybe I should have. Sometimes you're a dick,” I reply with a grin, making him chuckle.

“Hey,” Kirsten says when she pokes her head into my room. “Are you up for a visitor?”

“I’m always up for you,” I tell her. “Where have you been? Getting your head checked out?”

“No. I was outside talking to Bryan before Creed came and actually apologized to me. I’m sure you put him up to that.” She walks in but leaves the door open before she crouches in front of me. “How are you really? And why aren’t you in the bed?”

“I’m fine,” I say, though my back teeth grind together so loudly even she hears it at the mention of her ex.

“Bryan asked about you, and I wanted to know if he had found out anything about the men in the car.”

“Has he?”

“Yes. He has their names. They were traffic cops in one of their personal vehicles.”

“Wow. So, three cops are dead after trying to take you out.”

“Any chance they’ll give up now?” she asks when she stands.

“I don’t know,” I tell her honestly, then pull her down onto my lap, since there’s no other chair in the room, and the hospital bed is too far away. “We need to set up that meeting with Bowen’s sister.”

“Right. That’s on me. I’ve been distracted the past few days, and it almost got you killed.”

“I’m fine,” I assure her, then look at the blood in the back of her hair, combing my fingers through it to feel if there’s a knot. “I’m more worried about your head. You must have knocked it hard if you were brave enough to slap the boss of bosses.”

Kirsten wrinkles her nose but doesn’t wince in pain at my touch. “I can’t believe Creed came snitching to you about that.”

“What were you thinking, sweetheart?”

“I was thinking that he needed to shut the hell up.”

“Obviously.”

Her shoulders slump. “I shouldn’t have hit him. He apologized, and so did I before he left. I should’ve walked away from him. Before I met you, I would have.”

“So, you’re saying I’m a bad influence on you.”

“I feel...protective of you, and I got pissed when he mentioned that this, what’s going on between us, is just sex.”

“It’s not.”

“I didn’t think so either, but when he was running his mouth, I started to have doubts.”

“I get it. You still don’t trust me. And I don’t blame you after what I did, lying to you, blackmailing you and shit.

But I was falling for you even when I was doing all of that,” I admit.

“Before the first time we spoke, I was obsessed with you, following your every move, thinking about what I would say to you if I got the chance and what it would feel like to touch you. I didn’t ever fantasize about you touching me, knowing it was too ridiculous to even imagine. ”

“Apparently, not,” she points out. “So, what are you trying to say? That we’re a couple? That this is a...relationship?”

“Hell yes, it’s a relationship. I don’t care if we have to keep it a secret for the rest of our lives, either. I won’t come in the courthouse again. I’ll do anything to keep you.”

“I don’t want it to be a secret forever. I hate lying and having to hide this, us.”

“If you come out publicly and say we’re together, you’ll lose the next election.”

“Losing for you is a chance that I’m willing to take.”

“Well, it’s not one I want to take. I don’t want you to have to give up anything for me, especially not the job you love, that you worked so hard to earn. And I don’t want you to resent me for losing your position.”

“Tristan, we can’t have it both ways. I hate it, but it’s true.”

“Just give me time to think about it before you just blurt it out to the press.”

“Fine.”

“Alright, Mr. Ferraro, are you ready to get the lead out?”

Kirsten quickly jumps off my lap when a young doctor strolls into the room in his green scrubs and long white coat with a tablet in his hands. He eyes Kirsten a little

too long. “You look familiar.”

“She’s just leaving,” I tell him and nod my head toward the door for her to go before he starts asking questions.

“I’ll be in the hallway,” she says before walking out.

Once she’s gone, the doctor grabs a pair of rubber gloves from the box on the counter and snaps them on. “The Ferraros and Hunts. Sort of like Romeo and Juliet. Or West Side Story.”

Shit. He fucking knows.

“I hope it works out better for you two than it did for the Capulets and Montagues.”

“Me too. And you better not mention that she was in here to any-fucking-one,” I warn him.

“I consider patient visitors to be covered by doctor/patient confidentiality, so I won’t say a word. Now, let’s get those bullets out of you so you can get home. Just to warn you, gunshot wounds have to be reported to law enforcement...”

“Trust me, the cops already know. A detective witnessed the shooting outside the courthouse and took out the shooters before they could get away.”

“Oh, well, then I’m not as worried about my neck getting sliced open. I saw Creed Ferraro in here earlier.”

“Yeah, remember that before you run your mouth about Kirsten,” I tell him. “Actually, after we get done, could you look at her head? Check her eyes and all for a concussion? She hit her head on the sidewalk during the shooting, and she hasn’t let

anyone assess her yet.”

“Sure. But I got a good look at her just now, and it doesn’t look like she’s having trouble walking or speaking. She’s probably fine with just a superficial wound.”

“That’s what the paramedic said, but I’d rather be sure than guess in case her brain is swelling. Or bleeding.”

“I’ll examine her and order a head CT after we’re done here.”

“Great, thank you.”

“You must be one hell of a man to make that woman change her tune on organized crime,” he remarks.

“Oh, she hasn’t changed her tune. She barely tolerates me.”

In fact, I figure it’s only a matter of time before Kirsten realizes that slumming it with me, even if I am a human shield for her, isn’t worth the consequences.

That’s the main reason why I don’t want her to throw her career away on me. No matter how much I wish that it could, this, us, will never last.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten

I wait in the hallway, leaning against the wall and scrolling through a ton of messages on my phone while waiting for the doctor to leave Tristan's room. I wish I could've stayed in there with him. I should have.

While I still care about my reputation, my career, it all feels insignificant to the man who took two shots meant for me.

I may not have known the mobster long, but if the bullets had killed him, I would've missed him more than anything else in this world.

He's the only person who understands and cares about me.

Tristan may be a little violent and intense at times, but I like that about him. No, I love everything about him.

Finally, the doctor strolls out and sees me waiting. He flashes me a smile. "How did the bullet removal go?" I ask him.

Before he responds, he approaches me and flashes a light in my eyes, making me shrink away.

"Your pupils look normal. I think Mr. Ferraro will feel better if we get a head CT."

"It's just a little bump, and it's stopped bleeding," I tell him.

“You’re both stubborn. He’s refusing pain meds, and you’re refusing an exam.”

“Why is he refusing pain meds?” I ask in confusion.

“No idea.”

I have one. The insane man probably doesn’t want to risk getting drowsy or being incapacitated in case someone else tries to shoot me. Or he thinks we’re still going to have sex tonight and doesn’t want to pass out on me.

“He’s free to go once the nurse checks his vitals again. I’ll send her in and give you a prescription in case he changes his mind.”

“Thank you.”

“And you should probably leave out the morgue exit. There are reporters outside the emergency room and front lobby.”

“Right. That’s a great idea.”

“Good luck,” he says before he walks off toward the nurses’ station.

Before I go back in Tristan’s room, I scroll through the missed calls on my phone until I find the only one I want to return.

“DA Hunt, thank you for calling me back so fast,” Rob from The Post says in greeting. “Is it true that you were shot at tonight in front of the courthouse?”

“Yes, I was. And the two men in the vehicle shooting at me are dead thanks to Detective Daughtry. They were police officers with the NYPD and in a personal vehicle.”

“Wow. Okay. That’s what I heard as well, but there were no official reports yet. Anything else you can tell me?”

“Yes. I can also tell you who I think sent the men after me, and why they failed to kill me.”

“Do you think you can make it up the steps to your bedroom?” I ask Tristan while eying the bed where the horde of prostitutes once slept.

“There’s nothing wrong with my legs, so yes, I can make it up the steps. But I better hurry, since the pills you shoved down my throat are making me dizzy.”

“You’re in pain, so you need pain pills.”

“You’re a pain pill,” he slurs with a grin. “A smart, beautiful, pain pill.”

“Okay, you’re definitely high.” I keep my arm around his waist as we make our way up the narrow stairs.

When we reach his bedroom, Tristan flops down on the mattress, and I start untying his boots to remove them.

“Bad enough you made me wear your coat. Now, you’re taking my shoes?”

“You won’t need them while you sleep,” I tell him. Once his boots and socks are off, I reach for his pants.

“You ready to pop your ass cherry?” He smirks when I unzip his pants. “I’m game.”

“No, you’re not. And that’s not happening tonight. You’ll have to pop it another night.”

“Aw, man. I should’ve done it with the detective watching. I bet he’s a bottom, right? We should send him to the gelato shop. Let him scare the shit out of Emanuele. They would make a cute couple.”

I tug his pants off before I realize he’s not just talking gibberish, he’s actually conspiring to play matchmaker for the two men. “That’s not a terrible idea.”

“Just because I’m high, doesn’t mean we can’t fuck.”

“Hush.” I place my finger to his lips. “Tonight, we’re just going to cuddle.”

“You just want to cuddle?” He looks up at me with glassy eyes.

“Yes. I’m going to be the big spoon, and you’re going to be the little spoon.”

Tristan closes his eyes and shakes his head. “No. You’re so pretty.”

“You’re injured,” I remind him.

“I want to see your face. You’re too pretty to hide behind me. Unless bullets are flying...”

“You’re sweet. Just don’t do anything that hurts, okay?”

“Okay,” he agrees.

I go to the restroom to get ready for bed, and remove the plug before returning to Tristan.

He looks like he’s sound asleep, so I put his phone and mine on the charger, then turn off the light and slip underneath the covers with him.

As soon as my head hits the pillow, Tristan reaches out with his sore arm to pull me to his chest. I go rather than put up a fight about him hurting himself, just happy to be here in his arms.

Stubborn, sweet man.

He places a kiss on the top of my head, and I instantly drift off to sleep.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Tristan

Waking up in bed with Kirsten is just as surprising this morning as usual. I'm not sure if I'll ever get used to seeing the angelic, golden-haired prosecutor sleeping next to me, but I'd give anything to have her here every morning for the rest of my life.

God, getting shot last night must've made me more of a pussy-whipped asshole.

I don't even remember anything after leaving the hospital, other than Kirsten insisting we stop by the pharmacy.

Oh, right. The pain meds she made me take. They did help ease the throbbing ache. While I'm still a little sore, it's nothing I can't endure.

After I lie there and watch Kirsten sleep for a few minutes, I get up to search for my phone, wanting to take a picture of her before she wakes. Or disappears from my life.

The device is lying on the nightstand plugged in next to hers, and I have several missed calls from Creed and Andre as well as text messages.

I check those first. They ask how I am, and then Creed sent me a link to an online article.

Former Defendant Saves DA in Drive-By Shooting is the title.

"Oh shit," I mutter, then glance at Kirsten's innocent, sleeping form. Maybe Creed knows someone who can take the article down before she sees it and loses her damn

mind. I start skimming through the words on the page, broken up by a ton of advertisements, before I see a quote from Kirsten herself.

How the hell did the reporter get that? Are they lying and making shit up?

Then I read it. And I'm so fucking glad she's still asleep because I would hate for her to see the single tear slip down my cheek.

“ I didn't plan on falling for a former defendant.

It just happened. And I'm so glad that it did because if not for Tristan Ferraro's bravery, I wouldn't be alive right now.

He risked his life not once but twice to save me, the first time before we officially met.

So, while I remain committed to seeking justice for all victims of crimes in Manhattan, I'm also able to see the world between my black and white one, where mistakes happen, and good people deserve second chances. ”

Further down, when asked about who tried to kill her, Kirsten says: “ I believe the officers who shot at me and injured the man I love were sent by someone trying to avoid justice. I would just like to warn that individual that the best outcome they can possibly hope for now is that they're arrested and tried to the fullest extent of the law. ”

“Holy shit.” The woman is insane for putting all this out in the world, for telling everyone she's in a relationship with me, and threatening a fate worse than prison for the asshole responsible.

And I love her so fucking much for it. I'm not sure if there's enough room in my

body to contain it all.

“Morning,” Kirsten says softly from the pillow next to mine. “How are you feeling? Any pain?”

“No, sweetheart. I’m not feeling an ounce of pain.”

“Then come back to bed,” she says with a smile as her eyes close again.

I don’t have to be told twice.

Kirsten wouldn’t have made such a huge decision if she wasn’t planning on sticking around for the long run with me.

But I already know that even forever isn’t long enough for the two of us.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 8:11 am

Kirsten

It turns out that people love a good Romeo and Juliet story because my approval ratings have never been better. My father sounded sick to admit as much over the phone. I can't wait for Tristan to meet him and my mother.

While there are still some assholes who call me a mafia slut or worse behind my back in the office, most are too scared of my boyfriend to say a word.

And thankfully, since I went public with our relationship, Bowen Bertelli hasn't sent any more men to try and kill me.

Not that Tristan leaves my side long enough for one to land a shot.

He doesn't just sit in his truck outside the courthouse anymore; he comes in to visit, watches my trials, and even tags along to my lunches with campaign donors. Apparently, there are plenty of rich jackasses who like having a contact in the mob to handle the occasional dirty deeds for them.

Speaking of dirty deeds... "We need to hurry. And only one orgasm for me," I tell Tristan when we sneak out into the dark alley behind Rosi's.

The February night is unseasonably warm in the city, which makes outside a much better option than the bathroom for a quickie.

Tristan is so distracting that no smells or grime will deter us when the mood strikes.

Which it does often. I can't even remember all the places we've fooled around the past few weeks.

"Just one orgasm?" he huffs as he spins me around so I'm facing the wall. My palms flatten on the cool, abrasive bricks. "You sure about that? I bet I can give you three in less than five minutes."

"No. Just one. I need to be awake for the meeting with your cousins and Serafina."

"Fine," he says against my ear. "I'll save the rest for when we get home tonight."

Home. His apartment that's now ours.

I haven't slept at my place since the night before the attack, and I don't miss it. It's now up for sale, since Tristan convinced me to bring all my things over to his place rather than having to keep running back and forth for my clothes and shoes.

I agreed to the arrangement after he replaced all the furniture the prostitutes slept or did other things on.

Tristan hikes up the back of my black dress, tugs down my matching panties for me to step out of, and then wastes no time slipping his fingers inside of me. They feel a little too good, though. "Enough of that. I'm already close."

"Fuck, okay. Hold on."

I hear his zipper go down and then rise onto my toes as he rubs himself through my wetness.

Or at least, I thought it was his dick before he shoves something much smaller into my ass.

“Tristan!” I cry out in surprise. At the same time, he slams inside me.

“Oh, God. Oh...wow...” I trail off as he clutches my hips tight enough to bruise, fucking me hard and fast like he hates me.

“You like being double-stuffed?”

I nod and rest my forehead on the back of my hand as I adjust to all the penetration.

“You know what we’re doing later tonight, right?”

“Popping...my...cherry?” I guess.

“Fuck, yes, I am.” He slaps my cheek, making me groan. “I want my cum dripping from your pussy and my plug buried in your ass during dinner and our meeting.”

He thrusts so deep, his pelvis hits the plug, setting me off like fireworks. My cries of pleasure echo down the alley, but it feels too good to care if someone hears us as Tristan stills, filling me up with his hot, thick release.

A moment later, he’s pulling out and lowering my dress. “Fast is fun, but I prefer to be buried in you for hours.” He fixes his pants, then gives my ass a slap that jars the plug, nearly getting me off again.

“Both ways are great.” I sound drunk as I slip my panties back on. “No objections.”

Even after weeks, the passion between us continues to grow stronger each day. It’s been amazing making up for years of bad sex with the talented mobster who knows exactly what I need. We’re thinking about getting our own swing for the apartment, and I can’t wait.

“Come on, sweetheart.” Taking my hand, he pulls me back inside and to our table of

guests, his two cousins and...

Saint Rovina. They all must know where we've been and what we were doing, since we're both still breathing heavy, but none say a word about it as we take our seats.

Me more slowly and delicately than Tristan.

Even then, I have to bite my lip to keep from moaning.

"What's he doing here?" Creed asks with a nod of his head toward Saint.

"When Stella found out what happened, that Tristan got shot, she told Saint. He said he wanted to help, so I invited him," Dre explains.

"You should've invited all the bosses to deal with this shit," Saint mutters, cooling my libido as I try to focus on the reason we're all here.

"Saint, this is District Attorney Kirsten Hunt. Kirsten, Saint Rovina," Tristan says in introduction. The frazzled looking man barely acknowledges me.

"I think Aiden Sanna has enough on his plate, and there's no reason to drag Gideon into this mess," Creed replies.

"I've got enough on my plate too," Saint says. "In case you forgot, my sister is still being held captive by that prick, Kai."

Oh, right. Tristan told me some of the drama going on with the families.

"I know. And I'm sorry. If there was something I could do to bring Cami home, I would do it. I've got private investigators in several states on the lookout for her."

"You do?" Saint asks Creed in surprise.

“Of course. We’re family now.”

“I still can’t believe I’m here, willingly joining a meeting with mob bosses,” I remark with a smile and shake of my head. “Just so you know, my relationship with Tristan doesn’t mean I’m doing any of you shady favors.”

“That’s right. If your guys get arrested in Manhattan, then you’re on your own,” Tristan reiterates.

“What the hell is this ?” Serafina asks when she walks into the private room with a server and takes us all in. “I thought I was meeting with the DA about my dad’s murder.”

“You are,” Creed says. “And we think we know who is behind his death. Come in and sit down.”

She glances around at everyone hesitantly before pulling out the closest chair and sitting. The server retreats as if he knows we’re about to get down to serious business.

Creed even gets up and closes the door, giving us more privacy.

“I know you’ve been eager to find the shooter, and while we haven’t acquired any new evidence, there’s cause for us to believe that it was Bowen who arranged the hit,” I begin.

“You think my brother killed our father and came after you,” Serafina says with a shake of her head. “You’re wrong.”

“Bowen had more to gain from your father’s death than anyone,” Tristan jumps in and tells her. “And he had things he was hiding from your father, shit your father would’ve killed him for if he had found out.”

“Like what?” Serafina asks.

“We should start at the beginning and give you the whole truth,” Creed says. “Bowen set up the raid that got my brother Carmine killed. He planned to have those cops kill me, too, probably Tristan and Dre as well, to wipe out all the Ferraro blood relatives.”

“Why would Bowen do that?” Serafina asks.

“Because he wanted your family to take over as the boss of bosses,” Creed answers.

“I don’t believe he acted with your father’s knowledge.

And if your father had known what he planned to do, I think he would’ve stopped him.

Your old man and I both wanted peace between all five families.

Weston kept a low profile because he knew it was best for his business.

Being the boss of bosses would’ve put more attention on him, making his hitman-for-hire empire suffer. ”

“Fine, so that sounds like my father. He respected the other four families, and I doubt he would’ve engaged in any sort of violence to take one out.”

“Bowen’s plan backfired,” Creed explains. “And even though the cops hired were killed, made to look like a suicide, he was probably a little paranoid about Weston finding out if the DA was to dig a little deeper.”

“Which brings us to the present,” I chime in. “Three cops have tried to kill me. And the only big case I’ve been looking into that could bring that sort of heat is Weston’s assassination.”

“So, you think my brother hired cops to kill you so he wouldn’t be implicated in our father’s death?”

“Exactly,” Tristan replies.

“And what proof do you have?” she directs this question to me.

“Well, right now, none,” I respond honestly.

“Then, what are we even talking about this for? And what exactly do you all expect me to do?”

“We want you to kill your brother,” Creed tells her, making me wince. I prefer to stay out of the details.

Serafina huffs out a laugh. “Oh, is that all? Just go kill my brother, my only remaining family, the head of an empire our father built that would crumble without someone to lead it? Or do you plan to step in and take it over?”

“You can lead it, Serafina,” I tell her. “I know there are criminal elements to Weston’s enterprise that I don’t want any details about, but why couldn’t you run things?”

“Because in case you haven’t noticed, I have tits and a vagina. Oh, and not to mention, I was adopted. Weston isn’t my biological father. There’s not a single drop of Italian blood in me either. I know because I’ve been tested. I’m half Irish and half German.”

“I don’t give a shit about the old rules,” Creed says. “Gideon, Aiden, and Saint don’t either. We would be willing to look past your bloodline and sex to put you in charge of the Bertelli family.”

“Well, good for you, but what about the hundreds of employees who worked for my father and now my brother? Your approval won’t mean shit to them.

Besides, as long as Bowen is alive, I would never challenge him.

Despite what you all believe, my brother loved our father and would never have hurt him.

He’s been physically ill since his death. ”

“A guilty conscience will have that affect,” Saint mutters, the first words he’s spoken this whole time.

“What are you even doing here, Rovina?” Serafina asks him.

“The Ferraros are my family now. My sister married Dre, and they’re expecting, so our bloodline is officially united. When someone goes after a Ferraro, I want to help. That’s the whole purpose of merging families.”

“What is he talking about?” she asks me.

“Well, twice when Kirsten was attacked, Tristan was there to keep her safe, as you probably read about in the news as well. The second time, he took two bullets, which has angered my family,” Creed answers for me.

“Your brother’s men shot the wrong guy when they came after Kirsten,” Dre tells her.

“Again, what evidence do you have that my brother hired the shooters?” she asks.

“None yet,” he answers.

“Then, until you have it, I don’t want you accusing Bowen of shit.” She pushes up to

her feet and looks us all in the eye one by one. “And if anything happens to my brother, I’ll come after every single one of you. Unlike what you claim my brother did, I don’t miss when I decide to kill someone.”

With that threat, she walks to the door, yanks it open so hard it hits the wall, and leaves.

“Well, that didn’t go like I thought it would,” Tristan remarks.

“She’s not wrong,” I say, giving him a small smile. “Without hard evidence, we don’t have a leg to stand on.”

“Bowen isn’t the brightest,” Creed grumbles. “There has to be something he left behind, a wire transfer or some text messages. Too bad all the attackers are dead.”

When Creed glares at me, Tristan reminds him, “Two of those were not her fault, and the one she took out was in self-defense against a goddamn cop. One is on me for dropping him on his head, and the other, well, as much as it pains me to say it, Detective Shithead was doing what he thought was right, protecting the public from drive-by shooters before anyone else could get hurt. He’s one hell of a shot to hit both in the head. ”

At first, Tristan thought Bryan could’ve been involved, but after talking to him, he came to realize what I already knew — that he’s a pussy.

And he wouldn’t try to kill me. We even gave him a tip about the gelato shop, and when Tristan and I drove by the other day, Bryan was inside, leaning on the counter talking to Emanuele like they were hitting it off.

“I’ll handle it,” Saint says, causing everyone to turn to him. “I’ll find the proof we need that it was Bowen who killed Weston and talk to Serafina. If she still won’t do what needs to be done, then I’ll do it.”

Is he crazy? Tristan looks at me and nods as if thinking the same thing. If Saint kills Bowen, then Serafina will make good on her promise. This is basically a suicide mission.

Oh.

I guess that's the point. Tristan told me that Saint was in a dark place, but damn.

“What? Why are you all looking at me like that? Creed and Dre have families, and I'm guessing Tristan needs to stay on the straight and narrow path for his new woman, so the Ferraro family can't go after Bowen openly.

The DA here obviously isn't going to get her hands dirty, even though Bowen's sending cops after her, so I'll do it. ”

“It could get messy,” Creed warns him.

Saint huffs out a laugh. “Blood is already on my hands. How much messier could it get for me? Just don't tell my sister. Stella's got enough to worry about with Cami and now the baby...”

“Deal,” Dre says with a nod.

“Great. We're skipping dinner,” Tristan says as he pops up from his chair and grabs my hand to pull me along behind him.

“Have a good night,” I say on the way out.

I struggle to keep up with his urgent pace on the sidewalk. “Is that smart, for Saint to handle things?”

“God, no. I'd prefer to kill Bowen myself. But...well, welcome to the mafia where

shit is always getting fucked sideways.” He flashes me a grin. “Just like you every morning.”

“You need to stay out of this mess. And I like waking up to you, slowly, deeply, making love to me,” I admit to him. “Who knows, maybe Serafina and Saint will like sideways fucks too.”

“The only one getting fucked will be Saint, and not in the good way. The assassin is going to ruin his life.” Tristan laughs. “But if Saint manages to get Bowen out of the picture first and keep you safe, then he’ll at least go down living up to his name.”

The End