

C. L. EASTON

A Home Alone Dark Christmas Romance

PAINFULLY

Merry

Book One



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PAINFULLY  
Merry  
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Painfully Merry

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Also By

*Merry Christmas, ya filthy animals. I knew you liked it dirty.*

**NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR**

This book is written in Canadian English

Take warning this is a dark romance.

It includes:

Dub Con/CNC, Rope Bondage, Anal  
play, Graphic Sex, Somnophilia,  
Breeding, Group Sex, Graphic  
Murder, Blood.



## PLAYLIST



Do You Hear What I Hear- Andy Williams  
I'm So Sick- Flyleaf  
Little Dark Age- MGMT  
All Alone on Christmas- Darlene Love  
Closer- Tegan and Sara  
Snowman- Sia  
Never Met a Girl Like You Before- The Insects  
I Can't Go on Without You- KALEO  
We Wish You A Merry Christmas-Home Alone Soundtrack  
You Don't Own Me- Lesley Gore  
White Rabbit- Jefferson Airplane  
Christmas Wrapping- The Waitresses  
Champagne & Sunshine- PLVTINUM, Tarro  
Slow Down- Chase Atlantic

# Prologue

Sabrina



*November*

I keep going over the numbers, and something is off. I can't quite place my finger on it. There is no way the company can lose two million in half a year. That's why I hired the best financial team. My grandpa didn't leave Chocolate Halo so I could burn it to the ground. We aren't known around the world for nothing.

Our busiest time of the year is coming, and I can't have the added stress. I throw the paper across the office, this is turning into a shit show. I storm toward the office door. There is no point in calling my assistant; this is a face-to-face conversation. Let the entire office hear. They need to remember their place.

As always, she's typing away on her cell phone. Too busy talking with her boyfriend to do her work. If I didn't need her, I would fire her. Everyone stops talking as I stand behind her, waiting for her to notice me. She doesn't even try to hide her phone.

"Emma, can you discuss the size of your boyfriend's dick when you get home."

She slams her phone to her chest, tilting her head back, cheeks turning crimson. "Miss Black. I didn't hear you."

I raise an eyebrow, blinking slowly. "Emma, do you know why I keep you around?"

She clears her throat, rotating her seat. She perks her chest high. "Um, because you need me to grab your coffee?"

Wow. Okay. If I wanted some attitude, I would call my five-year-old niece. "No, Emma. It's so you can view files, make phone calls, and schedule meetings. We went over this when I hired you. It's not for you to make personal phone calls with your boyfriend."

"S-sorry, it won't happen again."

I rub my temple, feeling a headache settling in. "Can you call Parker for me? I need his ass in my office pronto."

Her fingers stumble to pick up the receiver; it's too painful to watch. I turn to leave, catching looks from the rest of the staff. If they don't watch it, I'll

fire them all. I wish my uncle still worked here. It was a lot easier when he whipped their asses into shape. Now I'm the bad guy.

I step to my office's windows and stare down the street. The business district doesn't look very cheery for the holidays. The worst thing about working in downtown Toronto is its money or nothing; I'm ashamed that I fall into that category.

As a child, I always looked forward to Christmas, and then it slowly slipped away the older I became. The spirit is no longer there; all that is left is greed. That reminds me of my family. A family that I haven't seen in years. I don't see why I have to drop everything and go to them. They can come to me for once. Putting the kibosh on that years ago hasn't worked out in my favour.

The knock on my door pulls me away from my thoughts.

"Come in," I call out. I move back to my seat as Parker enters.

Dressed in his dark navy suit, it shows off his muscular thighs as he walks. He drops into the seat across from me, staring at me with those deep green eyes. I'll hand it to Parker; he's blessed in many areas, but in one place, he isn't.

"Parker, do you know why I called you here?" I fold my hands on top of my desk, leaning forward. His eyes glance down to where a small amount of cleavage shows.

Parker's eyes meet mine, and smirks. "No, ma'am. Should I?"

"You are aware of the term embezzling, correct?"

He runs his hand through his jet-black hair, and his eyes shift, looking at everything but me. "I've heard of it. Why?"

"Well, considering you are my financial advisor, it should be your job to catch the finer details before I do, correct?"

"That's correct."

“I will ask you one more time before I take this to the board. Have you been stealing from me?”

He lets out a nervous laugh. “Sabrina, I would never steal from you. This job means everything to me. Working for Chocolate Halo is everything. Whoever is stealing from you isn’t me.”

I watch his reaction closely. I’ve been around snakes for half my life, and they can still be hidden in plain sight. Until I weasel it out, I’m not sure what to do.

I point to the door, excusing him. “I’ll let you know what the board decides.”

“Are you kidding me? This is bullshit.”

“I’m sorry, but you know how it goes. It’s protocol. Would you prefer it, if I were to fire you on the spot?”

# 1

## Parker



### *December*

I toss the empty bottle of beer toward the garbage can without looking. The smash against the wall isn't enough to make me move off the couch. I mindlessly grab another bottle off the coffee table, cracking the top. I couldn't tell if it was night or day anymore. I don't give a shit. The only thing that matters is getting revenge. I lost everything—my house, car, and friends. I have absolutely nothing.

For what? A few millions. That bitch makes that in a day, but she's worried about somebody stealing it, and I was the easy prey. Did she even bother looking for the person who stole from her? Or was that it? Blame Parker; it's his job to check the finances.

I slam my beer back, not even tasting it. Christmas is in three weeks, and I'm already over it. If I walk into one more store listening to all that holiday cheer, I'll blow my brains out. I could be packing for an island vacation. The only thing I can afford now is another six-pack.

"Parkster, you here?"

The sound of the fridge door opening sends my heart into a flutter. Did that asshole bring home more beer? I would love him forever if he did.

"I'm where you left me hours ago." I hurtle my now empty bottle at the garbage. "I need another."

"What you need is a fuckin' shower! I can smell you from across the room, and I thought I was the sick one."

I slowly sit up, swinging my feet to the floor. "Chaos, being disturbed doesn't have anything to do with hygiene." I head to the kitchen to grab my own beer. I've lost count of what number I'm on. Does it even matter anymore?

"So, what's the plan then Park? You've been moping around for weeks now."

I slam the fridge door, spinning in his direction. "I'm not moping, dickwad. I'm thinking. It takes time."

He chuckles. "No, it doesn't. I could've planned this out in a day. Easy."

"That's because you are a psycho and live for this. I don't want to kill her; I want to take everything from her."

I watch as he moves to the table, tapping three times. "Why don't you just

walk back into that fancy building of hers and demand your job back? I'm sure by now she knows you didn't steal from her. She's just too humiliated to admit it."

"Sabrina Black doesn't get humiliated, Chaos. She has way too much pride for that."

A slow grin quirked his mouth. "Then we make her humiliated."

I let out a bitter laugh. "You haven't met her. She has a way of making you feel like an ant."

Chaos stares at me, his icy blue eyes sinking deep into my soul. Leaning back in his chair, he lets out a long sigh.

"Parky, how bad do you want your revenge?"

He's been asking this question since I asked to move in. And every day, it's been the same answer. I want that bitch to bleed. How dare she take my entire life from me. I worked day and night for her, and she took it away with a snap of her fingers. Does she even care? How long did she wait to replace me?

"We'll start planning in the morning. I'm taking a shower."

"Good, then the only thing that stinks is this house."

I don't know why I'm friends with him.

"I'm your friend because no one else wanted to stick by your side when you became a broke-ass bitch, Parker."

"Stay out of my head, Chaos."

His chaotic laughter follows me to the stairs. Chaos suits him. No matter where he goes, Chaos ensues. Climbing the stairs, I kick a pile of newspapers over; Chaos has a habit of collecting things. Many things that I gave up trying to recognize. He'll stop eventually and find a new passion. It's something I've grown accustomed to.



Setting my beer down on the bathroom counter, I turn on the shower. Glancing at my reflection in the mirror, I don't see the man I did before. Now all I see is a worthless piece of shit who can't seem to get his life in order. And it's her fault. I'll bring her to her knees.

.....

It's been a week, and I still can't think of a plan. I'm gonna go crazy if I stay inside for another minute. I pull the curtain away and wince. The sun beams off the snow, blinding me—every house decorated to the nines with Christmas shit. Every neighbour is trying to outdo the other. I slam the curtain closed; I can't take it anymore.

Finding Chaos' keys, I make my way outside—the bitter cold nips at my exposed skin. I should be sitting on a beach with half-naked women clinging to me as I feed them drinks. I climb in the pale blue Astro van with one destination in mind. I hope this rust bucket can make it there.

The closer I get to downtown, the more excited I become. Even if I catch a glimpse of her, then I know whatever I have planned will be worth it. I need to see Sabrina; she has to be suffering like I am. There is no way that someone only embezzles once. Whoever did it has to pay. I park across from her building and wait.

And wait.

A car door slamming jostles my body awake. Grabbing the steering wheel, I straighten up. I can't believe I fell asleep. Did I miss her? So many people linger on the sidewalk that there wouldn't be any way to pick her out. Sumbitch. My one chance, and I blew it. Ramming the van into gear, I pull

out into traffic; maybe tomorrow, I'll try. I take the long way home, driving past my old place and cursing the new homeowners.

"I hope the hot water tank blows." I worked hard for that place; it was my first purchase after being hired. I had no choice but to sell it to pay that bitch back when she threatened to sue me. Every cent I had had gone to her. She left me with my clothes, and that's all. It felt like a divorce. She still walked away with her pristine name, and mine was dragged through the mud. Well, that ends now because her time has officially run out. Pulling my phone out, I hit the only number I have saved.

"Parky baby, what's up, man?"

"How good are you at break and entry?"

There's a long pause, and I swear I can hear muffled voices in the background. "Oh, I think I'm very good at that. Why?"

I went over my plan once more, and it could work. Maybe iron out a couple of things before we execute it.

"Sabrina's house. Think it would be easy to break into?"

"Hold on a sec." A distant scream is heard, and Chaos is yelling.

I don't even pay attention these days when he's doing his thing. I gave up trying to figure him out years ago. I pull onto our street and contemplate tearing down all the Christmas decorations. Our house is the only one not showing any Christmas spirit.

"I'm back. What was the question again?" Chaos said, catching his breath.

"Sabrina's, can you break into her house?"

"Fuck man, that's a big house. Security will be tighter than a virgin. When did you want to do this?"

I rack over my memories of her schedule, trying to remember her holiday calendar. She never visits family, and they never come here. Now that I think

about it, she always complained about her family never coming to her. It works out in my favour. Who knew, after all those hours stuck in the office with her, I would get to know a little bit about Sabrina? It's going to bite her in the ass when she sees me in her house.

I stare at our front door and grin. "The day before Christmas Eve."

"Wow, okay. I need to know a plan so I can make arrangements. I need at least a week to get shit in order. When I get home tonight, give me the rundown on what you want done to her. I need to pack a kit."

"Works for me. I'll see you in a couple of hours."

My body tingles with the outcome. I finally get my revenge and will serve it on a silver platter. I want her to beg me for forgiveness, even if I have to force it out of her. She isn't leaving that house until I get what I want.

Now I have a new plan for tomorrow, when I scoped out her place earlier. I know she doesn't have a security team. It's the cameras that I'm concerned about. I'm hoping Chaos will have a way of getting past them, and he can sneak into places with tight security. But if he's worried about her home, maybe I should be worried.

All I know for sure is that Christmas Eve will be the fall of Sabrina Black.

# 2

## Sabrina



It's a week before Christmas, and I'm losing my mind. Everyone in the office seems to be in vacation mode and can't finish their work. I'm tempted to cancel the office party. Why should they be rewarded if they can't do the job? It's not fair. I work hard. Why can't they?

Ever since firing Parker, it's been a mad dash to hire a new financial advisor. The board wanted to promote Kevin, but I don't trust that pig. Every time we have a meeting, I can feel his eyes on me, and my skin crawls. I

can't have him that close to me. Two things would happen. I would punch his lights out and there would be an office accident.

The thought of Parker makes my stomach sink. Even though I'm the CEO, I still have no control over what goes on within the company. Do I believe he stole from me? No. Someone has, and I need to figure out who it was and prove it. With the Christmas holidays coming up, it'll be easier for me to come in and do a deep dive.

I have my suspicions, and Kevin is at the top of that list.

I was hoping the board would dig into it more, but of course, they wouldn't. They don't care. They told me that I would make up the difference in a day. They advised me to lawyer up and go after Parker. I can't think about all that. It still pisses me off and my business is more important.

"Miss Black, your 10 o'clock is here." Emma interrupts my thoughts.

"Send him in. Thanks." I don't bother looking up from my desk, she's been pissing me off, and chances are I'll fire her after the holidays. She still can't stop texting her boyfriend on company time. I'm almost tempted to install a cell phone blocker.

Heavy footsteps pull me away from my computer. He is standing in the middle of my office, dressed in a complete tactical uniform from head to toe, and if I look closely, tattoos peek out from his collar. His gaze clamped onto mine, arctic blue eyes, so clear I swear he's seeking out my soul. He runs his hand through his dark roots, flipping the ends of the grey strands back.

"Miss Black?" I watch his sharp jaw move with his words. "I'm Joel Phoenix with Phoenix Security, you called earlier this week."

I blink out of my eye fucking. He's going to be working for me. I shouldn't be thinking about him that way. I gesture to the seat in front of my desk.

"Yes, thank you. I've been having some issues with my home security

recently.”

His dark brows draw together. “What kind of issues? It’s easier if you can walk me through it.”

I click on the camera app on my computer, bringing up a black screen. “This, nothing shows when I open them up. I’ve tried resetting them, and still nothing. The power went out, and I can’t reboot them. The security company I’ve used gave a guarantee, but they are clearly garbage. Would you be able to install a new set before Christmas?”

Joel sits back in his chair, stroking his jaw. “That’s a tight deadline, ma’am.”

“I know. I’m willing to pay extra. I need them done immediately, and if you can’t do it, I’ll find a different company.”

“If you don’t mind, I need to call my partner to see if he’s available.”

“Yes, of course.”

He moves toward the window, and I try to read over my file. I don’t want to listen to his conversation, but they are discussing my house. He speaks so low I can’t hear him. What’s so secretive he has to whisper? I’m already paying top dollar, and if he thinks he can rob me, he’s wrong. He won’t be left alone in the house the entire time. A shadow will always be following him. My grandpa taught me a few things about safety, and I’m grateful for that.

“Sorry about that. I just needed to make sure all manpower was on deck. If Wednesday works for you, we will be able to start, and it’ll take us two days to install. That way, you would have a few days before Christmas.”

“That sounds wonderful. The staff at the house will take care of you. I’ll inform them of your arrival. One more thing. The basement is off limits.” A sudden chill sweeps through my body at the near mention of the basement.

He tilted an eyebrow. “Okay. Hiding dead bodies down there?”

“No. No one goes down there, so there is no need for cameras. Thank you again, and I’m glad to be doing business with you,” I said, holding out my palm.

His calloused hand wraps around mine. My skin grows warm the more he stares at me. “Thank you, Miss Black. Don’t worry about your home. We’ll take great care of it.” He knocks on my desk three times before turning to leave.

These new cameras better work or I’m going to lose my shit. The staff leaves the day before Christmas Eve, and I’ll be alone in the house until the new year. Not that I mind, but I like knowing if creeps are nearby for my sanity. I’ve had my fair share of stalkers; luckily, nothing has ever come of it, but if they ever find out, I’m alone at this time of year, my stomach turns at the thought.

Maybe I should go home for Christmas. Then I think about all the questions of why I’m not married or dating anyone, and that right there is another reason I don’t want to go home. I like being single. Why should I risk the business for some long-term dick? It’s bad enough when a guy discovers I own a multi million-dollar company; they think they can weasel into my life. It hasn’t worked for them, and it never will. When I’m ready, that’s when I’ll settle. Until that day, my family can suck it up.

Work-life is all I can handle.

I need to get through this week first. The next task is the office Christmas party. I dread going to this thing. Every year is the same. The board wants me to kiss the ass of our employees and hand out appreciation awards, along with a bonus. No one should get anything until the thief is caught, but what do I know? I only sign their pay cheques.

I need some fresh air, and if I stay here for a minute longer, I’ll chew

somebody's head off. Most likely Emma's. Grabbing my briefcase and coat, I walk out of my office only to be greeted by silence once more. And here they expect so much from me.

"I'll be back. Hold my calls, Emma." I don't bother looking at her as I walk past. I might be hated here, but I don't want to make friends with my employees. All I ask of you is to do your job. The only one that ever talked to me like a human was Parker. It doesn't help that we worked alongside each other all the time. Maybe that's why I've been so sour lately.

.....

I haven't had a minute of downtime all week. With the security team coming into the house for two days, it's nice to know it'll be quiet soon. And now I'm standing at the back of some hotel conference room that the board members insisted we rent out, watching everyone mingle. The only place I want to be is neck-deep in my bathtub, soaking in lavender bubbles.

I straightened my dark green dress one more time, rethinking my choice of attire. A jumpsuit would've been a wiser choice. But I live in a pants suit and figured a change would be nice, never change. Stick to your comfort zone because this is bull. I make my way to the front of the room, wishing I had one more glass of champagne or even a shot of tequila.

Harvey smiles wide when he sees me; it would creep me out if he weren't Grandpa's friend.

"There she is. Where have you been hiding, my dear?"

"By the exit like always. Why can't you guys handle this without me?"

He takes my hand, patting it. "Because Theodore left the company to you, he likes tradition and therefore, the boss has to hand out the awards."



“But they liked him more, and everyone hates me.”

“Come, my dear. They don’t hate you. They just haven’t gotten to know you. It’s only been a year since he passed. Give it some time.”

He squeezes my hand, but I don’t believe him. This board only has one goal in mind. Make money and try to beat *Sweets n’ Treats*. I get tired of competing, but without it, I wouldn’t have the drive to succeed, and I must remember that.

The music dies down, and that’s my cue to kiss ass to everyone in this room. Rolling my eyes, I walk to the podium, and it feels like I’m sacrificing myself. Thankfully, I’m not the virgin in the room. I take a look at the list and want to laugh. There isn’t any way that half of these people pulled their weight this year. I know for a fact that when Grandpa ran this place, they worked overtime. Since I took over, it was excuse after excuse about an emergency they had to get to. If I didn’t want HR on my ass, I had to comply.

I call upon everyone’s name, and when I read Emma’s name for best assistant, I want to laugh. Her reward should be a phone. A rotary telephone; have fun texting your boyfriend on that. She comes bouncing up to me with a massive grin.

“Oh my god,” she exclaims. “I’m so excited. I didn’t think I would get anything. I haven’t been here very long.”

“I know. Company policy says I have to. Congratulations.” I hand over her shitty piece of paper and an envelope. “Try not to spend it too fast.”

She races back, and a man, who I imagine is her boyfriend, hugs her. They look cute together, I’ll admit—still not an excuse not to do your job.

I give Harvey a wink before I slowly approach the exit. A hand grips my shoulder.

“Where are you off to, Sabrina?”

Kevin.

His long fingers brush against my neck, and I pull my neck away.

“Touch me with those filthy fingers again, Kevin, and you’ll never push another piece of paper in your worthless life again.”

His lips curl slowly in amusement. “Don’t be like that, Sabrina. We all know what you want.”

I laugh against my throat. “Yeah, please tell me because you know me better.”

He walks in front of me, blocking off the exit completely. “Well, for starters, it would be the thief.” He shrugs. “I heard through the grapevine they still haven’t caught him, although Parker was a good stand-in, don’t you think?”

“If you think I don’t know, it’s you, Kevin. You are wrong. I’ll prove it.”

I push past him, pushing the door open.

“Don’t count on it, sweetheart,” he calls out.

I don’t wanna see that jerk again, and I’ll do what I can to find out if he’s responsible.

# 3

## Parker



People say getting revenge will eat you alive. I say they didn't get the proper revenge. I've been going over the game plan for days now, waiting patiently to get inside that house. She won't get out of anything when I get my hands on her. She made my life hell, and I'm about to return the favour.

I slam back my beer, waiting for Chaos to show up. This bar is getting too crowded for my liking, but it's his favourite place to hang out. I find that odd for a guy like him. A blonde at the bar watches me. Every time I take a drink,

she licks her lips. It's amusing how a woman thinks they can look at a guy and bam, he'll sleep with her.

"Parkster, if you glare at her harder, she'll come." He watches her as he sits across from me.

"Chaos, if you talked to her, she would die."

He bobs his head, smiling. "You know it." Chuckling, then stopping abruptly. "Sabrina, what's the plan there?"

I watch a small strand of grey hair fall onto his forehead. Why he wanted grey hair, I'll never know. I'll chalk it up to a phase. Maybe one day he'll grow up. I laugh inside because I don't see that happening.

"She feels confident with her new camera system. She won't suspect anything. I say we sneak back in tomorrow. Did she ever say why we couldn't go into the basement?"

Shaking his head, he answers. "No. But she was dead serious about it, and it piqued my interest. What homeowner doesn't like the basement? That's where all the creepy crawlies live."

"Not all of us are into that sort of thing. She basically told us where we can hide." I smile around the bottle of beer. Thinking of the perfect hiding spot, she'd never know we're hiding right below her.

"Foolish girl, isn't she? I overheard the staff talking."

"About what?"

"They are excited for their holidays to start, and they leave the day before Christmas Eve." That sly smile of his tells me all I need to know. "I also packed my kit, and since you won't let me kill her, it's a different kind of kit. I'm not even going to ask.

"Should I even bother asking what you did today?"

"Um." His mouth bunches into a pucker. "It was entertaining to say the

least. I got my cardio in. Almost lost a finger, but in the end, it was quite successful.”

“Only you would make it sound fun.”

“Man, gotta make an honest living. We all can’t steal.” A grin sprang across his face.

“That’s a low blow.”

“But can you imagine if you did, we could be sipping Mai Tai’s on the beach and getting blow jobs instead of being eye fucked by wanna-be Barbie.” He stares at the blonde again.

God, that would be nice. Just thinking about it, a personal beach and endless drinks. I could’ve been there no matter what this year. My blood boils when I think about what went down last month. I should’ve tried harder to prove my innocence and keep my job.

“Drink up, and then I’m out of here. And you leave the blonde alone.”

“Oh, come on, I’ll play nice. I’ll only poke her with my dick.” He holds up two fingers close together. “Scouts honour.”

“The only honour you know is to your blade.”

He shrugs. “My blade has never disappointed me, my friend.”

I finish my beer just as the waitress comes by. “Another round boys?”

I have nothing else going for me, might as well get shit-faced. “Fuck it, keep 'em coming.”

Chaos shakes the table. “Parky is getting cray-cray tonight.” He toasts the air before slamming back his beer in one go.

This night is gonna go to shit in no time.

•••••

Someone kill me, please.

“Shh, Parkman. I’m trying to sleep.”

“Chaos, why are you in my bed?”

His grip tightens around my waist and nuzzles his head deeper into my chest. “It was a late night, and I needed a bedmate.”

“Blondie didn’t want you?” I lie there with no energy to move. My head thumps more than my heart does.

His warm breath fanned across my chest. “She said I scared her. Am I scary?”

“Not to me, misunderstood to some. Don’t take it to heart.”

His body deflates. I know what will cheer him up. Hangover be damned. “Wanna break into a rich bitch’s house today?”

“Oh, Parky, baby. Don’t tease me with a good time. I might get a hard-on.”

I push him off, sitting up. The motion turns my stomach. “How much did we drink last night?”

Chaos lies on his back, staring at the ceiling, holding up his hand and counting his fingers. “Honestly, I lost count after the sixth shot of tequila. I recall you saying *fuck this, ho, let’s get ripped*. And ripped you got. I had to carry you in bridal style.”

“Oh, fuck. I didn’t want to get jacked out of my mind. I’m too old for this shit. It’s gonna take me all day to recover.”

“Yeah, but it’ll be worth it. Come on. I’ll make you some waffles. I’m fit as a fiddle.”

I watch him roll out of bed and onto the floor. Not sure how anyone would find him scary, odd—yes, hands down, for sure. But that’s what makes him so unique.

“Chaos. Normal waffles.”

His head pops up over the mattress, hair a mess. “What other way is there?” I raise a brow, and he nods.

“Normal for a normal ass. You don’t deserve chocolate chips, anyway.” He sticks his tongue out.

After breakfast, we loaded up the van. The bag that Chaos packed turns out to be three hockey bags full of items he refuses to tell. The grin that spreads on his face is like a child getting ready to hit up a theme park.

Sneaking into her place should’ve been planned out more, and breaking in during the day probably isn’t the smartest move. I hope Chaos knows what he’s doing because I fuckin’ don’t. I’m out of my element here. He’s the pro, and I’m the sidekick.

“Tell me, Park. What do you plan on doing after you tie her up?” He turns down her street, parking ways down.

“I haven’t thought of that yet. Would leaving her tied up for a few days be cruel?”

“And miss Christmas?” He looks at me with wide eyes.

I shot him a narrowed look. “Seriously?”

“Yeah. Santa comes soon, and I promised him I would be a good boy. I’m not fucking that up for you and your dick.”

I go to speak but shake it off. I pinch the bridge of my nose, breathing deeply. “Chaos, you’re right. How dare I think about missing Christmas.”

“Thanks, Parky. Now, you won’t get coal in your stocking.” He taps the steering wheel three times. “Do you know anything about her schedule?”

I try to think, but it’s been over a month since I’ve been in the office. Anything could’ve changed. There’s only one thing that comes to mind that happens every year at that company. I’ve only been to two parties.

“The Christmas party is tonight. Did you wanna come back later?”

He stares out the window. “Yeah, let’s make it for nine.”

He spins the van around, and he heads back home. Now, I’ll have hours of dreaming of what I’ll be doing to her. The thought of her lying around the house in her underwear when we strike makes it even better. She’ll have no idea that we’ll be right below her for hours while she sleeps like the rich bitch she is.

It’s going to be a long night waiting to strike, but once I do, it’ll be heaven.



# 4

## Sabrina



Christmas vacation is finally starting, and my house will be empty later today. The staff is busy cleaning the house and stocking the kitchen like I'm a useless sack of shit and can't figure out how to grocery shop without them. Once upon a time, I did things by myself. I know I shouldn't be complaining. I don't have time after work to rush to the store and find food I will never eat. Besides, it's nice having the staff here with me; they've been working for the family for as long as I can remember. They wouldn't have it any other way when I told them they could leave after Grandpa passed.

I owe it to them.

“Miss Black? Would you like anything else done?” Marcy asks as I enter the kitchen.

“No, you do too much as it is. Are you excited to visit your son?”

She sets a grilled cheese sandwich down on the island for me. “Oh dear, there are no words. I think I’m more excited to see my grandbabies.”

“How many is that now? Six?” I pull my sandwich apart, getting to the gooey centre.

“Eight now. Are you not upset about missing another Christmas with the family?”

This topic again. They don’t put the effort in, so why should I?

“Marcy, they never come to me. Why should I go to them?”

“Have you at least talked to your mother? Brother?”

I shove my food in my mouth so I don’t have to answer. She should know by now I don’t make the first phone call. I’ve tried making the first effort, but after a while, it just died down. It’s not my fault that I willed the company. I wasn’t expecting it, nor did I want the burden of being the boss.

But if my brother wanted to become some head honcho, he should’ve gone to a better school and made something of himself, not knocked up the first chick he stuck his dick into. God, I love my niece, but this is another reason why Grandpa left the company to me.

“Marcy, you and I both know it never goes well if I have to call. I’m glad you are getting some time with your family. You know I can care for myself if you ever want to retire.”

She carries my plate away, dropping it into the sink. “My dear, I’ll retire when I’m dead. I love this place too much. Now hush your mouth and scatter. I have things to prepare before I depart.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

I leave her alone, and I know better than to argue with her. Even though I’m thirty, she’ll still whip my ass. I grab an apple and head to my office. It’s the best spot in the entire house. I converted the old den into my office because it overlooks the backyard.

The snow looks so magical out there, and I can’t enjoy the view. I need to dig into company files. The first one on my list is Kevin. I go to reach for my pad of paper, and it’s not where I left it. I always leave it to the left of my keyboard. Cora must’ve moved it when she was cleaning in here. This is why I tell them to leave my office alone.

It’s organized chaos, the way I prefer it.

I’m grateful for the staff, but I need a breather from them. I like being alone and the thought of having the house to myself. Fucking heaven. If I don’t want to get dressed, I don’t have to. I’m going to wear all my sexy lingerie, finally. If I wish to play with myself in the living room, no one is here to stop me. My body hums at the thought, and I want the staff to leave now so I can get started on my fun time.

I’m eyeball-deep into the finance department file. I haven’t heard much going on around me, and I’m not even sure how long I’ve been in here. It’s nice not to be disturbed, and it sucks in a way. Closing my laptop, I grab a stack of envelopes. The staff should be leaving soon, and I need to play Santa.

“Cora?” I call out, walking down the hall. I count the envelopes to make sure they’re all here. The last thing I need is to forget a person.

“Yes, ma’am?” She appears around the corner.

“It’s Sabrina. I get called ma’am at work, please, not at home. Could you call everyone into the living room for me?”

She nods and backs away.

I made my way into the living room; between Marcy and Cora, they did a fantastic job decorating the place. The 10ft tree stands tall in front of the window, trimmed with red and green decorations. The fireplace that Grandpa refused to paint over when Grandma asked him to, now has her entire Nutcracker collection on display. It's the one thing I look forward to every year and continue to add to. I'll go out of my way to find the wackiest one.

“Sabrina? You wanted to see us?”

I turn to see all my staff standing there, patiently waiting to be released for vacation. To be with their family, no longer waiting on another person. They had the option to retire, and none of them wanted to. I have no idea why. Is this life better than being out there with family? I can't blame them, and I wouldn't want to be with my family either—the ungrateful assholes.

“Thank you, everyone. It's been an emotional rollercoaster of a year. Even though you all know where my thoughts stand about you all working here, I'm grateful to have you here. I won't give you an inspirational speech, but you've made my life easier. With that, go be with your family, and I'll see you next year.”

I walk to each one individually, hug them, hand over their Christmas bonus, and tell them to get the hell out of my house. With joyful laughter, they don't linger. The silence is welcoming, almost too welcoming.

I walk past the basement door and shiver. I never liked the basement of this house; it's creepy and dark. My cousins always wanted to play hide and seek and would always end up down there. After a while, I refused because they would hide in the back where the light wouldn't turn on. To this day, I never bothered fixing anything down there.

Returning to the office, I grab my laptop; there is no point in being held up

in one room. Walking past the dining room, I take the stairs to the second floor. I pause when a scratching sound echoes within the walls. If that's a mouse, I'll burn this house down. Nope, I'm not going to pay it any attention. If it's still there after Christmas, I'll call an exterminator and kill the bastard. Besides, I have Holiday movies to binge on while digging into employees' work histories.

The theatre room is a little overkill for watching movies. I like being curled up with a blanket on a couch. But never being home, I haven't seen the point of buying a TV. I turn on my favourite movie and watch the opening credits, and my heart fills with happiness.

I, too, wish my family would disappear.

A loud bang rouses me from my sleep, and I fall out of the chair—my heart lodges in my ribs when I try to figure out what the hell happened. The room is dark, which doesn't sit right. The screen continually stays on after a movie. As bad as this sounds, I hope that bang was somebody hitting the power pole. Because if not, I have to head to the basement to find the breaker box. Why would they place it in the basement? Why not the garage, where it's brightly lit up?

Pulling up my big girl panties, I creep out of the room. The entire house is settled into darkness. I didn't think I slept late, but it was already dark outside. I move to my bedroom, and my rock lamp is off. Power outage, perfect. Peeking through the blinds, the entire neighbourhood is black. Oh, thank God—no basement for me. But now what? How long is this going to last for?

I rub my arms when a chill hits me. Without the power, the furnace won't kick on. There goes my idea of sexy lingerie. I find my comfortable pyjamas, grab my throw blanket from my bed and my Kindle. I'll read a book if I can't

watch movies or work. Besides, I need to find out how these masked men catch this girl working in the graveyard.

The living room is quiet. My footsteps echo on the hardwood floor through the lower level. I jump, pulling in air sharply, when I see something from the corner of my eye. My spine falls forward in relief, blowing out my breath. I storm toward the stupid coat hanging on the chair and throw it on the ground.

“You piece of shit.” And for added measure, I kick it.

I set off building my fire, another thing to thank Grandpa for. If you can create a fire, you can survive. The crackling brings back memories of watching him make fires here every winter. Now it’s my turn, and I only wish I had the tree on to enjoy the coloured lights.

I curl up on the couch and dive into my ebook. A knock on the door pulls me away, and I’m almost tempted not to answer it. There are only a few people who come knocking. When I get closer, I can hear the tiny barks, and I smile.

Opening the door, I’m greeted by Mr. Murphy and Honey.

“Oh, I’m glad you’re here. Are you safe?” Mr. Murphy asks, concern written across his face.

“Yes, of course. Why, what’s going on?”

Honey barks once more. I bend down to pet her, and she shoves her face deeper into my hand.

“I heard some strange noises coming from your place and wanted to make sure you’re alright. And with the power out, I needed to check in.”

I smiled, grateful for having him as a neighbour. He’s been checking up on me almost every week since I moved in. He and Honey walk the property line morning and night like it’s a new routine, and if they find anything suspicious, they let me know. He takes his role very seriously.

“I’m doing great, Mr. Murphy. I started a fire, and I’ll wait it out until the power comes back on. You wouldn’t know what happened, would you?”

He points to the transformer. “Dang thing exploded out of nowhere. It’s strange if you ask me.”

“Are you doing okay? Did you need to come in?”

“No, no. We were making our rounds and needed to check up on you. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

I watch them walk away, thankful for decent people.

I enter the living room, and something is off. My Kindle is gone. The trap door holding my stomach together is breaking. I slowly shuffle to the couch, lifting the blanket. I hoped it would fall onto the floor. I threw it on the couch before getting up.

Low, deep whistling comes from the kitchen. Whistling to *Do You Hear What I Hear?* My blood freezes like the weather outside. I don’t move, and I try to breathe calmly. Reminding myself that stupid girls die first. Well that’s what I tell myself, anyway. I mean, I yell it when I watch horror movies.

The whistling grows louder, and I can’t move. I’m going to die here tonight.

# 5

## Parker



I can't believe we broke into her house without anyone noticing. Talk about shit security. All she's worried about is her camera's what about an alarm system. I guess there is no need if you always have staff around.

"Parkman, this basement stinks."

"I know, bud. Only a few more hours, and then we can make our way upstairs."

Chaos paces around the small room that we decided to call ours for the night. I need to get him out of this room before he explodes.



“I’ll make you a deal. If you can sneak upstairs and find something of hers, have at it. Just don’t get caught.”

Joy shines on his smile. “Parky, I could kiss you.” He slips a black hoodie on and rushes out the door.

Whatever joy I can bring him, I’ll do my best. Chaos and I have been friends for years. Now that I think about it, I can’t remember how this strange duo started. However, it started, I’m grateful for him. He took me in when he could’ve slammed the door in my face like everyone else. But Chaos isn’t like that. He may be disturbed, but he’ll love you hard and protect you when he invites you into his circle.

Small giggles grow louder, and I know Chaos has found his treasure. His hand appears in the doorway, wiggling a notebook.

“Look what I stole. Miss Priss is gonna go nuts when she can’t find it.” He drops down on his sleeping bag.

“Should I ask how far you made it?”

He flips through the book, page by page. “Her office, it’s kinda big for a girl. I think she’s compensating.” Holding his hands to his chest to emphasize breasts.

“Sabrina isn’t compensating in that area.”

“That’s right, you had the pleasure of seeing them almost daily. Tell me, did you have to jack off in the employee bathroom? Or did you wait to do it at home?”

“What’s in the notebook?” There are some things you don’t need to tell Chaos.

“Poor sport,” he mumbles. “I’m not sure. It’s a bunch of names and numbers. It hurts my brain.”

I take the book from him, flipping through it. It’s a list of names, dates and

numbers. Some old colleagues I recognize, mainly all from the finance department, some scratched out, and others circled a few times. It's like she's on a trail and found a good lead. Then I see my name underlined and circled. Like I thought, she thinks I'm the one who stole from her. Fuck her. I'll show her a thing or two about stealing.

"The staff is almost ready to depart. They were busy cleaning while I was up there. I'm surprised they didn't sense me lingering around. I think she needs to fire them all."

"We'll tell her that after the fact."

"Grab a nap. We have a few hours before blackness descends." I lay down, covering up. It's going to get chilly soon.

"If that cocksucker pulls through. I don't like leaving things in other's hands, Parky."

I close my eyes, breathing deeply. "If he knows who you are, he'll value his life."

"Damn rights."

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I'm surprised Chaos' buddy pulled through, killing the power to the block. The entire house is quiet as we make our way upstairs. My body vibrates with anticipation of what's about to go down. Standing in the kitchen, we hear Sabrina walk down the stairs. Chaos rests his hand on my shoulder and grips the rope in his other hand. I clench the syringe. I have one shot at doing this, and if she makes a noise, we're both fucked.

A pounding on the door sends a panic through my body. I snap my head toward Chaos, but he shakes his head slowly.

“Don’t move,” he breathed, “I’ll do it.”

I watch as he disappears into the darkness, silent like a mouse. How he can move like that, I’ll never know. I move like a bull in a china shop. Chaos comes, skipping back with yet another grin.

“Ready for the show?”

I pull the hood up, covering my face. Smiling at the thought. “Hell yeah.”

Chaos begins to whistle, and we head for the living room. There she stands, clutching the blanket tight to her chest. Her copper-ginger hair was wrapped in a messy bun, she has no makeup, and she is wearing Christmas pyjamas. But she still looks sexy.

She turns, blinking back tears. No, Sabrina is too strong to cry. “Get out of my house,” she demands.

Chaos steps forward, and Sabrina steps backward.

“Sugarplum, we ain’t going nowhere until my friend here gets what is owed to him.” Chaos moves closer, and I need her to come to me.

I cut her off, blocking her between the tree and the fireplace.

“Who are you?” She bumps into the tree, jiggling all the ornaments.

I want to say something, but I’ll give it away too soon. I hold up the syringe and watch her eyes widen.

Jerking her head, no. “You’ll have to kill me first, assholes.” Her arm moves fast, and an ornament smashes into my arm.

“You crazy bitch!” I jump for her when another ornament hits me in the face.

“Get her, poke her fast,” Chaos yells from the side. Sabrina twists around, throwing an ornament at him. With my teeth, I pull the cap off the syringe, crashing into her while she’s distracted. We hit the ground, and she goes to slap me, but thankfully, Chaos grabs her.

“You remember, you did this, Sabrina.” I jab the needle into her neck.

Our eyes meet, and it’s then she realizes who I am. I reach out, wiping the tear that begins to drop.

“Looks like I finally made Sabrina Black cry. This is just the beginning, when you wake up, the fun will start. Sweet dreams.”

“Parker?” her voice slurring.

Ignoring her, I turn to Chaos. He’s playing with the Nutcrackers. “Seriously? How can you move without me noticing?”

“You were eye fucking her, that’s how. Want the rope, or are you gonna carry her?” He flicks the beard on the Santa cracker and giggles.

“Doing okay over there?”

“Why didn’t we decorate the house? I want some of these guys. Think she’ll give him to me?” He drops down next to Sabrina, and her lashes blink up. “I want him. Can I have him?”

“Just take it. She had no issue taking from me. Call it even.” I lift her, tossing her over my shoulder. “Basement?”

A whimper falls from Sabrina, and Chaos smiles with satisfaction.

“To the basement. Or what I like to call it, the funhouse,” he says dramatically.

“Since when? Never mind. Get the door.”

We need to work fast before the drug wears off. The basement is colder, and for Sabrina’s sake, if she wants to move upstairs, she’ll talk quickly. I’m not a patient man anymore, and if Chaos doesn’t get what he wants, I won’t be able to hold him back. He’s used to his ways, and they always end in bloodshed.

He whistles his Christmas carol while he sets up the chair. I drop Sabrina down, her body sagging forward. I almost feel sorry for her. Once she cracks,

she's free.

I watch as Chaos ties her; he works wonders with the rope. He's rough and gentle at the same time. I catch the occasional caress to her ankle, and it's too bad she's numb and can't feel it.

"Should we head upstairs and grab something to eat? I'm starving." He stands back from his handy work.

"Yeah, we have nothing else to do. Can't do anything until the power comes back on."

"Guess we should've planned that one out better. Oh well, come on, the tum tum needs food."

He storms up the stairs without a care in the world.

"Sit tight, Black. We'll be back."

I find Chaos in the kitchen with random food around the table. I would like to know how he works so fast. I still can't believe I'm here in Sabrina's house, and it sounds wild the more I think about it. What if this all goes to shit. I must've lost my mind.

"I think we should've just cut the power to her house, I want a hot meal."

Chaos cuts my thoughts off before I go any deeper with regret. I sit next to him, grabbing a fork and digging into a cold dish of spaghetti.

"That might have been easier, but the neighbours might take notice."

He hums. "Yes, we don't need them being nosy Nancie's now, do we?"

My only worry is that one neighbour that came to the door. If he does come back, it spells out trouble. He'll be suspicious when she doesn't answer the door tomorrow. Why do people make friends with their neighbours?

I mix around my cold ass noodles, wondering if I did the right thing.

"Park, it'll be fine. It's your first time, and after this, nothing will ever worry you again. Trust me. I remember my first time. I barfed all over the

dude.”

“We aren’t killing her,” I remind him.

He shrugs. “Never know; you might have to.”

“Touch her like that, and I’ll kill you, Chaos.”

His laughter rang out. “I believe it. You look like a possessive asshole right now.”

I’m not possessive, and she doesn’t deserve to die. I only want her to realize that the bubble she created is filled with lies. I need her to see it from my side, and this is how I’ll do it. First, we’ll break her, humiliate her, and build her back together.

# 6

## Sabrina



I can't feel my body. The coldness from the cement floor slowly seeps up my feet into my limbs. My teeth bang together when another chill shoots throughout me. I'm unsure how long I've been down here. My fingers move slowly and hurt if I try to straighten them. I'm not sure if that's from the cold or the drug.

The drug that Parker gave me. I can't believe he's in my house and doing this to me. What does he want from me? I have nothing that I can give him. What's done is done. No matter how much I want to, I can't change the past.

I twist my wrists, trying to loosen the ropes, but no matter how much I try, they won't budge. Whoever the second guy is, he knows how to tie them tight. The fibres dig into my skin, burning the more I twist. I scream in frustration. I can't stay down here any longer.

The darkness is going to eat me alive if I don't leave. I scream again, hoping they'll hear me. I don't care what they'll do to me. I just need to get out of here.

The basement door flies open, and I freeze.

"Sugarplum, you awake?"

"No, asshole, I'm screaming for the hell of it." His footsteps are soft as he makes his way down the stairs. My fingers clench into the arm of the chair when I no longer hear him, and I strain to listen. The only thing I can hear is my erratic breathing.

My body tenses when a finger runs along my neck. "I'm not an asshole, Sabstar. Did you want me to be?"

"I want you to get out of my house."

"That won't happen, but I'll let you go. If I catch you, you're mine."

I know this house better than they do. They'll never catch me. All I need to do is find my phone and call the cops.

"What will you do with me if you catch me?"

His hand captured the back of my head, threading his fingers into my hair. Tugging at it, he snaps my head back. And his face comes into view, and I recognize him.

"You're the guy I hired for my cameras." His lips quirked into a grin as I stared in shock.

"That's right, Sab. Joel Phoenix is what the Government knows me as, but Chaos is what I bring to the party. I'm the party that's going to have fun with



you. Don't get caught." He slammed his lips to mine, pressing firm. His hand tightens in my hair, and I let out a small whimper. He groans against my lips when I don't kiss him back. Pulling back, he licks me. "Can't wait to tell Parkster how good you taste. He's been such a sad sack since I tied you up."

The switch of a blade makes me pull away, and he chuckles.

"I promised not to kill you. Granted that's the only promise I made." He cuts the rope from my hands and ankles. "Remember, don't get caught."

"But you never told me what would happen."

He brushes my hair out of my face. "You're smart, I'm sure you can figure it out."

Once he moves out of the way, I stand. My feet are beyond cold; they ache, and I fall onto the basement floor. I need to be strong and hide. Whoever this Chaos is, he's quiet, and I'll never hear him, and I don't know where Parker is. Does he know that I'm getting free?

Oblivious to my surroundings, I crawl along the floor. I tap along the floor until I feel the steps. Quickly climbing them, I see the opening to the main floor, basked in darkness. I have a better chance of heading for the front door. My legs are still numb, but I push myself, running past the kitchen and dining room without being spotted.

My pulse races the closer I get.

"Don't be foolish. We wouldn't let you escape."

I skid to a stop, spinning around and looking for Parker. He has to be in the living room, now I have a better chance upstairs. Lucky for me, I can take the staff stairway. Backtracking to the hallway, I head for the last door. If you don't know what to look for, you'll miss it. Grandma loved her minimalist look. My hand shakes when I try to open the door. The darkness greets me,

and I swallow the lump stuck in my throat. I draw in a lungful of air as I begin climbing, trying to be quiet as I reach the top.

This isn't what I had in my mind for a Christmas vacation. I'm supposed to be watching movies and eating while basking in the quietness of the house, not being chased around by some crazy man and an unhappy ex-employee. I quietly slip inside my bedroom, patting my bed. This was where I last had my phone.

"Oh, no. It was in the theatre," I mutter to myself.

I was there working and watching a movie when the power went out. I duck out of my room and move fast. Worst case, I can hide in the electrical room next to the theatre room. It's small, and it's a panel in the wall. I control my breathing when I enter the theatre so the noise doesn't bounce around. Crawling on the floor, I feel each seat when my knee hits my laptop, I almost scream for joy. My phone should be here somewhere. I touch the seat in front of me next, and I can't feel it. Where the fuck is it? Moving to the carpet, I frantically search. It has to be here.

Then I hear it. It starts low, and it slowly builds. *Do You Hear What I Hear?* Moving closer to me, I don't have time to run, and I'm stuck here. Without making a sound, I crawl on my stomach, the whistling stops, and I freeze. I cover my nose and mouth, smothering my breathing. I swear my heart is going to beat out of my chest; the ringing in my ears is the only sound I can hear.

"Sugarplum, I can smell you. There never was any escaping us."

I can't tell which direction his voice is coming from when his hand grabs my leg, pulling me back. I kick and scream, trying to get free.

"There is no point in fighting this, Sabrina. We found you. You know what that means?" Parker's hand crept along my shoulders.

“Parker, please. I don’t know what you want, but you don’t have to do this.” His touch moves down my arm, and Chaos tightens his grip around my ankles.

There is no way I’m getting in a room alone with these two. I kick hard, connecting to Chaos’ face. He yells, and Parker’s hands loosen around my arms. I roll towards the seat out of his grasp. I quickly climb over the seats, falling to the floor.

“Grab her now! She owes me. She made me bleed.”

“Chaos, I said no killing, and I mean it.”

Killing? Oh, fuck no. I take my chances and run for the open door, and the world spins as I crash to the ground.

“Hey, Sabby. I think you broke my nose.”

I squirm beneath him. “Get off me, you psycho.”

“See, now that hurts my feelings. What if I called you a cold-hearted bitch?” Blood drips from his nose onto his top lip, and I watch as he darts his tongue out, sliding it along his lip, cleaning off the blood.

“Chaos,” Parker’s voice filled with warning. “Don’t do anything stupid.”

Abrupt laughter wrenched from within Chaos, shaking us both. “What could I possibly do, Parky baby? Don’t lie. You want to feel how warm her pussy is?” He curls one hand around my neck, and the other anchors my hip into the floor. His dick presses hard into my body.

My heart jerks wildly, his hand clutches tighter when my pulse hammers. He tosses his head back, pressing his hips deeper. “Oh, fuck, I could come like this. The fact that you are scared is even better. My dick loves a scared pussy.”

“Chaos,” Parker yells. “That’s enough. We’ll move her to the bedroom.”

He groans but rolls off. I lie there, not moving. My brain has gone

completely blank. Is this why they broke in? Does Parker think I owe him sex?

“I’m sorry about him, Sabrina. Chaos is—”

“Fucked in the head, Parker.” I cut him off. “Tell me what you want.”

“I will once you’re in the bedroom.” He lifts me, holding me tight.

I don’t bother fighting, and I tried running, but it didn’t work. What’s the point of trying again? Chaos holds my other arm, moving his face into my neck, sniffing me. I jerk away, trying to get as far away as possible. I need to do whatever they want so they’ll leave. I just want them gone.

Why Parker can’t tell me is starting to irritate me. Why now, all of a sudden? It’s been over a month since he was fired. I would be upset, but to go this far. Maybe his friend is the sane one. The walk to my bedroom seems to take a lifetime. I don’t want to go in there with them. If I do, my fate will be sealed.

“Get on the bed, Black.” Parker drops me onto my bed. I quickly scramble to the center of my bed and sit up. Turning around, I see his outline in the darkness.

The room lights up in an orange glow. I shot a glance from the corner of my eye at Chaos. He’s busy lighting my stash of candles on top of the dresser.

“Move up.” Parker shoves me further up the mattress.

He hovers over me, waiting for me to move. I do what he says. After what Chaos did, I’m unsure what Parker can do to me. We shuffle together until I hit my pillow. He slips a piece of red silk ribbon from his back pocket. “Gonna have to tie you back up, Sabrina. Can’t have you running wild while we sleep.”

“You prick. You said you were going to talk.”

A cocky smile claimed his lips. “I lied. You should know all about that.

Hands on the headboard. I suggest you get comfy.”

I watch Chaos creep along the wall, hiding amongst the shadows. Parker works with tender fingers, tying me to the bed. His finger skims the bottom of my chin, tilting my head back when our eyes meet, and I find it hard to look away. He shakes his head and moves off me.

“I’ll grab our bags. Don’t do anything stupid, Chaos. I mean it. Sabrina, I suggest you get some sleep. The power won’t be on until tomorrow sometime.”

He expects me to fall asleep while his creepy friend stands guard. Is he insane?

# 7

## Chaos



I need her. I've never wanted someone this bad before. I can almost taste how much I want her. The way she's tied to the bed is like a present waiting to be unwrapped. If only Parky would let me taste her, I already felt the warmth of her cunt, and I could've come in my undies.

"Sabbins, can I sleep next to you?"

She snaps her head in my direction, nostrils flaring. "You can sleep at the end of the bed like a fucking dog."

Oh, yeah, she likes me.

“Don’t hate me. I can’t help myself sometimes.” I climb onto the bed next to her. “Besides, you need to keep warm.”

She scoots away from me, not that she can move that far. Whatever, I’m tired, so off I go to dream of a copper-ginger-haired beauty that will be sucking my dick. Closing my eyes, I wait until Mr. Sandman comes.

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Her body presses against me, and an unexpected rush of energy rushes through me. The need to be inside her is overwhelming. I want her warmth wrapped around my dick. I slide my finger under her waistband and along her hip, dipping my finger beneath the elastic of her underwear. I damn near lose it when I press against her clit. I watched her hips flex into my hand, and I knew she wanted me. She was playing hard to get. She’s already wet for me, and there’s no denying it.

I pull my dick out, giving it a long slow stroke. I dip my finger slowly into her wet core. My dick throbs in my hand with the need to thrust inside of her cunt. I can’t take it anymore. Sliding my finger out of her, I slowly slid her pants and underwear down.

Lining up, I slowly slide inside her, and it’s tighter than I could ever imagine. I don’t move for the longest time. The urge to move my hips takes over, I gently flex, driving deep until our skin meets.

My eyes snap open. Breathing in the room, I can smell Sabby. Her body is pressed against mine, and I lift the blanket and groan. This happens all the time when I sleep next to women. I can’t control myself in my sleep; even worse, I can’t control it once I’m awake.

My fingers dig into her hips as I continue to slide in and out. Her back arches, and her muscles clench around my dick; I wonder what she’s

dreaming of? My heartbeat shoots through the roof when her body moves.

When I look up, she's looking at me with surprise in her eyes.

"Joel."

Just her using my legal name clings to my dark soul.

"Sabrina." I groan. I thrust into her, waiting for her to say something. Her eyes drift over to Parker, who is sleeping like the dead. "Don't worry about him, Sugarplum. Did you want me to continue?" I move my hips again, watching her eyes roll back.

"Don't hurt me," she whispered.

I nuzzle my face into her neck, nipping her neck on the tendons. She gasps, and I withdraw halfway before plunging back inside. Her hand slides into my hair, grabbing fistfuls.

"Fuck, Sab. Your cunt is going to make me come soon."

"I need to come first, you prick." She pulls my hair harder, causing my dick to throb.

I thrust harder, not giving a shit about Park anymore. She doesn't deserve to come, plus she already came. It's not my fault she wasn't awake when she did. Let her hate me. I'm not here to make friends.

"Fuck, I'm gonna come in this cunt of yours. You better pray you're on birth control."

"I'm not. Pull out." She squirms, trying to get away.

I hold her tighter, and I spill deep inside. "Take it all. Maybe if you're lucky, you'll end up carrying my bastard child," I snarl into her ear.

She tries to sit up, but it's no use, her hands are tied to the bed.

"Chaos, what did you do?" Parky said, direct and to the point.

"I fucked your bitch, so what."

He looks between Sabstar and me, trying to figure out if it actually



happened. I don't dare lie to my friends. She didn't say no. All she said was don't hurt me. And I didn't. I gave her what she wanted—sorta.

Sabby goes crazy, like worse than I am on a good day.

“You fuckin’ piece of shit, untie me so I can stab him. Now.” She pulls at her restraints, trying to break free.

“Stop it, Sabrina. You’ll make your wrists bleed. I’ll deal with the dickhead.”

Whatever. I don't have to deal with this. I roll out of bed, landing on the floor, almost crushing my dick that's still hanging out of my pants. That would've sucked if I broke my dick.

“Parker, get your friend out of here. Sleep somewhere else for the night.”

I move toward the window, peeking out. The morning sun blinds me. Who sleeps with blackout curtains in their bedroom? Psychos do, that's who. Who is Sabrina Black anyway? I pull open the curtains, lighting up the room.

“Rise and shine, dipshits. I want breakfast. I'll be back. Don't untie her but be a champ and push my cum back in, I'm trying to make a baby.”

Parker jumps out of bed, pushing me against the wall. “Are you kidding me? That wasn't a part of the plan.”

“No, but I'm making it a part of it. So, you either fuck her too, or I'll do it again. This is what revenge is like, Parker. You make her pay with her body, not with words.” I shove him back, fury burning in my eyes. He better watch it, or a knife will seal our fate.

“We get what I need, and then we are out. You get her knocked up. You're fucked. Do you get that?”

I backed away, scoffing at him. “I'm sure if you shot your load in her, she would be excited. Her little bastard wouldn't be a fucked up mess like me.” I leave without another word.

It's not my fault my brain is wired differently. All the meds my womb carrier took probably had something to do with it. I've been in and out of every known shrink. Obviously, it hasn't helped, but I've concluded that I would assist myself.

When a job opportunity literally landed in my lap, I couldn't turn it down. You could say I'm a hitman, but I like to call myself a professional killer because we all know after you put in ten thousand hours, you're a professional. And I'm the best. Who else owns their own security company, pays taxes, kills on the side and hasn't been caught by the cops yet? Not many, that's who.

I sneak out of Sabbins' house through the back, and a little yappy dog starts barking next door. If that thing keeps barking, whoever lives there is gonna come looking. I can't have that.

"Toto, shush your mouth." I walk to the fence and throw snow at the stupid thing. "You're gonna get me in trouble." The little black and grey ugly thing growls at me. "Don't make me climb this fence, asshole."

"Honey? What's going on?"

It's the old man from yesterday—way to go, Toto. I creep around the fence to the front of the house. I guess we'll have to skip breakfast. Walking up his steps, a tall Santa greets me. Oh, man. This is gonna put me on the shit list for tonight. Sorry, Clausman, this needs to be done. I straighten my shirt and ring the doorbell.

I pat my back pocket, only now realizing I don't have a knife on me. Bollocks.

A timid old man's face appears when the door opens a crack. "Can I help you, son?"

Son. I haven't heard that in my entire life. Kinda sounds nice. "Yes, I'm

with Phoenix Security Company. Your neighbour, Miss Black, hired us recently, and I'm just making my way through the area since noticing her camera's lost service yesterday and wanted to provide our service. She mentioned you might be interested." A smile ran along my lips, feeling the old man fall for my words.

He opens the door all the way, securing my access. I love the gullible. All you have to do is give them the words they want, and Bob's your uncle.

"Oh, Miss Black is a wonderful young lady. Please come in."

"She definitely is wonderful," I answered with a soft laugh. Her cunt is perfect too.

He seals his fate when he latches the door behind me. I can feel the adrenaline rush through my body, and my hand trembles with anticipation. I follow him deeper into his place, along with that ugly yappy Toto close on my heels. I need to get to the kitchen or anywhere with a sharp object.

"I'm sorry I never did catch your name?" I ask him.

"Oh, my." He laughs. "I'm Mr. Murphy, and this here is Honey." He points to the dog.

"No wife?" I look around and notice pictures, but no one else in the house.

He stares at the photo. "No, Mrs. Murphy passed away a few years back."

One less I have to kill. I let him lead, grabbing a lion statue off the side table. I feel the weight of it and do some quick calculations. It should drop him, but I'll still need to find a knife to finish him off. Toto yaps at me, and before Murph can turn around, I take large, silent steps.

With a quick, fast swing, the lion smashes into the side of his face. Murph drops like a sack of potatoes. Toto yaps, running in circles, making me lose my concentration.

"Shut up, Toto. I have to finish this off, or it's worse for him. Do you want

that?”

Rushing to the kitchen, I open drawer after drawer, trying to find a sharp knife. Why can't people have them by the dishwasher? That makes sense. I finally manage to find one that will have to work. Hopefully, it's sharp enough.

“Sorry, Murp. No hard feelings, but I don't need you snooping around next door. We have business that's more important than you. Say hi to your wife for me. She owes me.”

I hold his hair back, exposing his throat with a quick, deep slice. The skin folds away from itself, and blood runs down like a river. I breathe intensely, filling my lungs with the coppery smell. Shivers race down my spine, and my inner demons are calm once more.

“Let's go, Toto, you can come back with me. You can be a peace offering to Sabby.” She better like her gift. I could leave him here so he can eat his owner.

I'm trying to be nice. I missed breakfast for her.

# 8

## Sabrina



I want to yell at myself. How stupid can I be for allowing Chaos to fuck me? I can't even blame it on being half asleep, and I knew what I was doing. What I wasn't expecting was for Parker to fly off the handle. He acts like I'm his worst enemy, yet he wants to protect me from Chaos.

I don't understand him.

"Parker?"

He slowly drifted his eyes to mine. "What, Black?" he said, exhausted.

"When are you going to talk to me? I'm getting tired of the runaround."

He quirked a black eyebrow in amusement. “The runaround? You think this is the runaround?” He motions between us with his finger. “I’ll tell you what it is. The bullshit that went down last month, where you couldn’t even stand up for your employee, you let the board run him over tenfold. Do you even care about the people who work for you? Of course, you don’t. You didn’t even want to work there. I knew the minute you walked in there. Even your Grandpa knew you didn’t want it. He just didn’t want to give the company to your brother. You wanna know about a runaround? Dig deeper into your precious company before you start firing good employees.” He threw back forcefully.

“I wasn’t to blame for you being fired. If that’s what this is all about. There was a system I had to follow. Just because I’m the boss doesn’t mean anything. If it’s revenge you are after I have nothing to give,” I objected.

His deep green eyes were suddenly cold as ice. “There’s where you’re wrong. Sabrina. I lost so much when you fired me, and I’ll never be able to get it back. What did you lose?”

I flex my fingers around the headboard; what I wouldn’t give to punch this asshole in the face. If he only knew what was at stake.

“Parker, you have no idea, do you?”

“Fuck you, Sabrina.” He storms to the bed, his jaw clenching hard. “You have no idea.”

“Why, because I’m the boss?”

He turns around, tilting his head back. “You don’t get it, do you?” Turning to face me. He spoke through gritted teeth. “You fired me without fighting. That’s what pisses me off.”

“The board members won’t listen to me. All they saw was you, the youngest member of the financial team, and they went after you. They

wouldn't listen to me. All they see is a female working in a male dominated business and think they can run over anything I say. I tried so hard to fight for you."

He shakes his head. "Don't give me some bullshit lie. You live in this golden bubble where nothing can touch you—living a cushy lifestyle, never having to worry about anything."

Heat rushes to my cheeks, he's lucky he tied me to this bed. A cushy lifestyle. If he only knew what I had to sacrifice to get here. Of course, I didn't want to take over the family company, but I didn't want to leave it to my brother. There would be nothing left of Chocolate Halo.

"Don't you dare tell me I have nothing to worry about. I had to give up on my dream when Grandpa died, but nobody ever asks about that." I snarl, growing angrier by the second.

I watch the vein on the side of his head pop out. How he can be angry with me is still questionable. I didn't do anything wrong, so why couldn't he see that? My hands were tied when it went to a vote. I asked him to prove me wrong, and he didn't. So he's to blame, too.

"Well, only one person in this room is still employed, and I have a problem with that."

"I guess you should've found the person responsible for embezzling," I snapped back.

With one fluid motion, he's on top of me, warm fingers wrapping around my throat, squeezing slightly. Goosebumps prickled along my nape at the predatory smirk that settled on his face.

"What I wouldn't give to hear you begging right now, Sabrina. How stupid do you think I am?"

"Stupid," I choke out.

He applies more pressure. “I had so much planned for you, Sabrina. But having you tied to the bed being helpless will have to work for now.”

He moves back, and I suck in a deep breath. Parker walks away, slamming the bedroom door closed behind him. I’m left in silence, and his words ringing in my ears. I know deep down someone else is responsible, but proving it is what I’m finding difficult. And being tied to a bed isn’t helping.

I try to grab the ribbon between my fingers, wishing my pinkie was a tad longer. I move higher, getting my mouth next to my wrists. These guys should’ve watched a few movies before this. Handcuffs would’ve been the smarter choice. Chewing the ribbon loose, I pull my pants up and dive out of bed. I head to the closet and dig through the back, finding my baseball bat. I never thought I would have to use it, but today is the day.

I’m unsure when Chaos will return, but I’m not taking any chances. It’s easier to take out one versus two. I place my ear to the door, listening. When I don’t hear a sound, I crack it open about an inch and peek through. I wish the power would turn back on. It would be easier if I could find my phone and watch the cameras.

When the coast is clear, I step into the hall. If I were Parker, I would be downstairs waiting for Chaos. I move across the hall into the guest bedroom, locking the window. If I can’t escape, neither can they. I move to every room, locking every escape. Welcome to my funhouse now, boys. I take the staff stairs down, and before I can open the door, the power comes back on, lighting up the stairwell. I rush to turn the light switch off.

Gripping my bat, I listen to the deathly quietness of my house. It should be filled with the sound of Christmas carols and my attempts at baking—Not me sneaking around like a ninja.

I exit the stairwell, move down the hallway, and check my office. When I



don't find him there, I check the remaining rooms. That leaves three places, and I doubt he'll be in the dining room. No one ever goes in there. It's too stuffy. I tiptoe past the kitchen and make my way to the living room. I smile at myself when I see him staring at the Christmas Tree.

I pick up speed, hold my bat out and swing.

His body turned, and his hand came out, wrapping around the bat so fast I didn't have time to blink.

"Nice try, Sabrina. But your glass ornaments gave you away." He pulls the bat toward him, dragging me along with it. He wraps his hand around my hair, tugging my head back. "I'm not even gonna ask how you escaped, but you should be punished. Is Chaos' cum still dripping from your pussy?"

His fingers work under my shirt, goosebumps springing along my stomach. My head is yelling for me to punch him in the balls, but my stupid pussy is screaming for him to fuck me. I can't figure out what to do anymore. This isn't supposed to be like this.

He's quick at pulling my pants down. Before I can say anything, he shoves his fingers inside my dripping pussy.

"Fuck, can you feel his cum being shoved back into you? God, I knew you were a little cum slut."

"Parker." I moan his name.

How could this be happening? We were just fighting not that long ago. His hand cups my face, forcing me to look at him.

"Come for me." His mouth hovers just above mine. His kiss started light and sweet. The more he fucked me with his fingers, the more intense his kiss became.

I try not to come, but he rubs his palm against my clit. I slam my eyes shut as my body rocks with the need to come.

“Be my little slut and come.” He presses on my G-spot. I dig my nails into his arm as my orgasm slams into me. I hang onto him for a second, feeling boneless, breathing in his spice-scented cologne.

“God, the way you look when you come. Pure heaven, Sabrina. I can’t wait to sink my dick into you.”

Before I can answer, the back door whips open.

“Parky baby!” Chaos yells at the top of his lungs.

I go to move, but Parker wraps his arm around my waist.

“Don’t. If he’s back this quick, it spells trouble.” He slides my pants up. “In here, Chaos,” he calls out.

“Oh, my stars, you should see what I got her,” his words die when he sees me. “Um, did you let her go?” He looks at me, confused.

I take the sight of him in—blood splatter across his cheeks up towards his hairline. The tips of his grey hair are red. His eyes narrowed as I searched his face.

“Sabrina?” He stepped closer. “Did you want your gift?”

He holds up a black and grey Scottish terrier, petting it with a bloody hand. The glimpse of a pink collar around the dog's neck sends shivers down my back. I stare back at Chaos.

“Where did you get that dog?” I asked, clutching a hand to my heart.

“Your neighbour, he didn’t seem to care that much that I took Toto. He’s my gift to you.” He holds out Honey, like it’s nothing.

“Chaos, I think you’re scaring her. Thanks for the gift, but maybe go wash up,” Parker tells him.

Chaos snaps his fingers. “That’s a good idea. I should have thought of that. Since the power is back on, I’ll make waffles after.” He places Honey down and makes his way upstairs.

Parker holds onto me. “I’m sorry about your neighbour, Sabrina. But I won’t apologize for Chaos.”

Mr. Murphy didn’t deserve to die. Of all the people, he was a good one; he was unbelievably kind. My knees give out, and Parker turns me into his chest. I cling onto his shirt, burying my nose deep, letting the tears fall. Parker soothes me, but it’s not enough.

“Parker, you need to leave. Please.”

“Sorry, I can’t. I told you this already. Here sit. Some things about Chaos are hard to explain. His mind doesn’t work like ours.” He moves me to the couch, spreading my legs open, then squats in between.

“Chaos isn’t a psychopath if that’s what you’re thinking. His brain is wired differently, that’s all. But he looks out for those he loves, and I’m afraid you fall into that category now.”

I jerk my head no.

“Yes, I’m afraid he’ll never let you go.” His thumb caresses my knee. If only that could soothe me at the moment.

“If this was for revenge, haven’t you gotten it yet?”

# 9

## Parker



Revenge, that's what this was about. I need to remember that. I can't let her get into my head. I still want what was owed to me, and I can't let anything else get in the way. Why would it be up to me to find the person embezzling her company? That should be her job. It doesn't matter that I just shoved my fingers deep inside her; I'm still pissed off.

“Have you even bothered to look into the embezzler? Or just blame me?”

She falls against the couch, looking defeated. “I'm trying. I had a notebook in my office, but I misplaced it. I had a lead there.”

Chaos stole a notebook from her office, and I wonder if it's the same one. But she underlined my name, making me think I'm a suspect. How am I supposed to move on from that?

"Who's the lead?"

I watch as she peers down her nose at me. "Why? So you can go after him before I do?"

My heart leapt with joy; fuckin' rights I would go after them. I would get Chaos to stalk and torment them first. And when they finally crack, that's when I'll move in.

"I can figure it out, besides I have the notebook, Sabrina."

Her head lifts and meets my gaze. "Where is it? I need that book, Parker."

"Why? How important is this name to you?"

She closes her eyes, taking a deep inhale. "Parker, I know I should've fought harder, and I'm trying to make it up to you. It's the only thing I have."

I push away from her. I need breathing room. What a crock of shit. The only thing she has going for her. Like, I haven't heard that excuse before. I need that notebook. Where the fuck did Chaos leave it? If she doesn't tell me, I'll figure it out alone. It won't be that hard once I break down the numbers.

"Whatever you're thinking, stop, Parker. I can't let you get involved. It's Chocolate Halo's business, and you aren't an employee anymore."

I ball my hands into fists. The reminder of what happened slices me all over again. She wouldn't know what that's like. Her fall from grace has never occurred. She needs a lesson, and a little humiliation wouldn't kill her.

I pick up the fire poker and turn to Sabrina. "Come here, now."

Her eyes grow wide. "Excuse me?"

"I didn't stutter. Here now. One." I start counting. "If I get to three, it'll hurt more. Two." She rises, moving slowly, making my patience grow thin.

She stands in front of me, eyes like balls of fire. “What now? Finger fucking me wasn’t enough for you?”

“Not nearly. The reminder that I don’t have a job hits a little too strong. I need you to pay a little more. Kneel.” I place the fire poker on her shoulder, applying pressure until she kneels. “Don’t fight me, I’ll always win.”

I glide the poker along her collarbone, dipping into her pyjama top and popping the first button open. Her chest rises, pushing her breasts out for me. Despite the apparent sexual confidence she walks around with daily, she looks a little lost. Sabrina isn’t used to giving up control, it seems. I keep popping each of her buttons.

My dick grows with anticipation at the sight of her naked chest. The poker glides over her beautiful skin, leaving a red scratch mark down to her belly button.

“Parker, please. Stop.”

“That’s not the kind of begging I want from you. Now unzip my pants.” I move the poker to her neck and poke her with the blunt hook. Her hands shake as they reach for my button. I suck in a deep breath when her fingers brush against my skin. “Take my dick out, don’t think about digging your nails into me. I’m not afraid of making you bleed.”

Her small hand dips into my boxer briefs, wrapping around my dick. Her green eyes are shocked when she feels the silver balls protruding from the tip.

“It’s pierced,” her voice cracks

“For her pleasure,” I tell her, my lips twitch. “Don’t be scared. It’s not gonna bite. Haven’t you seen a pierced dick before?”

She jerks her head no. I push my pants down, getting impatient. I need to feel her mouth and hear her gagging.

“Open wide, let’s see how you look with a dick in your mouth.” Her jaw

clenches tight. I dig the poker deeper into her neck, and she lets out a loud gasp. I take that chance and ram my dick into her mouth. “Let’s test that gag reflex, shall we?” I wrap my hand in her hair, holding her still with a hard thrust and watch her eyes tear up. She tries to push her head back, but I won’t let her. She needs to pay, and this is that payment.

“Not happening, Sabrina. You’ll choke on this dick before I let you go. Now make me cum down your throat.” Her nails clawed into the tight muscles of my thighs. “Aah fuck, you suck dick so good.” Her breath stirs my trimmed pubic hair the further I push her head. When I pull her back, saliva spills from her lips onto her chest, and she breathes in deeply.

“Parker, I’m sorry.”

“No, you’re not. Tell me a name.” I stare at her, waiting, but she has to be stubborn. Her mouth slowly closes. “No, Sabrina. That’s not how this works. You either tell me, or this gets worse for you.” I clench her jaw until it loosens up. Pulling her head back down, I thrust deep, feeling the back of her throat. She swallows, and I see stars. The tightness almost brings me to my knees.

“Keep doing that, and I won’t last much longer. You better tell me what I want to know before Chaos gets down here.”

She tries to say something, but the words are muffled. As much as I hate to pull out, I do.

“Sorry, I missed that. Try again.”

She glares, not that the look could do much. “I said. Give me the notebook back, and I will tell you.”

That’s not what I want to hear. I poke her once more, wishing it was a little sharper. Where is Chaos’ knife when you need it? I slide my hard-on back in

and hold her head still, and I fuck her wet mouth. I don't pay any attention to her cries; she had this coming.

"I'm not stopping until my cum is dripping down the back of your throat. Fuck, baby, you feel amazing."

I've had blowjobs in the past, but they wouldn't let me do this. Watching Sabrina on her knees is my undoing. With a final thrust, I explode.

"Swallow every last drop. Don't waste any." I pull out, wiping her lips, pushing back in any cum that spilled out.

Her body slumped closer to the floor, and not once did she break. Not once did she tell me who she thinks stole from her. What more can I do? Do I have to spill her blood for her to talk? I throw the fire poker across the room, smashing the picture frames on the wall. The tears that spilled weren't from fear. Sabrina Black is too stubborn for her own good.

I'm still pissed when Chaos comes bounding down the stairs—Decked out in an ugly Christmas sweater and a Santa hat.

"All right, boys and girls. Let's get to cooking."

He steps off the last step and takes in the scene. I shake my head and move to the kitchen, tucking my dick back into my pants.

"What the fuck happened? I was gone for twenty minutes max."

I keep walking, not wanting Sabrina to hear our conversation. The sun bounces off the snow, reflecting through the high windows when I enter the kitchen. I rest my arms on the island, taking a deep inhale.

"Tell me what happened, Parky. You're not one to literally fall through with a plan."

"Thanks," I mumble, still staring at the island. "Something about her is getting to me. She's been planning, too, and that's what's bugging me. Why



didn't she try to stick up for me when she had the chance.?" I look at Chaos, but he's too busy looking out the window to even notice.

"People do things when we least expect it, Parker. Did you really think she would tell you what she was doing while you were working there?"

"No, I guess not."

"Exactly, she is the head honcho, after all. It's her company to protect, and she can't go around talking all willy-nilly to everyone, even you. But that doesn't mean your revenge isn't warranted. She does have it coming. But perhaps, try to see where she is coming from?"

When did he become so wise? It can't be from his line of work? He just killed someone this morning because he didn't want them to come poking around while we kept Sabrina captive.

"You think I should let her go?"

He laughs. "Fuck no, her pussy felt like heaven. She isn't going anywhere. Now, do you want waffles or not?"

"Normal waffles, Chaos."

"You suck."

I wasn't lying to Sabrina when I said Chaos wouldn't let her go. He brought her into his circle, and he'd do anything for her. Once he finds out who's been stealing from her, that guy is fucked. I need that notebook.

"Chaos?"

He looks up from his bowl of waffle batter. "Yeah?"

"Where did you place that notebook you swiped from, Sabrina?"

His dark brow pinches together. "Um, I think it's in our bags upstairs. Why?" he asks cautiously.

I wave him off, and he doesn't need to know. "No reason. When are the waffles ready? I'll go find Sabrina."

“Give me ten.”

I head back into the living room and find it empty. She wouldn't be that stupid to leave this house. I take the stairs by two, and she can't go far. I move to her bedroom and find her sitting on the bed, holding her shirt closed.

“What's wrong?” I ask, sitting next to her.

She lets out a chuckle. “What's wrong? You're seriously asking that after you shoved your dick down my throat.”

“I gave you options, and you didn't take them. Did you want to grab a shower? Chaos is making breakfast.”

“That psycho?”

I have to calm myself. She isn't used to him yet. “He isn't like that. You need to spend time with him, but he's a decent guy. Chaos has his moments; he's just wired differently. He wouldn't hurt you, Sabrina.”

“He killed my neighbour and brought me his dog as a gift. Sorry for not kissing his feet in appreciation.”

“Get dressed.” I'm not listening to someone talk ill of my best friend. I can handle a few things in this world, but that is not one of them.

I move to our bags, grab a fresh pair of pants, and find one of Chaos' ugly Christmas sweaters. It'll make him happy. I don't bother moving to the ensuite and strip right before Sabrina. If she's uncomfortable, she can move. Her gaze drops to my tattoo on my ribs, something no one knows about when you wear suits all day.

“See something you like?” She huffs and storms off to her closet. Huff all you want.

The look in those eyes doesn't lie, Miss Black.

# 10

## Sabrina



I should've stormed out the front door when I had the chance, but something was stopping me. The way that Parker is determined to find out who is stealing from me. Why does it bother him so much? It's not like it's any of his business. Yet he makes it out to be his business. I can't rehire him. And Chaos. I'm not sure what to think about him.

He killed Mr. Murphy and acted like it was normal. To bring back Honey as an *I'm sorry* gift. What kind of person does that? And Parker defended

him. That's the messed-up part. He found it normal for Chaos to do this. Is it normal?

"Hurry up and get dressed, Sabrina," Parker calls out.

I snatch a pair of leggings off my shelf and tug them on with force. I don't like being bossed around, especially by men. I do the bossing around, and this is irritating. Parker stands in the doorway, grinning.

"Wear a Christmas sweater, it'll make Chaos happy."

"Who the fuck cares what he thinks." I reach for a beige sweater, and Parker grabs my wrist.

"I said a Christmas one, and I meant it." With his other hand, he grabs my only ugly sweater. "I'll wait while you change."

I go to move around him, and he blocks me. "I need a bra. Excuse me."

"I think you can go braless, don't be shy. I've already seen them."

I rip my pyjama shirt off, and his eyes land on my chest. I tug the sweater over my head, and the scratchy material rubs over my sensitive nipples. I'm thankful you can't see them through the thick fabric. But the grin on Parker's face tells me otherwise. His hand reaches out and tugs on my nipple. I bit my lip, holding back my moan.

"You can't hide anything from me, Sabrina."

"Apparently, I can because you still don't have a name." I push past him, leaving him alone in the closet.

If only I had that notebook, I would be well on my way to destroying him. I'm halfway down the stairs when Honey runs to meet me. Fucking Chaos. I pick her up and march into the kitchen, pissed off.

"Chaos, if you're going to kill somebody for a dog, maybe you should get the dog some food and the essentials."

His back straightens and turns slowly. "Excuse me?"

“You heard me. You killed the owner. You take care of the dog. Welcome to your new responsibility.” I set Honey down and wait.

He sets the spatula down on the counter and steps toward me like a predator heading for his prey. I never move an inch.

“No one has ever talked to me like that before, Sabrina, and I don’t think I like it very much.”

“Get used to it. Welcome to being responsible for your mistakes. Feed the dog.”

His blue eyes drill into mine, a standoff between the wills, and I’m not backing down. His lips curl into a small smile.

“I can’t wait for you to fall back to sleep. I love dream sex the best. Do you know why?”

My heart skips a beat at the memories of this morning. “Why?”

“Because in my dreams, I can’t tell if I killed you for real or only in my dreams. Am I fucking a corpse or a real person? It’s the best high of all time. I suggest you sleep someplace safe tonight, Sabby. I might not strike now, but I will strike. How many waffles did you want?”

Is this guy for real? How can he go from talking about killing to eating in seconds? I don’t care what Parker says, Chaos is a psycho. If they think I’m sleeping in the same bed with them tonight, they are fucking wrong. They would have to tie me down again to make that happen.

“What’s the matter with Sabrina?” Parker asks when he enters the kitchen.

“Oh, I was telling her the difference between dream sex and real sex.”

Parker groans. “Chaos, how many times do I have to tell you? Don’t scare people like that.”

He shrugs. “It’s funny this way. Look at her. She doesn’t know what to think, and it’s the best. Come on, breakfast is ready, and it’s getting cold.”

I watch them work together like a team, like best friends. Chaos grins when he sets a plate in front of Parker.

“Chaos, I said normal waffles.”

“And I said you suck. Nothing wrong with chocolate chips, right Sabstar?” He looks at me, nodding.

I don’t know what to think. It’s like watching a child having a mood swing. One second, he’s happy, and the next, he’s talking about killing. I can’t keep up with it.

“I guess chocolate chips are better than boring old nothing.”

Chaos sticks his tongue out. “See, that’s why I like her better. Join us. We don’t bite.”

“I’m sure you don’t,” I mumble. Moving to the small breakfast table.

“I don’t, but Parker bites. I mark my property in other ways. I’ll show you one day if you want me to.”

It’s so weird being here with these two. I dig into my waffles, and the flavour explodes. Who knew Chaos could cook?

“I know, right,” Parker says. “He’s been feeding me since I moved in with him.”

“I had to learn to cook when I was little, or I would’ve starved. The womb carrier didn’t do much for me.” Chaos shrugs. “Don’t want the pity party, Sabby. I’ve grown used to it, and I am not sure why she never aborted me when she had the chance. But here I am, take all or none of me.”

Parker nudges him and shoves another forkful into his mouth. Maybe I could get used to these two, but I can’t get past him killing Mr. Murphy.

“Listen, Sabstar. About your neighbour, at least he’s with his wife now.”

I set my fork down, losing my appetite altogether. “I’m going to my office if you need me. Thanks for breakfast.”



I've been in my office for a while, and the guys haven't bothered to check on me. I'm glad I need the breathing room. If that's how Chaos apologizes, I guess that's all I'll be getting. He isn't wrong about Mr. Murphy being with his wife. Not how I pictured he would be joining her.

I log into the company server, removing everyone's access over the Christmas break. The last thing I need is someone trying to dig while I'm exploring. However, I let one person keep his access. Kevin. I want to see what he does; this time, I'll get notifications if he logs in. Let him try being a sneak. I'm prepared this time.

If only I had my notebook; the numbers I have in there are crucial. But do I want to give Parker Kevin's name? I might not have a choice in the matter. If I want my money and get Kevin in the end, I need proof. I have no choice but to ask.

This is what Parker wants. I'm bending, and I don't like it.

I reluctantly get up and search for the guys. They are nowhere to be found downstairs, and I'm not searching the basement. I climb the stairs and hear the movie's rumbling sound from the theatre. The door is wide open, and I stand in the doorway, watching the movie they picked. I could never tell if *Die Hard* was a Christmas movie or not.

I watch for a little while before turning away so they can have their time. I wasn't lucky enough to find a best friend. Once they found out who my family was, that was it. They only wanted to see how far they could get before they realized I wouldn't get them a job or buy them whatever they wanted. It's not like I grew up with millions. I had to work hard for

everything I had. Grandpa put stipulations on our trust fund, and going to college was one of them.

I head into my bathroom, turning on the shower. The need to wash away the morning and last night overwhelms me. How did my life take a nosedive in the last twenty-four hours? Stripping out my clothes, I step inside the shower.

The hot water runs down my back, and I wish it would bury deep into my skin. Some days, I don't want to be strong. I want somebody else to take over, but that's not how it works. I have to forever be in charge. Pressing my forehead against the cool tile, I wonder what the future would be like if I gave up the company.

My brother would try his hardest to take over, and I'm not sure if it would be out of spite or pity that I don't want him to take the company. That's why every morning, I get up and head into that office. For my Grandpa, maybe that's why I treat my employees like shit.

“Sab?”

I can't look at Chaos; his personality is too much to take in now.

“Sabby, either look at me, or I'm coming in.”

What does it matter? He'll do what he wants when he wants. I'm the prisoner here. It doesn't matter what I say. The shower door slid open, and my heart gave a huge punch against my chest when his hand slid up my spine. His hand works along my neck to my chin, tipping my head back until I meet his eyes.

“Sabrina,” he whispers. “Hair like a sea of blood. You were made for me.”

“Don't. You have no right talking to me like that.”

He works his other hand around my waist, pulling me into his chest. “You can't boss me around. I'll do whatever I want with you. I can slide my fingers



into your tight pussy, and you can't stop me.”

His fingers work down my stomach, stopping just above my pussy. His foot pushes my foot, spreading my legs apart. The slap of his hand to my clit sends shockwaves through my body. I gasp in shock, arching my back as my clit throbs for more.

“I knew you would like it. Do you want another one?” He slaps me again. He wraps his hand in my hair, bending me over, his hard dick throbs against my ass. “What I wouldn't give to fuck you here.” His finger presses into my asshole. And I could explode. It's been ages since I've had anal. A small whimper escapes before I can hold it back.

Chaos rests his head on my back. Groaning, he shifts his hand back to my stomach, standing me up. “I won't be able to hold myself back, Sabby. Let me wash you instead. It's been a day.”

One day, I'm losing track of time with how they make my head spin.

# 11

## Chaos



I've been thinking of her all day. I know Parky had different plans for her, but I have to veer off course for a little while. I also know Parker is holding back on me. Keeping secrets from me never works out in the end. I have a way of working them out of a person.

"Where's Parker?" Her voice pulls me out of my thoughts.

I wash her back in circular motions. "Parkster went to grab some dinner. We figured it would be best if no one cooked our Christmas Eve supper. I'm

not sure what you usually do, but I always get Chinese food and watch A Christmas Carol, the old one in black and white.”

“Seriously?”

I spin her around, leveling her with a blank gaze. “Yes, Sabby. Just because I kill people for a living doesn’t mean I don’t have traditions. Why, what do you do?” I roll my eyes like she hasn’t heard of traditions before.

I watch as she stands still, her brain rolling through memories, trying to locate something. I almost feel bad for her, and I know my childhood sucks, but at least I have Christmas traditions, and I came from nothing.

I move her under the water, watching all the suds move down her body. The thought of fucking her ass is still fresh on my mind. And having her naked in my arms isn’t helping me. I drop the luffa and step out in frustration. I’ve never wanted someone this desperately before. How is it even possible?

“Chaos, what’s wrong?”

I grab a towel and wrap it around my waist. I take one for her when she steps out of the shower. She rips the towel from my hand, wrapping it around her body and taking away my view. I watch as she takes in all my tattoos; every skull, blood spatter and smiley face. It’s a wild ride trying to find all the randomness on my body.

“I’ll leave you to get dressed. When Parker gets home, we’ll eat.” I leave before she says anything else. My head is out of sorts again. I feel that killing another wouldn’t sit right with her, but I can’t stay in this house much longer.

Cabin fever is a real deal.

After getting dressed, I wait for Parker. He should’ve been back by now. I stare out the front window, getting anxious. Maybe he got into an accident or fell and broke his head. It shouldn’t take this long to grab food. I tap the window three times, wondering if I should call him.

Little barks come from the kitchen, and I remember Toto. My new responsibility since Sabrina doesn't want him, or is it her? I glance out the window once more, but I never see headlights. The dog barks again, and I have no choice. It's hard to choose who deserves your time.

"Toto, I don't have any food. That involves going next door again." I can't risk that again, not tonight. Families are crowding the street visiting family. "Want a leftover waffle?" Can dogs eat human food? I have no idea.

I sit on the floor watching Toto eat. Every once in a while, I rip pieces of the waffle off and feed it to her. Apparently, it's a girl. Toto did me wrong.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm sure it's self-explanatory, Sugarplum. Toto was hungry, and you have no dog food."

She rolls her eyes, walking away. Yep, a woman after my own heart.

"Can I ask you a question, Sabstar?"

She swirled around, blowing out her cheeks. "You'll ask it either way, won't you?"

Humour touched my lips. "You know me." I pet Toto once more, then get off the floor. I glance at the clock and worry settles in again. "Do you hate Parker?"

"I don't hate him, Chaos. Things at work are complicated, and having you two break into my house isn't helping the situation."

"To be fair, that was all Parker's idea. I only came along for the ride."

Her cheeks grew faintly pink. "I'm sure. Where is Parker?"

The front door swings open, and I'm relieved. I storm through the house, ready to bitch him out. How dare he take this long without calling. It's not my job to call. I need to act like I don't care. I stop dead in my tracks at the bundle of gifts in his hand.

“Parky baby? What’s all this?” I reach for them, but he swings out of the way and hands me the food instead.

“It’s Christmas Chaos, and Santa has arrived.” He winks. I follow him into the living room, watching as he sets them all under the tree like this is entirely normal.

“No offence or anything, but where’d you get the—money?” I whisper the last part.

He brushes past me, mumbling, “I have my ways.”

One thing Parker doesn’t have is his ways. Look how well this is going; our prisoner isn’t even tied up, and she could walk out of the house at any point. It makes me nervous that she hasn’t tried anything. I know she’s up to something.

Sabrina’s planning, and I don’t like it.

•••••

We’re halfway through our movie when Sabrina gets up and leaves—sending my radar into overdrive. I’ve been watching her ever since Parker got home. She didn’t speak much during dinner, and the beacon was going off, considering how chatty she was before he got home.

“What’s the deal with her? I know you two are planning, and I don’t like it.”

“Chaos.” Parker tilts his head along the chair. “There is no plan.”

“Don’t fuckin’ bullshit me. What was the notebook for? You wouldn’t tell me, and now she’s acting all weird, and you know how I get. If I have to get the info, it won’t end well.” My body vibrates with the thought of what I

would do to Sab—tapping my fingers three times on my knees. I have to think of other things.

“Man, it’s for her work, that’s it. It has nothing to do with you. Chill out.”

Chill out. I’ll show him chilling out. I leave the theatre room and search for Sabrina. If I have to chill, so does she. I won’t be holding back tonight. As I walk down the stairs, I rip the strand of Christmas lights off the rail.

“Sabrina, where are you?” Ravelling the lights in one hand, I go hunting—time for her to act like the prisoner she truly is. “Sabrina!” I yell. I have no idea if she’s down here or upstairs, but my gut says she’s down here. I walk toward her office, the light shining from under her door.

I slam her door open, and she jumps from her chair.

“Chaos, what are you doing?”

“What am I doing?” I couldn’t help but laugh. I stalk further into the office, squeezing the strand of lights in my hand.

She pushes away from her desk the closer I get, a slightly panicked look on her face. Just the way I like my prey, scared out of their minds.

I drop the lights, never taking my eyes off her, and watch her swallow hard.

“Joel, what are you doing?”

“Treating you how we should have this entire time. I’ve been thinking, if you’re the prisoner and we’re the bad guys, it’s time to start acting like it, don’t you think?”

She goes to climb out of the chair, but I move fast. Grabbing her hair, I pulled her to the ground. She lets out a loud cry, grabbing at my wrists. I yank her arm back, and she struggles to stay on her knees.

“Stop, please,” she pleads.

“Sorry, once I start, it’s a little hard to stop.” I reach for the strand of lights. Pushing her onto her stomach, I sink my knee into her back. “I love a good

fight, don't you?" I grab her other arm and start tying the strand around her forearm. She kicks at me when I reach for her calves. I haul off and smack her ass hard.

"Don't move, or it'll be worse." I kind of wish she wore a skirt instead of leggings. But they can easily be cut off. Tying her arms and legs together, she won't be going anywhere. I step back and take in my handy work. I should get into rope tying because, fuck me, it's beautiful.

"You need to learn a lesson, Sab. Which one should deliver it?"

"Fuck you! You have no right doing this to me."

"See, that's where you're wrong. I'm the bad guy, and you're the captive. Learn your place," I growled. I lift her over my shoulder and step out of her office, and Parker is waiting in the hallway.

"What are you doing?"

"Teaching her a lesson, should I do the same to you? Keep me in the dark, and you get what you deserve. Now, you are either with me, or you're not."

He hesitates, and that's all I need to know about them. Some friend he is.

"Parker, you can't let him do this to me. Please help me," she cried out helplessly.

Parker walks past us, heading for the stairs. At least he knows where his loyalties lie. Sabrina wiggles in my arms as I take the stairs, heading for her bedroom. I tighten my grip until she stops moving. My mind races with all the possibilities of what I would do to her, but I can't.

I place her on the bed and watch as she tries to wither into a ball. I close my eyes and take a calming breath. She isn't a hit. I can't kill her. Parker grasps my shoulder, squeezing it.

"You good?"

I tap my thigh three times, trying to calm down. What if I made her bleed a

little, a small slice on the inner thigh where no one would see.

“Walk away, Chaos. I’ll handle it from here.”

“Don’t let her go, she needs the punishment. Parker. We’ve been too easy on her. Get that revenge before tomorrow morning, or I will.”

I hope she knows I’ll never let anything happen to her, but I can’t control myself, and the need to spill blood will always come first.



# 12

## Sabrina



I'm trying to figure out what happened. Chaos and I were getting along fine all afternoon. Why, all of a sudden, the switch? Where did it go wrong? The movie was going amazingly until I got an idea and I had to rush to the office. A lightbulb went off, and it couldn't wait. I hardly had time to log into the server for work before Chaos stormed in, looking like a madman.

Now I'm lying on the bed hog-tied while they both stand at the end of the bed. I'm afraid to move or say anything. The way Chaos is staring at me, his fuse is close to burning out, and his fingers won't stop tapping on his thigh.

“Sabrina, wanna explain a few things to us?” Parker asks me, like I know what he’s talking about.

“Yeah, Sabby? Because I can’t control what is rushing around my head at the moment, and I know for a fact that you two are hiding something from me, and I don’t like it.”

Parker twists his head in Chaos’ direction. “What the fuck does that mean?”

“Don’t play dumb. You two are scheming behind my back.”

“I’m not scheming dick shit, asshole,” I snapped.

Chaos jumps on the bed, crushing me deeper into the mattress. Parker rushes to pull him off, but his elbow rams into his nose, and blood drips onto the bedding. I cry out in pain when Chaos shifts onto my hip, but that doesn’t stop him. He pulls his switchblade out, and I’m afraid to move.

“Chaos, that’s enough. It’s Sabrina.” Parker moves, extending a hand. “The knife, Chaos.”

He froze, and those ice-blue eyes shine angrily now. “She’ll take her punishment now, and you’ll watch.”

With his other hand, he tears my leggings down. I let out a small whimper and tried to plead with him, only for that to go unnoticed. Parker goes to move, and Chaos lifts his knife, halting him. Chaos continues to tug my leggings down until my ass and thighs are exposed. My pulse skyrocketed, and my stomach turned over. I’m absolutely helpless, and Parker can’t do anything.

“I need this, Parky baby. I don’t ask for much, but this is what I need.”

His words plunge into my chest. He needs what? He already fucked me; what else could he possibly need?

The coldness of his blade runs along my thigh, and I try to buck him away, but it’s no use. He adds more weight to my legs, leaving me immobile.

“Sabrina, stop fighting. Whatever you’re thinking, it’s not that. I promise. I don’t like it, but he won’t force himself on you.”

I roll my eyes. “No, he saves that for when he’s asleep.” The prick loves to sleep fuck, and there is no way I’m sleeping next to him after this.

Chaos takes the chance while I’m distracted and slices my thigh.

“Oh, fuck,” I gasped. The sting of the cut burning, wetness creeps along my thigh, and I’m scared to know how much blood there is.

“Yeah, baby, I could paint your entire body red.” Chaos drags his finger through the fresh cut, dragging the blood around my thigh, moving to my ass cheek. He grabs his knife again. And I see Parker, ready to jump in. He slices through the strand of lights, and my arms ache as they fall to the mattress. I want to cry in relief, but Parker speaks.

“Chaos, that’s enough.”

He shakes his head. “I’m not done.”

“Yes, you are. We need to talk now. You want answers, don’t you?”

Chaos rubs my ass, exhaling. “I do. I’m trying to calm down. How mad am I going to get after hearing this?”

I look at Parker, and he shrugs.

“I don’t think you’ll be upset, Chaos. I honestly didn’t think you would care about my company,” I tell him truthfully.

He pulls away, bowing his head. I take that moment and pull my pants up, but he grabs my wrist. “Sabstar, if you or Parker are trying to get revenge, then I’m interested. Don’t ever think otherwise. Now, fill me in because I don’t like being kept in the dark.” He glares at Parker.

“Sorry, man. I didn’t mean to, but I know how you are, and we don’t want him dead.”

“You think I’m going to give you the embezzler’s name after all this? Kiss

my ass, you assholes.” I kick and twist the Christmas lights off my legs and work them off my arms. They both can forget about me *working* with them. That was never the plan after this stunt that Chaos pulled.

“Oh, and Sabrina. I already know the name. It’s Kevin.”

I snap my head up from my hands. “What?” I can feel my heart beating faster with apprehension. Parker walks to his duffle bag, unzipping it. He digs under his clothes and pulls out my black notebook.

“I have this. Your handy work scribbled all over.” He tosses it onto the bed.

Chaos grabs the notebook, flipping through it. “This is the book I stole. Is this why you wanted it back this entire time?”

“One of them,” Parker tells him.

“The other reason?”

Parker glances back at me. “I need it for her.”

“Me? Why?”

“You honestly think your Grandpa left you the company for a reason? Out of anyone, he chose you? Don’t be so naïve. Why do you think your uncle no longer works for the company?”

I throw the lights to the ground and stumble off the bed. “He quit because Grandpa was sick. He needed to help take care of him. What are you implying?”

“If that’s what you believe. Your family has some dark secrets you might want to explore.”

Chaos flips through my notebook, his brows knitting together. “How did you figure this out? All from her book?”

“No, Chaos. He figured it out when he was working for me. When I was too blind to see what was going on behind my back, he was digging, but why

take this long to tell me? Why not mention this when I was firing you for embezzling? If we both knew it was Kevin.”

We fought about this, and he acted like he knew nothing about it. Then what, he grew a memory? Something is fishy, and I don’t like it.

“Why did you leave the movie, Sabby?” Chaos taps his leg three times with the knife. “That’s my only issue here.”

“Was that the reason for all this?” I point to the lights.

He shrugs. “Perhaps. My imagination went wild, and I can’t help it.”

His imagination went wild. That’s the excuse we’re going with. “Chaos. Perhaps next time, you ask questions. I don’t care how your little brain works all this.” I wave around the room. “Could’ve been avoided if you did. Wanna know what I was doing? I was trying to log into the server to access Kevin’s files. He’s the only one that has permission over the holidays, and if my suspicions are correct, he’ll be trying to move money either tonight or tomorrow.”

“What are you gonna do?” Parker asks.

“I have no idea. If he already has access to the bank account, there’s no stopping him now. I’m fucked.”

I sit on the window bench, resting my arms on my knees and staring at the white carpet. Kevin could do anything to Chocolate Halo, and I can’t stop him. He can make it look like the company is failing, when realistically, he stole every penny. If only Harvey had listened to me when I brought up my concerns earlier, but of course, he didn’t. He only hushed me and said I had no idea what I was talking about. He told me the board members had this handled. By handle, they mean firing Parker.

“Parker. When did you figure out that it was Kevin?”

“I had my suspicions for a while. Why?”

“Did any of the board members know?”

Parker is quiet for a moment. When I look up, him and Chaos are sitting on the edge of the bed. Parker’s nose is swelling from where Chaos smashed him with his elbow earlier. A trail of dried blood runs down his lip and chin. I can’t help but study it. Chaos isn’t afraid to make a person bleed.

He rakes his finger through his dark hair. “I didn’t say a word, Black. I’m not sure how or if they figured it out. But I’m the fall guy.”

“How the hell did this happen? Grandpa left me a working company, and I turned it into garbage in under a year.”

“To be fair, Sabby, I don’t think it was your fault.”

“Thanks, Chaos.”

But no matter how you look at it, it’s my fault. It’s my name everywhere, so why wouldn’t it be? I’m so fucked; it’s not even funny. And instead of doing anything, I’m conversing with these two.

“Sabrina. I’ll help if you want me to. It’s my fault, too.”

“How? You’re going to break into Kevin’s house and tie him up, too?”

Chaos gave me a sadistic twist. “Yeah, baby. We’re gonna break into his house.”

With a spike of adrenaline, I bolted upright. He can’t be serious. What can he possibly do when he breaks into that house? How can anyone plan a break in on such short notice?

“Chaos, you can’t break into someone’s house. You have no information. Do you even have a game plan?” Parker shook his head.

“Who says?” he scoffs. “I’m sure Sugarplum has all the info I need.” He looks at me with those ice-blue eyes.

“Fuck me. I can’t believe I’m going to go along with this plan.”

Merry Christmas to me, I guess.

# 13

## Parker



Sabrina doesn't look like she wants our help. It seems like she wants to escape more than anything. I don't blame her. Reality smacked her in the face. I just broke the news that her uncle was helping rob her company behind her grandpa's nose while he was on his deathbed.

It took me a while to figure out that her uncle was the ringleader. No one quits a high-paying job out of the blue. It looks overly suspicious. I guess I'm the only one who caught onto it. Now I know why no one else cared. They were in on it. How much did everyone in the financial division get paid?

If I want my revenge, this is how I'll get it. Kevin will go down, and I'll be there to watch it. If he thought that he won, he's fuckin' mistaken.

"I think you should clean your thigh. I kinda sliced you good, Sabby."

I love how he'll try to distract her, even with him struggling himself. She waves him off.

"I'll be fine. I'll go change. We need to plan for tomorrow, anyway. Have you ever seen Kevin's house?"

"No. Why?"

"He lives in a penthouse. I'm not sure how you'll be able to break in."

I watch as she moves to her closet. When she's out of sight, I turn to Chaos.

"What the fuck?"

"What?"

"We can't go breaking into Kevin's place on Christmas Day. You have got to be kidding me?"

He pokes me in the chest. "You're the ass that wanted revenge. I'm handing it to you on a silver platter. Do you think it's hard to get into a penthouse? You do remember what I do for a living, yeah?"

How could I forget? It's disturbing how he came into his line of work. I try not to think about it so much.

"All right, boys. To the office, we can plan down there."

Sabrina exits her closet wearing red plaid booty shorts and a cream-slouchy sweater. I'm still only used to seeing her wearing professional office attire. Seeing her being so relaxed and comfortable is thrilling.

Chaos steps forward, bending next to her leg. He pulls her shorts up and shakes his head.

"You need to clean this, Sabby. I don't want you to get an infection. Where's your first aid kit?"



She rolls her eyes and heads for the door. “It’s downstairs. I don’t need help.”

He blinked at her, raising his eyebrows. “That’s nice, so it’s in the downstairs bathroom?” He walks out without waiting.

“How are you friends with him?” She craned her neck, looking at me.

I can’t help but stare. How I thought I could ruin her is beyond me. She won’t break; she’s too stubborn for that. I slowly reach out to her, tracing her bottom lip with my thumb. The tip of her tongue darts out, licking me.

She gently reaches out, placing a hand on my chest. It’s the gentlest touch I’ve ever felt. I’m used to being a touch rough. I brush a hand along her spine, resting it on the small of her back. A heated look crawled between us.

“Sabrina.” I groan, moving my hand down to her ass.

“Shut up and kiss me, for fuck’s sake.”

I dip my head, pressing my lips to hers. I wanted it to be a slow passionate kiss but fuck that. She’s too addictive. Her hands grab hold of my shirt, pulling me closer. Her body feels so small pressed up next to me. I’ve never wanted someone this bad before; it surprises me. Wrapping my hand around her neck, I tilt her head back, kissing along her jaw down her neck. Her sweet moans vibrate on my lips.

“What I wouldn’t do to bend you over the bed and fuck you like the little slut you are.” I weave my fingers in her hair, tugging her head back. “But we can’t. Get your little ass downstairs so Chaos can clean you up.”

She blinks at me, licking her lips. “Right, the cut.”

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We pile into Sabrina's office after Chaos carefully cleans and bandages her cut. Chaos relaxes in the overstuffed armchair in the corner, sipping his eggnog, tapping his foot along to the Christmas carols he made Sabrina put on. I can't help but watch Sabrina work.

Her slender fingers fly over the keyboard as she types away. I have to admire her. She's not one to give up.

"What did you discover?" I ask, coming around her desk and placing a hand on the back of her chair.

She shakes her head. "Not much, Kevin hasn't accessed the files since leaving for the holidays. I can't find much. What I wrote in the notebook and what's on the screen don't align. We need actual proof, not hearsay."

"Hear me out. What if," Chaos takes another sip of his eggnog. "We break in and torture the info out of him. I have my kit in the van."

"Why doesn't that surprise me? We can't torture a man. That's not right." Sabrina stares at Chaos, shaking her head, a frown forged across her forehead.

"Take no mind of him. That's his answer to everything."

She hums, going back to typing.

"Sabbins, pull me up a picture of the residence of Kevin, please. I need to prep."

She tilts her head to me, and I shrug. "Remember, he's wired differently."

"No shit," she mumbles. "What are you going to learn from a picture?"

She nearly jumps out of her seat when Chaos places his hand on her shoulder.

"A lot, please. Show me."

"Make some noise, you dickhole. All I can get you is the name of the apartment building, and I'm not sure what you can do with that."

He leans over, gently placing his hand on top of hers on the mouse. “Try for me?”

I’m not sure who this man is. When did he become such a Romeo? I can’t even be angry with him for getting close to her. She has a way about her, something I could never look past. She only wanted to protect her company, and I tried to destroy it.

“That’s all I need to see. I’ll be right back.”

“Wait, where are you going?” Sabrina and I say together.

Chaos takes a step backward. “To take Toto outside she needs to pee,” he said, sounding suspicious.

I watch him back away out the office door, yelling for the dog. I love that man, but sometimes.

“Should I be worried?” Sabrina asks.

“Nah, I’m sure he’s taking Honey outside and I can guarantee he’s checking his kit over.” I jam my hands in my pockets, turning to the window.

“Are you sure this is what you want?”

“To get back at Kevin? Yes Parker, but I’m not sure what Chaos has planned. Should I be worried?”

“Chaos will get the answers you want. I wouldn’t be worried, but I wouldn’t want to be around when he does his handy work. I’ve only heard it on the phone, and it’s not good. Chaos becomes another person when he’s working, and I don’t want you anywhere near him.”

She swings her chair around and leans back. “Are you worried about me, Parker? I’ll be fine. I’m a big girl. I think I can handle a little bit of blood.”

“Is that so?” I move toward her, our eyes boring into each other. Resting my hands on each armrest, I block her into the seat. “Tell me, what do you want, Black?”

“Can I have anything I want?”

“Within reason, I suppose.”

She leans up, lips brushing against mine. “Can I have both of you?”

“Together?”

“Sorta, not at the same time. Not at first that is, unless you want to. Oh, I don’t know what I want to be honest. I’m rambling.”

I cup her cheek, smiling down at her. “Stop, it’s fine. It’s nice that you know what you want. But we need to check in with Chaos to ensure he wants it, too. I don’t mind giving what you want, but I’m not competing.”

“All right. But I’m not going outside. The neighbours will be out there and probably want to know what the hell is going on.”

“If the van is the concern, it’s parked down the street.”

“Oh, perfect. Someone is bound to call the cops soon.”

She tries to get up, but I push her back down. “Zip it, woman. We’re leaving tomorrow. Did you forget?”

“We’re taking a murder van to the richest part of downtown Toronto. Are you kidding me? No, that isn’t happening. We’ll take my car at least this way, you’ll fit in, and it won’t look so suspicious.”

Murder van. I don’t think I’ve ever heard it be called that before, and is it really a murder van when Chaos does the murders outside of the van? I’m getting in too deep with the thoughts. I still don’t know why she wants to be involved with us. It must be Christmas magic. Oh my God, I sound like Chaos.

“Sabrina, get your ass into the living room. Once Chaos is done, we will discuss this.”

“You would be wise to remember that you are not the boss of me. This is my company and my house, Parker.”

I bit back a laugh. “Oh, sweet Sabrina. I will be the boss of you, before the night is through. Get in the fucking living room now.” I back away, leaving enough room for her to brush past me. With a small huff, she gets up.

“This isn’t finished yet.”

Oh, I hope not. I have plans for you.

# 14

## Sabrina



I think I've lost my mind. It has to be with everything going on. I can't keep track of what's what anymore. It's still hard to believe that the guys have only been in my house since yesterday. It feels like a week. It's ridiculous that I didn't want anything to do with either of them and now, I'm not sure what I want.

Chaos has been outside for an hour now, and I'm worried. What if a neighbour has spotted him? He stands out in this area. One look from Ms. Thompson, and he's busted. Nosey Nancy can't keep to herself and has taken

it upon herself to think she's the neighbourhood watch. She knows almost everything that goes on here, and I'm somewhat surprised that the cops haven't come knocking on Mr. Murphy's door by now.

"Parker? Where's my phone?" I fix my Nutcracker, which Chaos is so obsessed with.

"Why? You are still technically a captive. I can't be handing a phone over." Stupid men. "I need to call the cops."

He laughs, cutting me off. "Are you kidding me?"

I snap my head around. "Will you let me speak?" He holds his hands up. "Thanks. Mr. Murphy doesn't deserve to rot away in his house without anyone knowing. I can't live with that."

He walks to the living room window, peeking through the curtains. "I still can't let you call. The cops will come knocking, and then what? How good are your lying skills? Because if you so much give them a hint that you know what happened, you ruined everything, you have now become an accomplice in a murder, and your entire life is now over. Do you want that?" He cocks his head to the side, pressing his finger to the window.

I didn't think of that. But I also can't think about Mr. Murphy being in his house. We were supposed to have Christmas dinner tonight. We've been having all our holiday dinners together since I stopped spending time with my family.

"Can you call it in anonymously? He can't stay there, Parker, and you know that," I whispered, a lump rising in my throat.

"Sabrina," he said grimly. "I can't. Not with Chaos out there."

"How fast do you think the cops take to react? Chaos should be back before anyone arrives. Surely we can turn the lights off and pretend not to be home?"

He walks to me, brushing hair away from my face. “Black, listen to me. It’s a dangerous game, one that I’m not overly fussy with.”

“Can we talk to Chaos when he gets back?”

When his eyes met mine, his mouth lifted in a wicked smile. “Chaos will want something in return, Sabrina. Are you prepared to pay up?”

“I think I’ve proven that I’m not afraid of him.” I leave him standing by the mantel as I take off for the kitchen.

If only I kept the landline in commission, I would call the cops behind their backs. Where would he keep my phone? I quickly changed directions and headed for the staff stairway. I quietly open the door, praying he doesn’t hear me. How many times do I have to sneak away from him?

I make my way back into my bedroom, closing the door behind me. I scan the room for Parker's bag. I dig through the side pocket, finding nothing. My phone has to be here. I unzip the large compartment where the clothes are. His spicy scent hits me, and I pull a t-shirt out, holding it to my nose, inhaling deeply. I need to remind myself that I’m here for a reason, not to sniff his clothes. I toss the shirt back and continue to dig.

“Looking for something?”

I jerk around fast, and the room spins. Parker stands at the doorway, watching me. When I don’t answer, he takes one step closer. I go to open my mouth, but as he said, I’m a shitty liar.

“I. Um.”

“You were looking for something. Tell me, and I’ll make the punishment less painful.”

Less painful? What the fuck. “What punishment? You have something of mine. I should punish you.”

He laughs, taking another step. “Yeah, what would you do?”



Flashes of him and Chaos in bed run through my mind, but that's not a punishment. How could I punish him?

"I should tie you up, and while wearing my sexiest lingerie, I would go down on Chaos, all while showing you a view of my ass and pussy. Make you go crazy with want, knowing you can't touch me, the view of my pussy getting wet would drive you wild enough that you come in your pants. But I wouldn't stop there, Parker. I would make Chaos fuck me so hard that it's his name that I call out. Knowing that you haven't fucked me yet would be the perfect punishment."

Parker launches for me, grabbing me by the arm and lifting me in the air. I don't have time to react before I'm thrown across the bed, landing on my back. I shuffle backward, hitting the headboard as he rounds the bed. Bending down, he picks up the strand of lights from earlier. With a smirk, he grabs my leg. I let out a small scream as he pulls me down the length of the bed.

"Parker, what are you doing?"

"I'm giving you what you want. But instead of me being tied up, it'll be you. Wait until Chaos finds you. We'll have so much fun."

"I-I thought we were going to talk to him first." I swallow the lump forming.

He bends over, getting in my face. "Yeah, fuck that." He grabs my arms, slamming them above my head, my back arches, trying to find a comfortable position, but Parker only smiles. "I knew you liked being tied up, you little slut."

I move my hand to smack him, but he catches it. Shaking his head, he slams it back down.

"Nice try, Black. Maybe you should've thought twice before snooping in my shit." He lays between my legs, pressing his weight into me.

He slides his hands down my arms, brushing over my breasts. Even through the thickness of my sweater, my nipples tighten from his touch. He slowly pushes up my sweater, exposing my stomach. The light traces of his fingertip cause goosebumps to rise on my skin. He dips lower, running along the waistband of my shorts, and the thought of what's to come makes my clit throb with need.

“Tell me, Sabrina. How many nights did you finger yourself at the thought of me?” He looks up at me through his lashes.

Oh, stars. I can't answer that. My cheeks warm even thinking about it. Parker smirks and his fingers dip under my shorts, pulling them down.

“I'll take the blushing as my answer.” He pulls my shorts off, leaving me exposed. “Fuck, your wet already. Does thinking of me turn you on?”

“No, you asshole. I'm thinking of somebody else.”

He grips my thighs, spreading me open. “I'm sure you are. Let's see who it really is, shall we?”

His hand connects with my clit sending shockwaves to my core, and I take in a deep breath before he slaps me over and over again. I grab onto the headboard as my body shudders with need. If this is him making my punishment less painful, he's an asshole.

“Sabrina, your pussy is such a beautiful shade of red. Can you take more?”

I shake my head, but he pays no mind. His hand slaps me once more, and I cry out, pulling at my restraints.

“Take it like the slut you are.” He growls, slamming two fingers inside my wet core. “Look at me while I eat you out.”

I tilt my head up, looking him in the eyes as he moves close to my clit. His tongue darts out, and in one long, slow lick, white-hot ecstasy slammed into

me. My core tightens around Parker's fingers, and he curls his fingers, hitting the spot. My back arches, pushing my hips into his face.

“Oh, shit,” Chaos’ voice pulls me away from Parker.

Breathing heavily, I watch him stalk to the bed, eyes never leaving my body. He slowly pulls his t-shirt off, exposing his tattoos.

“Parky baby, what’s going on?” Chaos stops at my side, taking in the sight.

“She was snooping in our bags.”

I notice the switchblade in Chaos’ hand, and my pulse drops. “What do we do with snoops, Parker?”

Parker moves his fingers, and I bite back a moan. “We usually make them bleed, but in this case, I say we make her come until she’s crying.”

I look between them, trying to figure out what’s going on. When Chaos smiles at me, it isn’t with tenderness. It’s a cold, feral smile. One that wants my entire soul and won’t stop until he gets it. He tosses the knife onto the bed and unbuttons his pants. Parker moves away, leaving me empty.

“Tell me, Sab. How does a millionaire fuck?”

I watch Parker from the corner of my eye as he slips out of his clothes, and I almost choke all over again—the silver piercing shimmers from the tip of his dick. I swallow, remembering how it felt in my mouth.

“This one wants us both, Chaos.”

Chaos licks his lips. “Does she now? That can be arranged.” He runs his hand along my leg, wrapping his hand around my ankles and flips me over. “Fuck I love this ass.” He rubs my ass cheek before smacking it. I bury my head into my pillow, moaning.

“Do you have any lube?”

His finger runs over my asshole, and I push back. “In the nightstand drawer.” I don’t even care that they find my stash of toys. I have needs, too.

Parker opens the drawer and pauses.

“Jesus, Black. What are you planning for?” He pulls out my dildo.

“What else is in there?” Chaos asks.

Parker pulls out my butt plug and a bottle of lube. Chaos holds his hand out. My heart lodges in my ribs when Chaos opens the lube bottle. His hand runs along my back down to my ass.

“Get on your knees. I want this ass in my face, it belongs to me.” With his help, I moved to my knees. His hands move all around my ass, massaging every inch. “So soft and round.”

Cool drops land between my cheeks, and my mind races with the possibilities of what’s coming, never in my wildest dreams did I think this would happen.

“Are you ready, Sugarplum?”

“Yes,” I said breathlessly.

I groan when the pressure of the plug presses against my hole. “Ah, fuck.” I arch my back when Chaos pushes the plug the entire way in.

“That’s my girl. I can’t wait to use this tight little asshole. For now, let Parker fuck your needy pussy.”

I can’t think. I can’t wrap my mind around giving up control. But in a way, it feels nice not to think about what’s going to happen. I can let myself enjoy this without trying to please them. I want to be selfish for once.

“Sabrina, baby. You look beautiful, tied up like a little slut. To think you wanted me tied up.” Parker laughs.

“I’ll get you tied up one of these days. You wait.”

He hums. “We’ll see. For now.” The bed dips as he settles behind me. “I’m gonna enjoy coming deep inside your pussy, baby.”

His hand journeyed up my thighs, over my hips. He dropped a tender kiss

in the middle of my back, and my heart won't be able to take it much longer.

“How bad do you want this?”

“I'm not going to beg for it.”

He smacks my ass. “You will beg for my dick. Beg for me to fuck you.” He smacks my ass again, running the tip of his dick along my clit. My hips flex, wanting more.

“Fuck me like you need to get the revenge you want. Take whatever you want from me, Parker.”

He groans, pressing the pierced tip of his dick into me and pauses, I push back, wanting all of him, and his laughter fills the room.

“I'll tell you when you can have the rest. Don't be so bossy.” He slowly pushes in, inch by inch, until our skin touches. His fingers dig into my skin as he draws back, slamming into me. My body jerked forward with each thrust.

“I wished I fucked you sooner, baby. I can feel you clenching around me.” His finger moves to my clit, rubbing fast. I can't hold it back. I scream into the pillow, coming hard.

Parker moans. “I'm gonna come. Take it all, you slut. I wanna see my cum dripping from you.” He pounds faster, his breath coming in waves. He goes still before I figure out what he just said.

My stomach drops when he pulls out. “For fuck's sake, Parker. I'm not on birth control.”

He smacks my ass. “Shut up. Chaos, come claim your ass.”

Parker climbs off the bed, only for Chaos to jump on. “It's gonna be fast and hard. You already came, so don't get greedy.”

His hand runs along my ass, slipping between my crack. With a slight tug, the plug is pulled out. My core clenches when Chaos presses into me.

“God, can this ass get any better.” His hand moves up my back, holding

onto my shoulder, ramming fast that I see stars.

“Chaos, it’s too much.”

“You’ll take it, and you’ll love it.”

He growls, thrusting faster. Our breathing and the sound of our skin smacking fills the room. I use the headboard to push into him.

“I’m coming, Sugarplum.” He groans loudly, caressing my neck.

I sink into the bed, tired.

“Come here, baby.” Parker unties me, pulling me into his chest. Chaos curls up behind me, rubbing my thigh.

“Get some sleep. We have a big job tomorrow.” He places a small kiss on my shoulder.

I almost forgot about tomorrow. It’ll be a Christmas that I’ll never forget.

# 15

## Chaos



Oh, fuck. Waking up next to Sabby feels like a dream. I flex my hips driving my dick further into her pussy. We must've worn her out for her not to stir once. I slowly thrust, feeling the warmth of her gripping me. I pull her closer, spilling my cum deep, praying this is the time I impregnate her.

“Merry Christmas, Chaos, but I swear to God, if you get me pregnant, I’ll push you down the stairs,” she said sleepily.

Placing a kiss on her shoulder, I can’t help but smile. Out of every fish in the sea, I caught this one. I wasn’t even trying to find my fish. “Sabby, I

don't even think I can have kids."

She rolls over, cupping my face. "What makes you say that?"

"I think karma is coming to get me."

"That's your reason? Chaos, that doesn't mean anything. You can always get your sperm counted and see if they are fast swimmers."

I stare at her. "I'll put a pin in that for now. We have a busy day." I climb over her, licking my finger. "Wakey wakey, eggs and bakey." I ram my wet finger into Parker's ear. Sabrina fell into a fit of laughter when Parker jumped awake.

"You sumbitch, I'll kill you," he spat out. He rolled me over, squishing Sabrina under us.

"You guys, I can't breathe." She gasped for a breath.

We both rolled off her, apologizing. "I can't believe I'm lying in bed with you two on Christmas morning."

"It is unbelievable," Parker agrees.

Sabrina is quiet. Usually, I like the quiet, but not like this. Something is wrong, but I don't know how to talk about feelings. I glance at Parker, pleading for help. He should know what to do.

"Sabrina? Talk to us. What's going on in that head of yours?"

She goes to climb out of bed, but I catch her around the waist. "I don't think so. You talk first, and then you can leave. Talk Sabbins."

Her face rumbles with a pain-filled look. "Maybe I should've spent time with my family, I don't know. I was thinking, that's all. Don't let me be the Debbie downer. It's Christmas, after all."

I don't believe that bullshit. She's never talked about her family once since I've been here. Whatever, I'm not going to start calling her out. We need to



get out of the house before Kevin starts his day. I roll out of bed without falling on the floor.

“Do we have a plan for today?” Parker asks, sitting up in bed.

“We do. I talked to a guy who knows a guy. We’re all set.”

“Sounds like mob talk, Chaos,” she says suspiciously, raising a brow.

I grip her chin, tilting her head back. “That’s because it is, Sabrina. How do you think I got into this line of work? It wasn’t because I went to school and found some golden education. This job landed in my lap when the second in command of the Russo mafia found me as I was doing—things.” I backed away, giving her space. “I’m not a good guy, Sabrina. But I’m good at what I do. You can back out if you want.”

“Chaos, I’m still down with the plan. Kevin has to know that he can’t get away with this anymore. I just don’t know what I want yet.”

I poke out my lips, trying to figure out how to tell her that he’s a dead man either way. She’ll just have to be far away when I slice his throat.

“Don’t worry, Black. Chaos won’t be killing anyone, right?” Parker glares at me.

I roll my eyes, walking to the ensuite. “Yeah, what he said.”

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I’m loading up Sabrina’s car with all my bags since she didn’t want to take my van or, as she calls it, the murder van. I would never kill anyone in there. I would hate to clean it out, and blood seeps into every crack. That would take hours to clean, and I don’t have the patience for that.

I stand at the trunk reviewing my mental list when my phone buzzes. My phone never rings this early. Someone better be dying.

“What do you need, Linc?”

“Chaos, you can’t hit that job today.”

I slam the trunk closed, my body vibrating. “Why, Lincoln?”

“I got word that it’s going to be hit by the ETF today. If you’re there when the cops show up.”

“Yeah, you don’t need to spell it out. But why are they showing up? No one knows about this guy, and we just figured it out ourselves.”

“I did some digging. All I know is someone within the company called him in.”

Fuckin’ piece of shit. There is no way I’m letting the cops take him from Sabrina. He owes her.

“Thanks for the heads up. But we’ll be fine.” I hang up before he can bitch me out further. If we work fast, we can get in before the raid.

“We gotta go now,” I call out, running back into the house. I find them in the kitchen drinking coffee. “Slam it back. We don’t have time. The clock is working against us.”

“What? Why?” Sabrina asks with horrified eyes.

“Kevin’s place is going to get raided by the ETF sometime today, and we can’t let that happen. Chop, chop.” I clap my hands to get their asses moving.

We need to move fast, and I have no idea what time this is all going down. I wish I had an informant. This would be a whole lot easier for me, not like fishing in the dark. But I’m a professional. I can do this. It’s the other two I’m worried about. How did we end up like this? I thought Parker wanted revenge, but here we are, helping Sabrina.

While Parker drives, I go over the plan with Sabrina. I shoved her in the back even after she bitched me out. It’s the safest spot, but to yell at me. That was mean of her. The drive to the downtown core always makes me nervous. I can’t even explain it.

“Sabrina, I need you to distract the front desk staff. There should be two working. I need to hack into the building's security system to access underground parking; they can't be alerted about a security login. Parker, keep watch of her and make sure nothing happens.”

“Is this the only option? I can't distract worth of shit.”

I turn around, glancing down at her body. She is wearing a pair of black skinny jeans, hugging every curve, a checkered button-up shirt peeking under a beige crewneck. She's a distraction, all right.

“I think you'll do fine at distracting whoever is working, Sabby,” I tell her, a teasing quirk pulls at my mouth. “After all, you distracted Parky baby from spilling your blood like he wanted to.”

Parker parks across from the apartment building, which has no right looking this nice. What's the rent on one of these apartments, anyway? Let alone that penthouse we were about to break into.

“Shut up, Chaos. Sabrina lets go. I'm not letting you out of my sight.”

I reach back, grab Sabrina's arm, and pull her toward me. I crush my lips to hers, cupping her cheek. I can't help but rub my thumb along her cheek, feeling the softness of her skin. With a quick peak, I push away. “Come back to me.”

With a silent nod, she leaves me.

“I'll bring her back to you, Joel.”

“Thanks, Parker.”

I know he's serious if he uses the government name. I can't think about them, the staff won't appreciate lurkers, so I have to work fast. The nice thing about owning a security company is that I know how most systems work. They usually don't hire a decent company even when you live in a nice, expensive place.

The sweat beads off my forehead every time I see a black van pass by, thinking this is the time the cops show up. With a quick online search, it was easy to find the company in charge of security and, like I figured, not a very well-known company.

They aren't smart either, listing their employees on their website.

"Hey, Phyllis. I'm a new hire and locked myself out of the server." I listen to her type away on her keyboard before answering me.

"Name?"

"Jack Morris. I should know better and remember my login info by now, but everything was thrown at me in training, and now, being in the field, it's so crazy. I don't want to set off alarms and have the cops called on me, you know what I mean?"

"Mmmhmm."

"I'm sure you do. It must be a pain for you to keep getting these calls constantly. I'm such a moron."

"All right, Jack, it's not a big deal. I do this more than I would like to mention. That's why I still have a job."

It's so easy to get what you want. Distraction is key, and they don't ask that many questions. With a few clicks, I'm in their system and locking down the building. I send Parker a quick text telling him that I'm in and to hurry the fuck up and get out.

The countdown is on, and I'm unsure when the clock strikes.

# 16

## Parker



I've always been calm in stressful situations, but walking into the main lobby with Sabrina, I'm sweating buckets. One fuck up, and we're screwed. Sabrina weaves her fingers with mine, squeezing tight. I can't tell who's more nervous, me or her. But considering she's the distraction and can't fuckin' lie, I would be barfing my guts in the street right about now.

Entering the lobby, it smells of money.

Bright marble floors shine from the dome crystal chandelier above. The further we walk, the more I feel out of place. Black leather couches sit across

one another, with an overly large wooden table in the middle and two accent chairs finishing the square. I glance to the side where two receptionists wait, staring at us behind a long wooden desk.

“Show time,” I mumble to Sabrina.

“Fuck.”

I hope Chaos works fast because these two don't look impressed with us already. It's like they know we are up to something before we even open our mouths. We're gonna need a Christmas miracle.

“Good morning. How can we help you?” The preppy dude asks.

“Merry Christmas. We have a friend who lives here, and he told us you might have an apartment available. We're only in town for the day, and most realtors aren't working today, and I was sorta hoping it was possible to take a look?”

The girl stops typing and narrows her eyes at us. “Excuse me? Do we look like we offer guided tours?”

I hold up a hand, trying to diffuse this mess. “Woah, that's not what we meant. We just thought.”

“You thought. You rich pricks are all the same, aren't you? Unfuckinbelievable.” The asshole rolls his eyes at us.

“Maybe I don't want to live here. With you two working here, I would be ashamed to mention this place to my friends.” Sabrina shakes her head. “I should call your manager and tell them exactly who they have working for them. Distasteful. We only asked a simple question. There was no need to bark down our throats.”

I'm not sure how we landed in this pickle. A distraction is what Chaos got, but these employees are not happy working here, and we are getting the brunt of it. I'm glad that it's us and not actual residents. Chaos better hurry the fuck

up before we get kicked out because, at the look of things, this isn't going to last much longer. I can tell Sabrina is holding back. I grab her clenched fist, bringing it to my lips.

"It'll be fine. You can call and complain tomorrow."

"You bet your ass I'll be calling, this is a disgrace."

My phone dings. I look at Sabrina. It's go time.

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The parking garage is half full. I'm not sure if that's a good sign or not, but no sign of EFT. We park next to a sleek black Mercedes. I still prefer Sabrina's Cadillac; at least she blends in. We're all quiet as we wait for Chaos to work whatever magic he needs to. I'm not sure how he breaks into the places that he does, and honestly, I still don't want to know.

"That's Kevin's car there." Sabrina points to an infrared red Lexus car.

"Of course, he would buy a red car. What a show-off. Actually that's what I like to refer to as little dick syndrome." Chaos shakes his head. "Give me a sec, and I'll turn off the alarm for the building. We can gain access to any floor. Everyone in the building uses the same company."

"Have you ever been caught before?" Sabrina pokes her head between Chaos and me, reading his computer screen.

His fingers stop typing, and he taps them three times. Turning his head, he looks at her. "Once I came close. I thought for sure it was over."

We stay silent, waiting for him to continue.

"It was my second job working for the mafia, and I was so green and nervous as hell. Why they wanted outside help kept running through my head. I was so distracted I never knew the owner had a generator for backup.

It was all my fault. As I entered the house, all the power kicked on, and the alarm blared. Thankfully, I still worked with a partner, and he worked fast to kill the generator, but I learned a lesson that day. I always double-check my surroundings and never let my guard down. Even for little redheads.” He reaches out and tugs on Sabrina’s curls.

He’s quiet as he gets back to work. I keep checking our surroundings, waiting for a raid. I’ve never been this scared of cops before, and that’s saying a lot, considering what I used to do behind my high school every day.

“Okay, it’s done. We better move fast before someone notices and calls this in for real.” Chaos slams his laptop closed and opens the car door. “I think Sabrina should stay down here. We need a getaway driver, and I don’t want her up there.”

“Are you kidding me?” She flings herself backward, crossing her arms over her chest. “Unreal. I helped you get this far, and you are going to leave me behind.”

“Sabrina, I don’t think Chaos means it like that. If he says to stay back, maybe you should. I don’t want you to get hurt.” I hand back her phone. “If anything happens, call. Us, not the cops, Black.”

With a huff, she grabs her phone. “I hate you both. This is supposed to be my revenge.”

“Don’t worry, Sabby, I’m only gonna knock him out and throw him into the trunk. You can do whatever you want with him after.”

“Lock the doors.”

I don’t like leaving her behind, but if Chaos says leave her, it’s probably for the best. Knowing what will happen upstairs, I don’t want her to witness any of that. I grab a bag from Chaos, and we quietly ride the elevator. His fingers



haven't stopped tapping. He's so far in the zone I'm afraid to say anything to him. When the elevator stops on the penthouse floor, he looks at me.

"We have to work fast, and if he locks himself in any room, it only adds time to what we don't have." He pulls a syringe out of his bag, handing it to me. "You jab him with this when you get a clear chance."

I nod, gripping the syringe tight. If I can do it to Sabrina, I can do it to this prick. I watch Chaos pick the lock. He turns to me, fixing me with an emotionless look. Turning the doorknob, the door clicks open. My chest throbs painfully. I can't believe I'm doing this. Kevin better not be armed.

We get a straight view of the living room and kitchen as we enter. The sight is impressive. I'll give him that, as well as the floor-to-ceiling windows and the CN Tower. I'm a little jealous, I'll admit. Chaos motions for me to head right down the hall. He's here; I can feel it.

I drag in a deep breath before turning the handle to the first room. Pushing the door wide, I step into an office. It is a rather boring office if I must say. All he has in here is a desk and a chair. Not even a bookshelf; he has nothing else in here. What's the point of having an office? It's safe to say he isn't hiding in here.

I step into the next room, but it's empty. Why live here if you aren't going to have your rooms filled? What a joke! He embezzled all that money and sunk it into this place, and that's it? Or is there a new scheme planned that no one knows about?

I need to find Chaos. I don't like this plan anymore.

There's only one room where they can be, the main bedroom. I haven't heard a sound, and if Chaos catches you, you are never quiet about it. The bedroom is dark, and my hand instinctively squeezes the syringe when I don't see Chaos. The hairs on the back of my neck stand up when I near the

bathroom. I swear if I open this door and Chaos is down, I won't be able to hold back. I know Sabrina wants her answers, but Chaos is my best friend, and I'll do anything for him.

Time seemed to slow the longer I took. Closing my eyes, I place my hand on the knob, turning it slightly.

"No, don't." Chaos words rang loud.

My hand freezes on the knob. "Why? What's going on?"

"The prick has a gun, and I brought a knife. You can tell the predicament that I'm under."

Fuck. "Why don't you get the gun? I'm not following what you want me to do."

"Parker? Is that you?" Kevin questioned.

"No, it's fuckin' Santa Claus. Put the gun away and come out here."

"Are you armed?"

"Dude, I crunch numbers for a living. What am I gonna do, throw a calculator at you?"

Scuffling and a few grunts come from behind the door. "Step away, we're coming out, try anything, and I'll shoot him."

I slide against the wall, hoping what I'm going to do doesn't get Chaos shot in the head. With my thumb and finger, I pop the syringe cap off. The bathroom door creaks open, and the bedroom floods with light.

Chaos steps out with his hands raised, side-eyeing me. Once Kevin's arm comes into view, I ram the needle into his forearm. He howls with anger. He turns the gun to me, but his arm falters as his body grows weak. Chaos elbows him in the face, grabbing the gun as Kevin hits the ground.

"Fuckin' prick. Hold a gun to my head." He hauls off, kicking Kevin in the stomach.

I pulled him back. “We need to leave, and you can kick the shit out of him later, I promise.”

“Yeah, okay. No word from Sabbins?”

“Nothing yet. That doesn’t mean they aren’t on the way.”

Chaos grabs one of Kevin’s ankles. “That’s true, and I don’t want her down there for much longer.”

I grab Kevin’s other ankle. “Same. The sooner he’s locked up, the better I’ll feel.” We drag him across his bedroom, and I hope to God he gets some carpet burn on his face. Small groans spill from his mouth when we take the corner too sharp and hit his head on the door jamb.

“Sorry, not sorry, dickhead.” I pull a mocking face at Kevin.

We make quick work of tying him up and shuffling him into the elevator. Once those doors slide open and Sabrina’s car comes into view, my eyelids slip closed, releasing a tight breath. Sabrina stumbles out of the car, staring at Kevin.

“You did it. You actually did it.”

“Yeah, Sugarplum. Let’s get home before shit hits the fan.”

I hope she knows what’s in store once we do get home. It’s one thing to plan a kidnapping. It’s another thing to execute the entire plan. I don’t know what she wants to do with Kevin once we return to the house. She never once told us all she says is revenge. Then again, I wanted revenge and didn’t know what that looked like, but what Kevin and Sabrina did was completely different.

He won’t be leaving that house alive, that’s for sure.

17

## Sabrina



I can't believe they kidnapped Kevin without anyone noticing. Then again, it shouldn't surprise me, considering that Chaos is in charge. I don't know what to expect once we get home. Do I want to ask questions or continue to be kept in the dark?

Should I find my uncle next? Or chalk it up to a loss. I have so many questions, and I'm pissed that the company that was supposed to be a family business is turning out to be a scam. Did Grandpa know any of this?

He had to have known something to place me in charge. Maybe that's why he did. He didn't want my uncle in control after all. He didn't want anyone else in the family to have access to the accounts. Well, jokes on him, they did anyway. All it took was for Grandpa to pass away before Uncle found the one person in the company who knew how to transfer funds without anyone noticing.

Hell, even Parker didn't catch onto it.

As for Kevin. I want answers, but I'm also scared of what I'll discover. I don't even think I can get Parker's job back. What I need to do is fire all the board members and start from scratch—one giant overhaul of the company.

“Sabrina? Are you doing all right?”

I give Parker a small smile. “I'm fine.”

His hands ran through my hair, gently brushing away a strand from my face. “You know the definition of fine, Black?”

“Yeah, it means I'm avoiding telling you how I feel.”

He pulls me into his chest; his spice cologne calms me a smidge, but not enough for what I'm about to do. Why did they have to put Kevin in the basement? Why not the garage?

“Sugarplum, you don't have to go down there. We can do it.”

I stare at the basement door. Terror squeezes my throat until I can't swallow; chills reach every inch of my spine the more I think about what happened down there when I was a kid.

Chaos bends down, picking up Honey burying his face into her little neck. He kisses her on the face before turning to me. For someone that I panned out to be a psycho, I didn't expect him to care so much about me.

“It's easier if you talk about it. Keeping things bottled up isn't good for the soul.”

“Did you read that from Chicken Soup for the Soul?”

“Life, Sabbins. I learnt it from life. Talk.”

Parker wraps his fingers with mine, squeezing them tight.

“Don’t be afraid. We’re both here for you.”

I let my mind wander back to that night in the basement. My older cousins and I visited when my uncle needed to talk business with Grandpa. I never did like the basement, even then. Something about them scared me, and it didn’t help that I watched a scary movie the night before. My cousins wanted to play hide n seek, and since I was the youngest, I had to count. I knew they would try to hide in the basement, so I saved it for last. The chills of that night crept up my spine as I remember opening the basement door and stepping into darkness. My heart raced, trying to escape my chest.

I honestly don’t think they thought I would come down because of what I walked in on. I wish I didn’t.

I tried to run away, but they caught me. My oldest cousin pinned me to the floor while my other cousin stood above my head with his pants still undone.

I tried to scream for help, but my cousin slammed her hand over my mouth, pushing my head into the cement floor.

“You mention any of this to our dad, and you’ll regret it. Do you understand Brina?”

“If you do, I’ll bring you down here alone next time.”

They both back away from me as I lie silently, tears falling into my hair. My body shakes with tiny tremors from their threats. What I witnessed isn’t right. Two siblings shouldn’t be touching each other like that. Even at the age of twelve, I knew it was wrong.

“Sabrina, no one is going to hurt you now. They aren’t here.” Parker wraps his arms around me, crushing me into his chest. “Fuck, baby. They aren’t

here, do you hear me?”

“Jesus, Sabbins, I’ll kill them if you want. Just give me the names, and I’ll do it before the new year.”

“Thanks, Chaos. That won’t be necessary.”

“Is this the same Uncle that helped steal from the company?”

I dipped my forehead. “The one and only.”

Parker slowly backed away, shaking his head. “Nope, not gonna work. After Kevin is dealt with, I want the names of everyone, Black.”

“What he said, Sabby. I’ll be ready to shed blood anytime for you.”

A burn builds behind my eyes. “Can we finish this already?” I turn away before they notice the tears fall.

I rip open the basement door, taking the stairs one at a time before I can change my mind. Bright lights shine near the staircase. The last time I was down here, the power was out, and I was drowning in the pitch black. When I turn and glance at the guys, they smile.

“We didn’t want you coming down in the darkness,” Parker tells me.

I turn back, stepping into the open space where Kevin is tied to the same chair I was. I stand motionless in front of Kevin, his one eye swollen shut, blood crusted from a cut near his hairline. A chilling smile rises on his lips as he watches me.

“Sabrina, what a pleasure,” he rasps out. “You didn’t have to send your mutts after me.”

I clench my teeth, so I don’t say anything stupid. I have all the time to talk to him. I would make him rot down here if I had it my way. Parker steps next to me, laying a hand on my trembling shoulder.

“You got this. Make the bastard talk.”

Chaos steps behind Kevin, tugging his head back and placing a knife at his

throat. “You’ll answer every question truthfully. If you don’t, I will start slicing.”

“And how are you going to know I lied?” Kevin chuckles.

Chaos pulls his head back, exposing his neck more, his Adam’s apple bobbing. Chaos taps it three times.

“I have my ways, asshole. Sugarplum, ask away.” His blue eyes meet mine.

I’m unsure where to start. My mind can’t wrap around with the idea that someone would steal from me. Let alone be involved with a family member.

“Why would my Uncle get you involved?”

He rolls his eyes. “Don’t be stupid, Sabrina. He knows the ins and outs of the entire company. Who else would help?”

Chaos jerks his hair back, making Kevin wince.

“Was it your idea or his?”

He takes too long to answer, and Chaos slices him with his knife.

“Fuck, you asshole,” Kevin howled. Blood drops from the small slice. “It was his idea. I made it look like the company was making a profit so no one would notice.”

Parker scoffs. “Little good that did.”

“I don’t understand why he would do such a thing to Grandpa or the company. It doesn’t make sense.”

“And that makes you stupid.” He screams in pain again.

“Watch your mouth, or it’ll be a permanent cut next time.” Chaos growls.

This isn’t going to work. No matter what I do, I’ll never get my answers. Kevin is a disposable pencil pusher. The only way to get answers is to go to my uncle, which will never happen. If Kevin won’t tell me why, I doubt my uncle will.

If he could easily steal from the company, he could do anything.



“Chaos, he’s yours. I have to cut the head off the snake. And this asshole isn’t worth it.

“Sabrina, no, you can’t do that to me.” He fought to get away from Chaos. “I’ll tell you anything you want. Please don’t kill me. What do you want to know? Please. Your uncle was pissed and wanted to seek revenge. He wanted to steal from you after discovering that your grandpa left the company to you and not him. He didn’t care if the company collapsed. He wanted to make you a laughingstock when the world found out. That’s the truth. I only helped him.”

“How much, Kevin?” Fury riddled every last nerve. “How much did it take for my uncle to bribe you?”

“He promised me thirty percent of what I could embezzle.”

“Jesus Christ,” Parker mumbles. “You walked away with over half a million dollars, and I got fired for it. You fuckin’ asshole.”

“Actually, he stole more than you think. It was my idea to fire you, Parker. You are the youngest and, well, you are kinda stupid.”

Parker rushes toward Kevin, throwing a punch to the side of his face. Chaos backs away, letting Parker have his way.

I slowly back away, sliding down the wall. Dropping my head in my hands, I can’t help but wonder how I got here.

# 18

## Parker



This wasn't how I planned all this out. I was seeking my revenge on Sabrina, and somehow, I'm bumbling Kevin's face into a bloody pulp. I can't believe I let my anger cloud my judgment and wanted to ruin everything for Sabrina. I know now that she wouldn't try to ruin me and that she was looking out for her company, not for herself.

The real asshole is Kevin and her uncle.

Kevin groans as I plant another punch to his stomach. Why am I wasting my energy on this fucker. Even Chaos looks bored. I glance over and see

Sabrina on the floor.

“Sabrina?” I rush over and kneel in front of her. “What’s wrong? What happened?” I brush the hair away from her face. A lone tear rolled down her cheek, and I gently swiped it away.

“It’s nothing, Parker. Everything just caught up to me, that’s all. I’m going to head upstairs if you two are—you know.” She points to Kevin.

“Go have a bath, take your mind off things. We’ll find you later. I’m sorry for all of this. It’s my fault.”

“No, Parker, it’s mine. I should’ve known better. None of this would’ve happened if I hadn’t listened to the board members and went with my gut. My uncle has walked away with over a million dollars without a care. He’s probably already looking for his next victim in the company to try again.”

“Then we take him down too. But that’s for later. Go.”

Once she’s out of sight, I turn to Kevin and Chaos. There’s only one thing left to do.

“Kevin, since Sabrina is gone, tell me the entire truth. Why else did you help her uncle steal all that money?”

Kevin chuckles. “You haven’t figured it out yet?”

“Figured out what?” Chaos questions.

“Why was it so easy for me to access the company’s accounts when you yourself couldn’t, Parker?”

What the fuck does that mean? We both worked in the same department, and he isn’t that much higher than me in the department. It doesn’t make sense.

Chaos shrugs. “I think he’s lying. I’ll slice him again.” He grips Kevin’s hair, tugging his head back.

“No, I want to hear what bullshit lies he’s spilling this time. I don’t believe

him, but I'm curious."

Kevin pulls his head away from Chaos. "Call the dog off, and I'll tell you."

I make quick work across the room and slam my fist into his stomach. "Don't fuckin' call him a dog, you prick. You're lucky to be breathing still. This is the calmest I've seen him, so count your blessings. Either talk now, or I'll let Chaos have his fun, and he likes to work long and slow."

Chaos hums. "I love when they're still breathing when I cut open their chest and watch blood gush to the floor like a waterfall. Wanna see?" Hysteria rolled through him when Kevin paled.

"You fucking psycho."

Chaos swung close to his face. "You have no idea," he said, licking the side of Kevin's face. Before I knew what had happened, Kevin was yelling, and Chaos' face was covered in blood.

"How's that for a psycho?" He spits a bloody ear on the floor, looks at me and smiles. His teeth are shiny with blood, and my stomach rolls. "He's yours, Parky baby."

He's lucky the knife didn't sink into his body. I watch as his body trembles. But I want answers, and I have no remorse anymore.

"Start talking, or he cuts next."

"Fine," he pants. "Sabrina's uncle is my father."

My body went rigid from hearing his words. Is he kidding me? She knew this entire time that her cousin was working for her. Is this the identical cousin that threatened her as a kid? I forced down a sick feeling. I don't even want to look at this pig.

"You sick fuckin' asshole!" Chaos slams his knife into Kevin's stomach.

"Chaos, no." I jerk him away. "We still needed him alive."

"Fuck that, he's a sister fucker. He deserves to die. He can't breathe any

longer. I can't believe Sabby had to look at this pig every day at work, knowing what he did. You asshole."

Kevin laughs, spitting up blood. "If Brina were older, I would've gotten to her too."

I pull the knife out before ramming it back in. "You piece of shit. You can burn in hell."

"I'll finish him off if you want to go check on Sugarplum."

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I step outside instead of looking for Sabrina. My mind is in a dark place, and I can't subject her to that. For all the hell that she's gone through, she never once gave up, and I acted like a grown-ass baby about getting fired. She had to work with her family, who had been trying to ruin her since she was a kid—her own cousin, of all people working next to her for years.

I breathe in the cool winter air, nightfall slowly approaching. What kind of Christmas is this? It wasn't the one I pictured, that's for sure. I step back inside, heading for the living room. The tree lights the room, and the gifts I bought sit untouched.

What a day. I need a distraction.

Taking the stairs two at a time. The scent of lavender hits my nose as I reach the top of the stairs. I'm glad she took me seriously about taking a bath. After what went down, she deserves more than a fucking bath.

Walking into the bathroom, I take in the sight. Bubbles surrounded every inch of her body, and her head tilted back, a waterfall of curly auburn hair swept to the side, showing off her slender shoulder.

"Stop staring and join me already."

“Couldn’t help it, the view is to die for, baby.”

I pull my shirt off and slip off my jeans. Sabrina moves forward, and I sink in the water behind her. The warmth of the water seeps deep into my muscles.

“God, what did you add to this water? It feels amazing.” I pull her to my chest, wrapping my arms around her stomach.

“It’s only lavender bubble bath.” She laughingly murmured.

I close my eyes, enjoying the feel of her body next to mine, forever grateful that she never kicked me to the curb after breaking into her house. If I was her, that’s what I would’ve done. But she never did, not even Chaos.

“Sabrina?”

“Yeah, Parker?”

“Will you forgive me?”

She tilts her head, looking up at me. “Parker, I’m not a hateful person that holds grudges. Yes, you broke into my house and tied me up in the basement. But I’ve known you for a year, and I know the type of person you are, and the person that you’ve been for the last couple of days isn’t that man.”

“I don’t deserve you in my life.”

“Oh, I know that. I’ll never let you live it down. Should I ask how it went downstairs?”

I lean my forehead on the back of her head. “Could’ve told me Kevin was your cousin. I would’ve hit him a little harder.”

“Some things are hard to talk about. I didn’t mean to keep it from you.”

“I’m not blaming you, Black. I don’t understand how you could stare at that asshole in the eye every day knowing what you saw.”

She shrugs. “I’ve gotten so used to ignoring him, and I haven’t considered him a cousin since that day. It’s easy to forget that he’s technically family.

Just because your blood doesn't mean anything. It's the way you treat people. I'm more disappointed in my uncle more than anything. What he did to my grandpa is what pisses me off."

"Don't worry, his time will come."

"Chaos can't kill him, and it's bad enough that his son is going missing. It'll look suspicious if another family member does, too."

I brush her hair away, kissing her neck. "Don't worry; I think a call to the cops will take care of everything we need."

"I still wonder how the cops found out about Kevin in the first place."

"I'm not sure. Maybe Chaos can figure that out for us since he was the one who got the tip for us." I hold her tight, rubbing her arms. "Let's not worry about that. You came here to relax, so relax we shall."

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"Hey, wake up."

My eyes snap open to see Chaos standing over the tub.

"What? What time is it?" I clear my throat, trying to wake up.

"Late, your water is cold. Get her out before she gets a cold." He holds out a towel for me.

I gently shift forward, trying not to wake up Sabrina. Her body jerks, splashing water along the wall and onto the floor.

"Shh, it's okay. Chaos is gonna grab you."

Chaos grabs her, wrapping her quickly in a towel. "I got you Sugarplum. Let's get you into bed and all nice and toasty. I promise not to stick my dick into you tonight."

"Such a prince charming." She smiled sweetly.

“I try my hardest.” He places a small kiss on her forehead. “Move it or lose it, Parkster.”

I might not have gotten the revenge I was seeking, but then again, revenge shouldn't be focused on. It'll only ruin you. I made terrible decisions when trying to get back at Sabrina and lost sight of what mattered. I would've destroyed her entire company if I had. I didn't care. In the end, I helped find the real assholes that were responsible, and even Chaos found his person. Who knew that he would want to spend time with Sabrina? I should've known. She's too kind for her own good.

Maybe this Christmas didn't turn out so bad after all. I'm unsure what the future holds, but I hope it still has Sabrina and Chaos in it.



# Epilogue

Sabrina



## *One Year Later*

I hate my life. Why did I do this to myself again? I honestly was minutes away from cancelling the office Christmas Party, but of course, Emma had to ruin that for me again this year. I still can't believe I kept her around. I guess it is hard to text your boyfriend when the cell service doesn't work anymore.

Thank you, cell blocker.

I got tired of giving her warnings, and I finally broke down and had to install the stupid thing. I don't care if my employees still hate me. After last

year, nothing will break me.

It took the cops weeks to raid my uncle's place. Once they discovered Kevin's body, it was all over the news. There were non-stop detectives in and out of Chocolate Halo headquarters. I was nervous about what the outcome was going to be. I knew they had nothing on me, as a person, but the company. I don't know what my uncle could've planted or what Kevin did before he left.

Then, it was months in court. Uncle played that victim card every chance he got because his son was murdered, and the cops weren't doing anything to find his killer. I had no sympathy to give. He had everything that was coming for him. I nearly had a heart attack when they called Parker to the stand. I thought for sure the Judge and jury would know he had something to do with Kevin.

When the Judge ruled him guilty, I cried. Although he didn't get the serving time I wanted, it's better than nothing. He could've walked away with a slap on the wrist. Instead, he's doing ten years, and I hope he'll end up being someone's bitch.

"Miss Black, there is a gentleman here to see you." The hostess informs me.

I pass her my champagne glass. "Thank you."

I head out to the hotel's main lobby, where more guests linger. I'm glad they are having a lovely time, knowing they have a week off. I rounded the last corner and stilled.

Standing in black suits and matching Christmas ties are Parker and Chaos. Chaos has all dark hair now, making his ice-blue eyes stand out even more. And Parker still looks the same. I haven't seen Parker since my uncle's trial; he didn't speak to me even then.

As for Chaos, he ditched out the day after Christmas last year.

They have no right being here, and I was finally moving on. I buried them both in the past; I have someone I need to look after now, and they can't be a part of that.

"Sabbins, can we talk?" Chaos goes to take a step forward.

I raise my hand. "Don't fuckin' move, Joel. You left me after all that talk. You still left me without a single word from you for a year, and now you show up? No, I don't think so."

"I can explain if you just let me, please."

I shake my head, biting my lip, holding back what I want to say. There are too many people around for this conversation.

"Will you let me talk?" Parker asks, not moving from his spot.

"No." My upper lip curled around the word. "You had your chance, and you didn't take it either. You both need to leave."

I turn to leave and forget about them altogether when Chaos grabs my wrist.

"I know."

I rip my arm from his grip. "Know about what?" I hissed.

Parker steps closer, his mouth sinking into a sad smile. "When were you going to tell us?"

Bile slicked the back of my throat. "How?"

"I did see you earlier this year. Did you forget?"

"You have no right and no proof." Like hell, I'm letting them get near my child. "Get the hell out before I escort you out. If I see you again, I won't be afraid to call the cops, and with your reputation, Joel, I would be afraid."

"'Millionaire mother, linked to the death of an employee.' Wouldn't that make a nice headline? I would watch it, too, Sabbins. I have dirt on you

also.”

I back away slowly. I can't stay here. I have to get home. They are not getting anywhere close to my daughter. They will have to kill me first.

TO BE CONTINUED...

# About the Author



Hello, loves! I'm a Canadian romance writer who's all about the steamy and dark stuff. Horror books, movies, and music? Yes, please! I have a little true crime obsession, but I'll just call it research and pretend it's normal. If you crave love stories that push the limits of lust, trust, and desire, you've come to the right place. Follow me for exclusive sneak peeks, giveaways, and behind-the-scenes glimpses into my writing process. And if you want to keep up with my latest releases or connect on social media, click the link below

<https://linktr.ee/authorcleaston>

Let's dive into the shadows together, darlings.

# Also By



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