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## **STEAM & SMOKE by NYX**

### **Chapter 1**

"THIS IS HIM?" Picking up the file in front of me, I looked skeptically at the blurry mugshot of a man who had the appearance of a model. "His name is Ghost? Seriously?"

The director nodded. "He doesn't come up on any of our records. No family. No history nothing. Everyone calls him that so it's a fitting name."

The other agents in my team stared at each other warily as we went through the meeting. "I don't understand why we're worried about him since he's been released from prison last week," I said. "Of course the newbie doesn't get it," Harry muttered. I narrowed my eyes at him.

"He's an assassin. A good one at that. There's only been one murder officially link to him but they say he's killed hundreds,"

the director explained. "They think he's going to kill for revenge."

"So why are we getting involved again? Can't the police keep an eye on him?" I had things to do and my plans were forced to change because of the last minute job.

"He's an *assassin*," Harry repeated. "What the f\*ck is the police going to do?"

I could feel everyone rolling their eyes at me. It was late and I wanted nothing more than to go home and sleep. The thin file stared at me almost mockingly. We had to track him then bring him in for questioning. Simple, right?

Running my hands across my face, exhausted, I pointed to the d\*ck beside me. "Does he need to come? Do I actually need to come?"

"He doesn't kill women," the director informed me but I caught the slight doubt in his voice.

"So you're praying that this *assassin* won't kill the *newest* member because of her f\*cking *gender*? Did I get that right?" "That definitely plays a part."

"Then what about Fiona?" I wanted to scream. I had no desire to die at twenty-three - I was still young.

"She doesn't fit the..." the director coughed before continuing, "plan."

**49**

"What plan?"

**3**

Ten minutes later and I was standing up yelling. "I am not dressing up as a stripper so you can place a target on my back!"

**87**

"Calm down," the director said. "You wanted to work here? This is part of the job description so unless you want to take your training and work in the army, I suggest you sit down."

**47**

My mouth dropped from the reality slap he had given me. Shaking, I complied and sat in my chair. He sighed.

"I get that it's not ideal but we need to take him in. Harry is going with you for backup. You two are partners and will need to ensure the other doesn't die so start getting along."

**22**

Harry and I both shifted uncomfortably. The meeting was over after an hour and we all left the conference room to get ready

for the midnight mission. I hurried out, making my way angrily to the elevator where Harry stood silently.

"You-" he started but I cut him off.

"Don't say anything unless you want me to kick you in the balls."

He got the message and shut up. We separated at the changing rooms. I pushed open the door then walked to my locker without the agents already there noticing. Agents for some reason were the biggest gossips around so I changed silently, listening in.

"She's been given the case with Ghost," one whispered loudly.

"Ghost?" Another asked, confused.

"The guy who the whole organization is worried about."

"I bet he's not that bad," one scoffed.

"He killed the last squad they sent and there were nine of them. That was before he got caught for the gang murder though."

**52**

"And they're sending *her*? She just left the Academy."

"But she's good."

"Not that good."

"Maybe she'll spread her legs and they'll hope Ghost comes running."

**274**

And that was enough. I didn't appreciate being the topic of the conversation. I picked out the knife from my locker, walked to where they were and threw it. It embedded itself into the wall beside the brunette in the group, millimetres away from her head. They turned, eyes wide.

**80**

"You have something to f\*cking say?" I folded my arms, p\*ssed.  
"No? Then shut the f\*ck up and don't talk sh\*t."

**258**

As I turned, I heard the footsteps seconds before hands gripped my neck. I dropped to the ground and rolled, slamming them to the floor. The hands around my neck got tighter and my air supply was being cut off. I wasn't going to get beaten up by these b\*tches. Another time, maybe but not today. I lifted my foot and smashed it into the girl's knee hard enough for her to release her grip. Getting up, I gasped for breath while getting up.

**7**

"Are we done?" I muttered, voice raspy.

**7**

They glared. "She's not worth it," the leader said as they left, supporting her as she limped away.

**54**

I gingerly touched my throat, wincing. "B\*tches."

**3**

Putting on the clothes, I didn't understand how I was supposed to hide any weapons when I was literally naked. The lacy thong was string with a triangle at the front and the bra was the same black material barely covering my breasts but they were 'kind' enough to add a mesh body-con dress. I draped on the trench coat, trying to conceal as much as possible and sighed at my reflection disgusted. I pushed back the dark waves of hair from my face then picked up Ghost's file.

**15**

He had managed to kill a criminal in New York, saving a millionaire and burn down an entire building a few months back. But what was worrying about the case was that he was supposed to be in a high security prison. No one knew how he had managed to escape and there was no footage of him even leaving but the graffiti of his name on the sidewalk told us who the culprit was. I bit my lip worried. I knew all the training for

becoming an FBI agent would never work for this case and I was on probation.

**22**

"F\*ck," I swore. This guy was going to mess everything up for me. My record was perfect and I was so close to being promoted.

**14**

"Malia, are you done?" Harry called, knocking on the door.

I zipped the knee high boots and swung open the door. "Let's go," I growled, ignoring his mouth drop open at the sight of me. Everyone turned to stare at me as I approached the Jeep. "No one say a f\*cking thing," I called, entering one of the cars.

For once, they did as I asked, leaving me alone as we drove to the club where Ghost was apparently at. The closer we got, the tension rose. Drunk people roamed the streets, leaning on girls who were barely clothed. I pulled my coat tighter but I had to get into role. My name was Milan. I was new at the club. I repeated the facts about myself over and over until the car came to a standstill.

Harry turned in his seat. He was dressed as if he had money to blow which helped to it in with the men. "If you need me, just touch the heel of your shoe," he reminded me which I responded by rolling my eyes.



"I'd be dead before that could happen," I replied snarkily.

The director tutted. "Malia, behave. Do your job. Find out who he's with."

"Fine. I'll go and be the bait."

I left the car and put on a perky smile, giggling at no one. The word 'Sinner' in neon lights shone from the front of the club. Striding up to the bouncer, I whispered in his ear. "I'm working today. Candy called me."

He looked down at the sight of my cleavage. "Sure, sugar. Go in."

Candy was an overweight woman with too much lipstick on who seemed to respect her dancers. I walked into the dressing room where more than a dozen women were getting dressed and she came over, shaking her head. "Darling, remove the mesh and coat. It's hiding your hourglass figure."

My cheeks flushed red and I did as she asked. "What am I doing tonight?"

Winking, she clapped her hands to get everyone's attention.

"Girls, this is Milan. Look after her. Also, Ghost is here tonight so let's make it special for him."

I waved at the girls, trying not to react to the name of my target. Everyone began walking out of the room and I turned to Candy. "Who's Ghost?"

"You don't know?" She fanned herself dramatically. "Only the finest man I've ever seen and a gun big enough to get a girl like me to blush. Now, go out there and shake that ass."

She pushed me out of the door and I was thrown into the playground of drugs, money and sex. I walked onto one of the empty platforms in the corner and grabbed onto the pole. Music pumped out of the speakers, acting like a drug that got people dancing to its rhythm. I climbed the pole like the videos I had watched in the van, sliding down it, trying to spot the criminal amongst the several people but I was looking for something I didn't know.

Instead he found me first.

2

THERE'S NOTHING more scary than grabbed from behind and getting dragged into the corner of the club where no one could see you. I kicked the culprit who had my mouth covered with their hand. Eventually, I was dropped but before I could run away, the hand curled around my throat, slamming me into the wall and I faced Ghost. He looked exactly what my mom would warn me against. His arms were covered in tattoos, the rest of

the trail hidden under the black shirt he wore. Candy wasn't joking when she said he was attractive. Full lips, perfect nose, tanned skin and eyes like honey that were narrowed at me.

**118**

"Who are you?"

**41**

I opened and closed my mouth, too shocked to respond. His voice was deep and rich. Ghost raised an eyebrow that had a scar running through it.

**19**

"Do you speak English?"

**77**

I tried to pull his hand off my throat in vain. "Malia," I whispered then remembered the role I was playing. "I mean, Milan."

**247**

"Malia or Milan?"

F\*ck, I was going to die.

"Milan."

**3**

Suspicion was painted across his handsome face. "I haven't seen you before."

"I'm new."

"Have you done this job before?"

"Once or twice."

Out of nowhere, he lifted me up so my legs were around his hips and leaned into me. The hand on my neck didn't move as his lips moved towards mine which were open in shock. "I don't believe you for a second, *Malia*," he muttered in my ear, sending shivers down my body at the sound of my name. "I just want to know why you and that b\*tch of a man are in my club."

**187**

"He's my friend," I said breathlessly as I met his intense gaze that was trying to figure me out. He cupped one of my breasts in his hand and rubbed it using his thumb over the material of my bra.

**195**

"Don't lie to me then," he murmured. "Your friend can't help you. He's already drugged and tied up in one of the rooms. So let me ask you again. Why are you here?"

**114**

"I wanted to find out who Ghost is."

**25**

I wasn't stupid. I couldn't expose my job but this man could see straight through my lies so I settled for being semi-honest especially as he called Harry a b\*tch. It seemed to be the right answer as he smirked. "Do you? All you b\*tches are the same."

**44**

"I'm no b\*tch," I hissed at him as his grip on my ass tightened. Something in me wanted his approval and I hated it. Amber eyes focused on my lips.

**14**

"You're not the only girl here who wants to get to know me but let me tell you the truth. I'm no one."

**2**

"That's not true," I argued.

"You're wrong."

**24**

Ghost pressed his mouth to mine, kissing me slowly and grinded against me so I felt the bulge behind his jeans. I grabbed onto his shirt as he held me by the neck, keeping me in place as he kissed me with more force. And I let him. Groaning,

I allowed his tongue to coax my mouth open in order to deepen the kiss. His free hand roamed my body which was burning up despite being barely covered. The idea that he was the enemy and no one would know what we were doing, made the experience more risky but also what made me pull him closer. Seconds later, he leaned back, not breaking eye contact.

**196**

"I want you to take your friend and leave," his voice husky. "The next time I see you, he can't be there or I'll kill him. Do you understand?"

**67**

Nodding, I tried to get my heart to calm down.

"Good girl. Tomorrow, I want you here at seven." He released my neck and let me slide down him so I was standing.

**118**

I held onto his arms to stop myself from falling. "Don't tell me what to do," I shot back.

He pulled out a gun and held it to my temple. "I'm not asking."

**180**

The cold metal was like a splash of water. I stood my ground, concealing the fear that shot through my body. We glared each

other, neither wanting to back down until I gave in. I needed more information and Harry was f\*cking caught.

**18**

"Tomorrow," I confirmed.

**1**

\*\*\*\*\*

"No. Out of the question."

**1**

The director shook his head at me while Harry held an ice pack to his head where a bruise had formed. We were sitting in the living room in the temporary base that was a dingy apartment near the club. It was small so I was sharing a bunk bed with another agent, Ali, who was out patrolling, leaving me to argue with no one on my side to let me go.

**5**

"I'm sorry, Dad," I replied sarcastically. "But this is Ghost. Do you think he's going to react well if I don't turn up?"

**3**

"You can't go alone," Harry said.

**4**

I rolled my eyes at him. "Because that worked. You were no f\*cking help since you were caught in five minutes."

**37**

"Harry isn't wrong," the director agreed. "He pulled out a gun on you."

**1**

"Well, he isn't a saint."

**3**

"Why does he want to see you?" Harry questioned and I shrugged in response.

**51**

"How should I f\*cking know? What I do know is that it's six pm and I haven't slept for two days. Goodnight."

**7**

I left the men alone and went to my bedroom, laying on the bottom of the bunk bed. My thoughts drifted to the memories of the club which kept playing over and over again. I groaned, frustrated with how easily I gave into him. An assassin. A murderer. A f\*cking good kisser. I rolled over, trying to forget and focus on sleeping.

**3**



"Malia."

**27**

I groggily opened my eyes, staring into disapproving amber ones. "Ghost," I whispered in panic. He lay over me and grabbed my jaw before I could think of screaming.

**193**

"Your friends are outside and I have three bullets with their names on it." The warning sunk in.

**2**

"How did you find me?"

He tapped his temple. "You don't need to know. You didn't listen to me."

The heat from his body soaked into my clothes and I resisted leaning into him. "I fell asleep."

"I'll forgive you. One more chance. Midnight at the club or I set here on fire."

"You're a f\*cking psycho."

**43**

He kissed me swiftly. "And you're a b\*tch that won't do as it's told. You have two hours."

**178**

Getting up, he opened the bedroom door and walked out as if there weren't other people in the house. I laid there waiting for the yells but none came. Did they not see him? I got up and rushed to the living room, surprising everyone. "Ghost was just here," I exclaimed. They all rose, immediately alert.

**28**

"How?" The director looked p\*ssed. "None of the alarms were alerted."

"Did you really not see him walk past?" I asked. The seriousness was settling in and we were understanding the meaning behind his name.

Harry swore then faced me. "What did he say?"

"I should go to the club like I said or he'll burn the building. This time I'm going. He's already suspicious of us."

**4**

"Go, then," the director gave in. "Wear something that won't draw attention to yourself."

"Should I wear nothing?"

**50**

"Be serious," Harry chided, glaring. "He's a killer."

**3**

"I'm a stripper," I fired back. "So don't tell me how to act."

**36**

The director exhaled harshly. "It's been barely a day and this mission is already a problem."

"Well, he is crazy," I pitched in. "He somehow found out where I'm staying, broke in, left without a sound, knocked out Harry in the club and is carrying a loaded weapon."

**21**

"All I want to know is who he's working for, Malia. Then we're leaving. It's too dangerous and we don't have enough people."

**2**

Harry placed a silver bracelet in my hand. "It has a tracking device in it. Just in case. If you don't return in twelve hours, we're coming."

**35**

Ali entered the room at the same time I left the bedroom after changing. "He's not outside, sir."

**1**

I looked down at my red mini dress. "This dress is so impractical. There's nowhere to hide a gun and I'm not seducing him. He's not stupid."

**1**

"Do you want me to drop you?" Ali offered.

"No, I'll be fine."

Hopefully.

3

STANDING OUTSIDE the club made me nervous. I stood up tall and entered, searching for Ghost. The darkness of the room made it impossible to see and the flashing lights revealed only a glimpse of a person's face. A hand landed on my shoulder and I turned to see a drunk man grinning at me.

**17**

"Hey, sexy girl. You lost?" He slurred, looking me up and down.

**70**

"I'm fine," I replied, disgusted.

**1**

Leaning closer, his nauseating breath washed over me. "I can show you a good time."

**19**

"I can show you my gun," Ghost growled. He was wearing another black shirt but it was long sleeve, covering his tattoos.

**174**

The man lowered his head. "I apologise. I didn't realize she was yours."

**26**

I opened my mouth to disagree but Ghost shot me a cold glare as the man disappeared.

**3**

I folded my arms defiantly. "I'm here now. What do you want?"

"To f\*ck you."

**467**

My eyes widened at his honesty while my cheeks flushed red in anger. "I'm not a prostitute."

**21**

"I know," he answered. "I'm trying to find out who you are."

**6**

"I can say the same for you."

**2**

We stared at each other as people danced around us, not noticing the silent fight that was going on between us. Finally, he stepped into my space and placed a hand on my hip. Ghost pressed his lips to the shell of my ear causing my breathing to hitch. "We're going to my office," he murmured.

**65**

Pressing into my back, he led me out of the main part of the club until we reached a door that he used a card to open. Inside was simple with nothing that revealed his personality. He moved away from me, opening another door and brought back a glass along with a bottle of wine.

He poured it and handed it to me. I looked at it warily. "Is it drugged?"

**2**

"If I wanted to drug you, I would have done it a long time ago. But if it helps..." He wrapped his hand around mine that held the glass and took a sip. "See? Not poisoned."

**55**

I nodded. He stepped back and motioned that I should drink. "Would you like to explain why you and your friend were sneaking around my club?"

I placed my empty glass on the table. "Is it a crime to come here?"

"No, but I know you're not from here and it's very suspicious that you arrive a few days after I was released from jail."

**36**

"I don't even know who you are."

**9**

He frowned and took a swing from the bottle, gold eyes trained on me. "Are you saying it's a coincidence?"

"Don't you think so?"

"No."

Time for seduction. Striding up to him in my heels, I pressed a hand to his chest and looked up into his eyes. "I only wanted to find out who you were and work. I swear," I whispered as I leaned into him. While I wanted to say I was acting, the gasp when he tangled his hand into my hair and tugged was real. Ghost pressed his mouth to my throat, sprinkling kisses all over.

**57**

"I don't trust you, Malia," he groaned then picked me up and sat me on his desk. He continued his assault on my neck while his hands slid up my thighs.

**28**

"I'm not the dangerous one," I breathed grabbing into the front of his shirt. His lips finally made their way to mine and he grabbed my jaw, hardening the kiss. I could taste the wine from his mouth then he broke the kiss.

"I'm going to f\*ck you here, in my office, on my desk," he promised, voice low.



**214**

Reality came rushing back. I wasn't supposed to be with him like this. I glanced at the tattoos peaking out of his sleeves. They might tell me something but when he pulled me into another kiss, my eyes closed, forgetting.

He tugged the red silk dress down to my waist and skimmed his hands over my body making me shiver. Ghost groaned, touching and teasing me, the feel of his touch lighting fires across my skin. My hands go to the bottom of his shirt trying to get rid of it. He rips it off, revealing his rock-hard chest. Running my hands over his abs, I take note of the ink on his chest. Amongst the many tattoos, in red letters, sinner is written in capitals on his collarbone. I run my fingers over it but he catches my hand.

**21**

"Don't," he warned.

**39**

Bingo.

**62**

I melt into him, distracting him, and when I feel his hands slide to my ass, I moan, wrapping my arms his neck. Lust driven, I

didn't push him away even when his hand slid higher, his fingers hooking into the lace thong then ripped it.

**43**

I looked down in shock. "I liked those," I exclaimed, pouting. He shrugs, tossing them to the ground.

**36**

"They were blocking my way."

**31**

His fingers tunneled between my legs and I gasped aloud when they dipped inside. "F\*ck," moaned before he kissed me. With each stroke of his fingers, I came closer to the edge. "Ghost," I murmured as he ripped open a condom.

**155**

Nudging my legs apart, he entered me in one long thrust. He wrapped a hand around my throat pinning me to his desk while the other gripped my thigh. I grabbed his wrist at my neck, trying to adjust to his size as he moved deeper.

**73**

"Say please," he demanded.

**24**

"Please," I breathed.

**1**

"Malia," Ghost said, voice tense. "Come for me." He pushed my legs further apart and pushed into me. I shiver, realizing I was having sex with the enemy. I cried out in pleasure as I reached my cl\*max, nails biting into his back in ecstasy as he moaned into my neck.

**200**

F\*ck.

Panting, I weakly pushed him away. "I need to go."

**6**

He pulled out of me, removing the used condom and zipped up his jeans. Wrapping my hair into a fist, he brought my lips to his for a second. "Tomorrow, Malia," he said quietly. "I want you more than just an hour."

**111**

I stared into the honey coloured eyes and lied.

**35**

"I'll be here."

**8**

\*\*\*\*\*

I silently entered the van at the now empty apartment where everyone was waiting. Harry narrowed his eyes at me. "Your hair is a mess. Did you fight someone?"

**10**

"Yeah," I answered as the car drove away from the city of sin.

**22**

"What did you find out?" The director asked. "Did he tell you anything?"

Trying to filter my memories, I remembered his tattoo. "Sinner? He has it on his collarbone."

**2**

"The club name?" Harry scoffed. "That's not useful."

"Unless it's his group's name," the director pondered.

"He's very sensitive about it," I said, feeling sore as I moved to tighten my coat. Glancing at my wrist, I noticed my bracelet was missing. "He took it."

**63**

"Who took what?" Harry asked.

My eyes widened. "He took the bracelet."

"It can't be linked back, right?"

The director nodded. "He can't reverse it but he might find out what it's for."

I sighed in relief. I could leave him behind and never see him again. I guess the saying is true.

**1**

What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.

4

"MALIA," Duke called from my living room. I entered, zipping my dress.

**12**

"You okay?"

My boyfriend grinned at me, holding roses. "Guess who got the promotion."

**467**

"Wow!" I clapped, excited for him. "Congratulations!"

**2**

He pulled me into a hug. "I couldn't do it without you. If you weren't going to work, we could have spent time together."

**6**

I gave him a quick kiss. "You know I want to but I can't. I have reports to write up and cases to close but after we can celebrate after."

**2**

"My girlfriend the investigator," he chuckled. "Go to work. We can go out in the evening."

**49**

I picked up my coat and left, leaving him in my apartment. Hailing a taxi, I made my way to the tall glass building where I worked. After the mission with Ghost, I applied for a position in New York where I would be able to work for the FBI but at the same time solve crimes that didn't involve tattooed assassins. There were only rare times that I had to be undercover.

**6**

I pushed open my office door and ignored the frown on Harry's face as I passed him in the hallway. He also became an investigator but preferred to work in the field. I sunk into my chair and turned on my computer.

**5**

"Time to work," I said, trying to invoke enthusiasm. Twenty reports later, someone knocked on my door and Harry walked in.

"I didn't say come in," I complained, folding my arms.

"Too bad," he shot back. "They're asking for you in the interrogation room."

**4**

"Why?"

He threw his hands up annoyed. "How should I know?"

**2**

Barging past him, I went to the elevator with him following me. We arrived to the thirteenth floor where the director was waiting for us.

**4**

"Malia, we need your help," he said tiredly. "He's refusing to answer unless you're there."

**58**

"What do you mean?" I asked confused. Without answering, he ushered me into the room where almost a dozen people stood watching the muscular man in handcuffs on the other side of the glass.

**8**

Ghost.

**66**

He looked the same - larger than life and somehow even more handsome. His eyes met mine through the glass and he smirked.

**9**

"He can't actually see me right," I whispered. On his side, the glass was a mirror. It wasn't possible.



**45**

"Malia is here," the director spoke into the microphone.

**8**

"Bring her in," Ghost replied, pointing towards the seat in front of him. "She can ask me any of your questions."

"What's going on?" I demanded, my heart pounding in my chest. Fear, lust and desire all ran through my body at the same time.

**59**

"He was caught around the place of Tim Kroft's murder," Harry explained, reading from the file in the table. Tim Kroft was a massive drug dealer who had been avoiding the law for many years. "He handed himself in as a witness."

"Witness?" I glanced at the assassin that was waiting. "I'm guessing you think he was involved."

"Yes, but he won't respond to us. He demanded to see you," the director added. "Somehow he knew your name."

**8**

I didn't bother telling him that I had told Ghost on the first day I met him. Entering the interrogation section, I met the gold eyes

of my nightmares and dreams, making my cheeks flush as I sat down.

"Ghost."

"Malia."

**27**

His voice was rich and deep, reminding me of the last time we met.

**1**

"I'm going to ask you a few questions-" I started but he interrupted me.

"I told you to come back."

**113**

"You can choose not to answer," I continued, ignoring him.

"What were you doing earlier today on the day of Tim Kroft's murder?"

Ghost glared. "I'll answer your questions then you'll answer mine later. As for what I was doing, I was looking for someone."

**2**

"Who?"

**19**

"I don't know."

**19**

"You were looking for someone you don't know?"

**5**

He grinned at the annoyance in my voice. "Yes."

"Do you know who Tim Kroft is?"

"He's a little d\*ck that causes problems."

**35**

I raised an eyebrow. "So you don't like him?"

"Do you?"

**5**

"You came forward as a witness. What did you see?"

"I didn't see anything. I heard a gun shot while I was in a store across the street. You can check security footage," he said more to the people behind the glass than me. "I left the store like many other people, saw the cops then handed myself in."

"If you weren't involved, why would you hand yourself in knowing your history with the law?" I questioned.

He leaned over the table. "I wanted to see you."

**150**

I froze. "So you found out who I was?"

"I knew who you were the second you left my club with your b\*tch of a friend. I can spot your people in minutes. I just wanted to confirm it."

**3**

"Why did you ask me to meet you?"

"To scare you off because you were chasing a dead end. You were lucky I caught you because someone else would have ended your life." He slid my stolen bracelet over to me. "Here. Next time, use a tracking device I haven't seen before."

**47**

I caught it. "That's why you said you didn't trust me."

**1**

"I still don't. You'll find Kroft's killer in a few days. The person is sloppy, he's left trails and when you see him, tell him Ghost is coming."

**136**

\*\*\*\*\*

Exhausted, I fell onto my bed. Ghost was released because like he said, he wasn't involved. No one asked about my

relationship with Ghost which made me relax slightly. Only slightly. He knew who I was and my job. Maybe where I lived which was what put me on edge.

**20**

The banging on my door made me jump. "Malia, it's me," Duke called.

**6**

I let him in, relieved. He noticed and held my hand. "You okay?"

"Yeah, just a bad day at work."

"I'm sorry, baby. I booked us a place at that restaurant you liked but I can cancel if you want."

**92**

Sliding my hand into his, I shook my head. "Let's go."

**3**

The restaurant was packed making me grateful that Duke had booked the table. I ordered wine to calm my nerves and smiled at my boyfriend. "How was your first day of being a manager?"

**3**

He worked in a hotel and now was in charge of the building. "Tough, but it's what I wanted," Duke replied. "I've got my gorgeous girlfriend and my dream job. I couldn't ask for more."

**162**

Suddenly, I felt a heated gaze from behind me causing me to turn around. Ghost stood at the entrance wearing a suit with his tie undone. It molded to his body, emphasizing the hard body under the clothing. He drew attention to himself, looking like sin and sex. Many eyes were on him including mine but he focused on me, tapping on the heavy gold watch on his wrist.

**80**

*Hurry up.*

Duke also spotted him. "He must be some rich CEO of something."

**5**

More like an assassin. "Maybe. I need to...go to the restroom. I'll be back."

**39**

I walked past Ghost to the hallway where the restrooms were, knowing that he was following me. Once I reached the end, he spun me around and placed a hand on the wall beside my head, caging me.

**14**

"Who's the guy you're with?"

**23**

I rolled my eyes. "It doesn't matter. How did you find me?"

**10**

"It doesn't matter," he shot back, moving closer to me. "You left me."

**50**

Heat spread from where his other hand held my waist. "You wanted me gone anyway."

"True." Amber eyes roamed my body lazily. "You look good, angel."

**17**

"Thank you."

**1**

"You still owe me more than an hour," he reminded me. I narrowed my eyes at him.

**24**

"I owe you nothing."

Ghost responded with a deep laugh. "I'll come to receive another day when you're begging me."

**2**

Pushing him away, I tried to put distance between us so I could think straight. "What do you want from me? I know you didn't come all the way from Vegas to f\*ck me after a year."

**49**

"That is one of the reasons," he admitted calmly then pointed to the camera above my head. "Every camera is switched off in this restaurant. Right now, the same man who killed Tim Kroft is armed and is looking for me somewhere in this building."

**48**

"What the f\*ck?" I hissed. "You need to leave."

**2**

"No, you're going to call the cops and I'm going to find him then catch him. Do you understand?"

**4**

I pulled out my phone and called Harry without breaking eye contact with Ghost. "Hello?"

"What?" Harry grumbled.

**1**

"There's a man armed with gun in the restaurant I'm at." I told him the address and hung up.



The sound of glass shattering made me flinch and people started screaming. Gun shots followed, creating chaos. "Time for me to go," Ghost said, smirking as if amused by the situation.

**11**

"Go," I ordered, worried about Duke. "I need to find my boyfriend."

"Boyfriend?" He repeated, face darkening.

**216**

"We can talk about this later," I huffed and left him.

5

THE MAN WITH THE GUN was found in the kitchen of the restaurant with his hands tied to the bars of window while his body dangled out. If he removed the rope he would have fallen to his death so had no choice but to stay still. Bruises and blood were decorated across his face as he swore, cursing Ghost multiple times.

**16**

"I'm guessing Ghost was here," Harry sighed, holding the sealed up gun that was found on the ground as the unknown man was handcuffed and escorted out of the building.

"Are we going to bring him in?" I asked, writing notes about the incident for the report I would spend hours writing.

"No. Witnesses already identified the gun man as this guy."

"Malia!"

**2**

I turned to see Duke walking towards me across the parking lot. He pulled me into his chest and let out a sigh of relief.

**61**

"I'm fine," I reassured him.

"I was so worried that something happened. You left then that man-"

Knowing he was talking about Ghost, I interrupted him. "Let me just wrap up here then we can go."

"Actually, we need you to come down to the station," Harry told me. "You were there and we can close this case now and hand it over to the prosecutors."

I shrugged apologetically to Duke. "I'm sorry. We can go out in the weekend if you're free."

He kissed my forehead. "I'll call you and let you know."

## **67**

At the station, the man was still swearing from his holding cell. "Ghost f\*cking killed my brothers and you're f\*cking putting me here? He's a killer. Sh\*t! Listen to me! The Sinners! He's one of them!"

I walked up to his cell, staring at him. Sinner? Ghost had a tattoo of it and this man is saying he's one of them? My mind went wild, trying to understand. "Ghost is a Sinner? What is Sinner?"

The man glared at me, fury in his face. "A so-called organization that has an assassin to 'clean' up their problems who your people keep failing to catch."

**10**

"First of all, we're not catching him. He hasn't committed a crime."

**1**

He laughed harshly. "He's not a part-time killer. Ghost doesn't leave a trace and if he does, he wants you to see him."

**1**

"What has Ghost got to do with you getting caught?"

"If I didn't kill Kroft, he would have."

**25**

The pieces started coming together very slowly. "He was in New York to kill Kroft but why?"

"Kroft had information that would put Ghost in prison. So I shouldn't be here. I want to f\*cking leave."

**2**

"Hold on," I said incredulous. "You shot five people, killed Kroft, went on a witch-hunt for an assassin and disabled CCTV in a building but you think you *shouldn't* be here?"

**14**

"If I stay here, I will die," he replied, panic in his voice. "Ghost will kill me."

**1**

"He told me that he's coming..." My eyes widened. "Sh\*t. I need to talk to someone." Harry walked past and I grabbed his arm.

"What are you doing?" He asked, shrugging off my grip on him.

**2**

"I need security on this guy." Harry stared at me as if I was mad but I nodded earnestly. "Ghost is going to kill this man if we don't and we both know we'll never find enough evidence to even make him a suspect."

"Malia." Harry began, pointing to the man behind bars. "This guy has killed someone and left innocent people injured. It's a bit strange if I suddenly ask for his protection."

"But he could die," I emphasized.

"He could be lying."

"Or telling the truth."

He sighed. "I can't ask for security even if I wanted to. There's nothing that proves he's in danger."

**3**

"You want proof that a grade one *assassin* might kill him? Are you f\*cking kidding me?"

**3**

"No."

"Ghost said, on camera, that he was coming for the man that killed Kroft. This guy killed Kroft."

**1**

For once, Harry went silent.

**6**

"Kroft apparently knew something that Ghost wanted to remain a secret but died before he could kill him."

"Wouldn't Ghost be happy that Kroft is dead?"

"Maybe he was threatening to expose him."

"We can't make speculations. This guy is being transferred to a larger facility in an hour so there would better security if that helps," Harry informed me. "That's all we can do. You can go home now."

**16**

I nodded exhausted. "Sure. Let me get my things."

\*\*\*\*\*

I walked into my apartment and noticed that the lights were on which were off when I left. "Hello?" I called, my hand wrapping around the small gun I had in my bag.

**21**

Checking the kitchen quietly , I found it empty then entered the living room. Ghost was sat on the couch, watching the television and smiled lazily when he saw me.

**95**

"Hello, angel."

**10**

"What the f\*ck are you doing here?"

He stood up. "I came to see if you were okay."

"So you broke into my house?"

"Your door is sh\*t. Anyone could break in."

**3**

I wanted to scream. "No, they couldn't. There are multiple locks for a f\*cking reason and you don't have a key."

"Does your boyfriend have one?"

**8**

"Don't change the topic."

"Does. He. Have. A. Key."

Groaning in annoyance, I gave in. "Yes. Happy?"

"No, I'm not happy," he replied, frowning.

**61**

"Too f\*cking bad. We caught Kroft's killer," I told him, watching his reaction. There was none.

**2**

"Isiah. That's his name."

**1**

"He said you're a Sinner." Again, nothing. "You have it written on your collarbone."

"I feel like you want to ask something so get to the point."

"What were you actually doing on the day of Kroft's murder?"

His amber eyes rolled. "I didn't kill Kroft and I wasn't going to if that's what Isiah told you. I was just...distracting him."

**3**

"Distracting?" I needed a new job.

**26**



"If you place a lion in herd of zebras, they start running instead of eating. I already met Kroft. He had information that I wanted that Isaiah's group didn't want me to know. So I let them think I hadn't seen him yet and was going to kill him. They start panicking and kill him themselves."

**1**

"You don't seem too worried about Kroft."

"He's a drug dealer who is involved in illegal trade and knew too much. Not really important to me and I don't go around killing for fun."

"So you let Isiah kill him for you," I realized. "You're crazy."

**1**

"Am I?"

**9**

"Is that a question? You've broken into my home and stalked me for starters."

"Stalked is a strong word. It implies I'm obsessed with you and I'm sorry to break it to you, but I don't even like you."

**206**

My cheeks flushed with anger and hurt. "You don't like me? Then why the f\*ck are you here?" I growled.

"To check if you're okay."

**15**

"Leave."

"Did I upset you?"

**60**

"Leave me alone. All you do is cause trouble and make more reports for me to type. Go back to Vegas." I tried to push him but he wouldn't move.

**3**

"I'll go there when you do," he responded.

**11**

"Why would I go there? I'm going to file a restraining order," I warned.

**30**

Ghost simply laughed. "That means nothing to me. Go ahead."

I gave up. He clearly wasn't going to leave and it was two in the morning. Sitting down on the couch, I glanced at the television and noticed it was on the news channel.

"Breaking news. We have reports of a van that held a criminal, that was convicted today, has exploded on a highway. The

driver hasn't been identified but the prisoner is said to be Isiah James, a murderer who-"

**45**

Slowly, I looked at Ghost, eyes wide. He met my gaze and gave me a sinister smile.

**41**

"What did you do?" I breathed, horrified.

6

NOTHING," Ghost said, shrugging. I got up and stepped away from him, putting distance between us.

2

"I'm serious. What did you do?"

"Do you really want me to tell you?" He folded his arms and raised an eyebrow. I exhaled. How did I get involved with a criminal?

12

"Leave, Ghost. Go back to Sinners or whoever sent you," I said.

"I need you to come with me to Vegas."

19

"No."

He also stood up, towering over me and moved closer. "I'm not asking you. You will come."

42

I shook my head, p\*ssed. "I don't know who the f\*ck you think you are but I'm not the girls you have in your club. You're not going to tell me what to do."

39

For a second, he said nothing and just stared at me like was trying to read my thoughts. "The girls in my club have more common sense than you will ever have when they see me," his voice low and dangerous. "If I didn't need you, I would have killed you already. Don't act like you're above those girls."

**70**

"You don't need me, Ghost. Let's be real. You're expecting to emotionally exploit me, hoping that I'll crumble and risk everything for you. Sadly, I won't ever."

**7**

His response was to laugh. "You believe that?" He leaned towards me and whispered. "When the time comes, you will. You'll risk your job, your little boyfriend and your life for me. But I won't care, Malia. At all."

**52**

"Because you don't like me?"

"No, because you're just a girl a f\*cked once upon a time."

**182**

Hatred burned through my veins as I faced him, his own eyes sparking with fury. It took everything in me not to try to kill him even though I knew it would be in vain. "I want you to go," I growled.

Glancing at the watch on his wrist, he nodded in agreement. "I have things to do so I'll see you later."

"I don't want to see you."

Disapproval was painted on his face. "Don't be like that."

**97**

I had enough. Striding out of the room, I left him and went to my bedroom. I fell onto my bed, trying to push Ghost's word to the back of my mind.

**13**

\*\*\*\*\*

**2**

The next day, the office was buzzing as usual with people. I tapped my pen on my desk, thinking about Isiah's death. Would they find out who did it? Do they care? The sound of a thick file hitting my desk pulled me out of my thoughts. I glanced at Harry then the document. "What is this?"

He pointed at the label. "The case about Sinners and the kidnapping of Quince De Vil."

**1**

"De Vil? I thought this case was closed five years ago," I replied cautiously.

**7**

"Because he was dead. Or we thought he was," Harry explained, placing grainy photos in front of me. "There have been sightings of him and a bank account has been opened under his name."

**6**

Flicking through the file, I realized that this was in Las Vegas. "Why is the New York branch sorting this out? We have too many cases."

**7**

Harry sat down in the chair across from me. "We dealt with the Ghost case before and thanks to your friend Isiah, we know he's linked to them so we're the best for the job."

**9**

"I get that but Ghost already knows who we work for. If he's involved with Sinners, he's not going to help," I emphasized. I had no desire to go undercover again or go back to Vegas. "He could expose us."

"He came in earlier. He gave us the photos actually and told us to open the case."

**30**

"And you just went with it?"

"He signed a NDA."

**28**

I looked at him. "Are you stupid? You made someone with no ID, no identification sign a non-disclosure agreement? Does his signature say Ghost?" I mocked.

**45**

"It doesn't matter," Harry dismissed. "It's clear he wants something so he's most likely not going to do anything."

**14**

"So now we just do as he says?"

**5**

"He's not helping with the case, if that's what you're getting at." Harry glanced at the piles of other files beside my computer. "The director said you should transfer those to Susan because this case is a priority."

**4**

Happiness flooded through my body. Finally, I would be able to see the color of my desk. "Why is De Vil such a big deal?"



"He deals in weapons and became filthy rich off it but he started making trades with gangs and associations such Sinners. The FBI caught a whiff then he was kidnapped."

**5**

I picked up the final report. "Due to insufficient evidence and information, the claim that the organization known as Sinners had kidnapped and held captive the weaponry tycoon, Quince De Vil, was concluded as invalid," I read. "And the FBI never found him?"

"He disappeared completely so was written off as dead."

"Where was Quince last seen?"

**3**

"In Las Vegas."

**4**

"Of course," I grumbled under my breath and pulled out Ghost's file, placing it on the top. "When will you be going then?"

"*Both* of us will be going in nine days so get ready. Your ID will be delivered to you in a week and I don't know how long we'll be out there for."

"I guess Ghost was right," I admitted, annoyed.

"He mentioned that he was staying in New York for a while."

**5**

I opened my eyes in fake shock. "Really?"

"Yes. I'm going so look over it before we leave." Harry left and I rested my head on the file that started all my problems, already feeling exhausted.

"Why me? I groaned. "Why is it always me?"

**3**

"Not sure but I have coffee," my sister, Helena, replied. A year older than me, she was the complete opposite of me - tall with straight blonde hair unlike my dark and wavy mess. She worked as a cop and was my role model.

**10**

I grinned and took the coffee from her. "Thanks. Why are you here?"

"Is it a crime to see my younger sister?"

"Nope but you're usually busy."

"I was in the area and I'm on a break." She looked at my desk.

"What's Ghost?"

**3**

"You mean who," I answered, rolling my eyes.

Helena spotted the picture attached to the folder and picked it up. "He's very good looking. Like *seriously* hot."

**37**

I snatched the photo from her and slid it back. "He's trouble. Big trouble."

**4**

She laughed. "I'm guessing he's the cause of your stress recently."

"Correct," I sighed. "Now, I'm getting dragged to Vegas because of him."

**2**

"When do you leave?" Helena asked, sipping on her drink.

"Nine days. Duke will be p\*ssed."

**6**

She patted my shoulder. "He'll understand. If not, I'll taser him."

**42**

I giggled imagining it. "You wouldn't dare."

"I might. You said Vegas. Didn't you go there last year?"

"Yeah," I responded shortly, not wanting to go into detail.

**1**

"You came home with hickeys all over your neck and mom was not impressed," she recalled. I lowered my head, trying to hide my blush from her.

**48**

"Okay, I get it. I had fun in Las Vegas but I don't want to go there."

"Malia, there's no chance you'll see the guy ever again."

**12**

Wrong.

**4**

"That's not why I don't want to go."

Helena raised an eyebrow. "Then why?"

"It's dangerous."

"That's never stopped you before. In fact, you love danger."

"This time I don't."

"Either way, you're going," she reminded me. "Make sure you enjoy yourself while you're there and come home safely."

7

I UNLOCKED my apartment door and notice a parcel on the floor. Shutting the door, I ripped it open and saw the fake passport, credit cards and phone. There were other documents all under the name of Milan Prince. I walked to my bedroom, admiring my photo in the passport then walked into a hard chest. Amber eyes looked down at me, amused.

**19**

"Hello, Malia."

**4**

"Again? I know you're a criminal but I'm sure you know this is illegal," I exclaimed, moving away from him. As usual, he was dressed in black, the only color coming from his eyes.

"I'm pretty sure that having fake ID is as well," he shot back, glancing at the passport in my hand.

**2**

I held it closer to my chest. "I thought I told you to leave me alone."

"Sorry, baby but I can't do that. Did you know there's a guy following you?"

**54**

Worried, I turned to go back outside but Ghost grabbed my hand, forcing me to stop. "What are you doing? I'm going to arrest him."

**14**

"I've already dealt with him."

I removed my hand from his grip. "Did you kill him?"

"You expect the worst from me," he replied. "I didn't kill him because it would be suspicious if a normal guy has bullet wounds in the chest but I did make him follow a different person. You're welcome."

**5**

Glaring, I pushed him out of my room. "I can deal with a stalker for your information."

"He's a rapist."

**67**

"What? And you're letting him stalk someone else?" I hurried to the door before Ghost could stop me again but as soon as I pulled it open, it was slammed shut by his hand. I spun around, now caged in his arms and tried to push him away. "Let me go!"

"There is no way in this world that I would allow you to go to a rapist. It's out of the question, Malia," he snapped.

**60**

"I'm not allowing another person to be in danger because of me," I pleaded. "Let me arrest him, Ghost. He won't hurt me."

**8**

"Not a risk I'm willing to take."

**22**

"F\*ck you," I yelled, punching him. He grabbed my wrists and pinned them above my head with one of his hands.

**36**

"In five minutes, he's going to reach for his chest in pain. The people around him will turn to him briefly, not understand that this man is going into cardiac arrest. By the time people realize he's dying, he will die and the ambulance will arrive to find the man dead on the sidewalk," he spoke quietly. "No one will get hurt by him again and you will be safe here with me."

**190**

My heart pounded in my chest as I took in what he said. Ghost brushed the strands of hair out of my face then traced the outline of my lips. "I thought about you for a whole year, wondering what you were doing, if you were safe, if you would taste the same," Ghost murmured, heat behind his gaze.

**94**

I moaned as he leaned into me, bringing us closer. "We're not-"

**12**

He released my wrists and pressed me into the door as he held my jaw gently. "I've already told you. I want you to beg, angel."

**9**

"Never."

**6**

Smirking, Ghost shook his head. "If you say so. So far you haven't been right about many things."

The spell now broken, I narrowed my eyes at him. "Why do you want the De Vil case opened? Because I know you didn't do this out of kindness and concern."

"Does it matter? I need you to go to Vegas so I can leave here. I'm not a fan of New York and I miss home."

**3**

"You have a house?" I scoffed.

"Do you think I just jump from rooftop to rooftop and live in the forest?"

**160**



"You don't?"

**21**

Ghost chuckled. "I'm not a movie character. I have a living room, kitchen and a bedroom just like you. Maybe a bit bigger though."

**16**

"You're an assassin."

"A well paid assassin," he corrected. "I don't kill for fun."

**1**

"Seems like it to me," I challenged and made my way to the kitchen, ignoring the presence shadowing me. As I turned on the kettle, I thought about how strange it was that a killer was sitting at the kitchen island watching me make coffee. "Why haven't you killed me?"

**3**

"I don't feel like it yet and you owe me more than an hour."

**47**

"You're an asshole." I added sugar to my mug. "I don't understand why you keep following me if you don't like me."

**24**

"There's no underlining romantic reason, angel. I just need a place to crash until we leave for Las Vegas."

**41**

"You're not staying here. There's no bed."

He winked. "I can stay in yours."

**2**

"I have a f\*cking boyfriend. He will go crazy if he sees you here."

**38**

"I don't care what he does. He's lucky we're in New York because I would have shot him a long time ago."

**10**

"You say you don't like me but you want to kill my boyfriend. I'm confused," I said exasperated and drank my coffee.

**43**

"Then stop bringing him up. Do you start bringing me up when you're with him? No. Do I bring up any girls with you? No. Actually, let me tell you about Stella. She could really suck-"

**132**

"I don't want to know," I interrupted. "You can't stay in my room."

"I'll stay on the couch."

**1**

Rubbing my temples, I could feel a headache coming. "It's only two days, right?"

"No more, no less."

"I just have to keep Duke from finding out."

**2**

"Do you lie to all the guys in your life?"

**14**

I flinched slightly at the question. "He's seen you before and he gets jealous easily."

"I can see why," Ghost answered. "If I was with you, I'd probably chain you up."

**85**

"What the hell? I fear for your girlfriend."

**3**

"Fear for yourself. You draw attention wherever you go. It's enough to make someone become possessive."

**97**

My phone began ringing and I looked at the screen to see Duke's name. I answered, motioning to Ghost to be quiet.

"Hello?"

"Hey, baby. You free tonight?"

Glancing at Ghost who was glaring at my phone, I decided it would be best to stay at home. "I'm really tired. Tomorrow?"

**5**

A car honked in the background. "That's fine. I'll pick you up at four."

**1**

"Okay. Bye." I hung up and put my phone away.

"What did he say?" Ghost asked, casually.

"None of your business," I replied. "The couch is all yours. If you need anything, sort it out yourself. I have a meeting first thing tomorrow so don't wake me up."

"Do you have any spare clothes?"

"Duke might have-"

"Never mind. I'll just wear nothing," he decided then pulled his shirt off revealing his chiseled body. I closed my eyes, horrified.

**73**

"Put your shirt on," I demanded, ignoring the part of me that wanted to see.

**3**

"I'm going anyway. Don't wake me up, I have people to find tomorrow."

**2**

There was no sound to tell me if he had gone so I counted to ten before opening my eyes. Thankfully, he had left. I entered my bedroom and I felt guilty that he was in my living room sleeping on my tiny couch. Picking up pillows, I tiptoed to where he was and peered inside.

**2**

"Are you awake?" I whispered. No response. His body was draped over the couch, clearly too big for it. I moved closer and knelt down to put the pillows around him. He looked calm for once - long eyelashes brushing against his cheekbones, lips slightly parted, his chest rising and falling slowly-

**11**

"What are you doing?" He asked, eyes still shut.

**10**

Heat crept to my cheeks and I leaned back. "I brought pillows."

Grabbing them, he then looked at me with a devilish grin.

"Were you worried?"

**3**

"No," I said getting up. "I don't worry about people I don't care about."

**6**

"Sure, angel. I believe you."

**9**

I smacked his head with one of the pillows. "I'm going to bed. Goodnight."

**18**

"Night."

8

GHOST wasn't a bad roommate for an assassin. I didn't see him at all in the morning but breakfast was waiting for me before I went to work. I prayed that it wasn't poisoned as I ate.

**44**

I entered the boardroom and sat down beside Harry while the other agents discussed amongst themselves. He glared at me. "You're late."

"I'm on time actually," I shot back.

"You should have been here earlier."

**13**

"If the meeting starts at nine then I'll be here at exactly nine."

**34**

The director walked in before Harry could argue again. The room went silent as he stood at the front. "This shouldn't be long but there's a lot at stake. If you look at page one of your briefing, you can see that this is about the case of Quince De Vil who was claimed to be dead. With no leads, the FBI were unable to prove that the organization called Sinners had kidnapped him. As of recently, from the photos on page ten, we believe that he is alive."

**2**

Someone raised their hand. "When were these photos taken?"

**4**

"Two weeks ago. The issue is this man deals with weaponry and due to being 'dead', it's difficult to find out who he's making deals with. It also raises suspicions as to why he hasn't proclaimed himself as alive."

**13**

"Could he be trying to avoid the law?" I thought out loud.

**4**

"Most likely. We want to know who kidnapped him and take him to court about his previous lawsuits about gang and mafia dealings."

**1**

"So we need to bring him in," an older woman concluded.

"And figure out who he works with or for," the director expanded then pointed at Harry and I. "Miss. Reyes and Mr. Harper will be undercover while there will be another unit raiding De Vil's homes. Malia, you already know Ghost so stick with him as we still have suspicions on the involvement of Sinners and Harry track down De Vil."



**13**

"Can't I track De Vil?" I suggested, dreading the mission already.

**5**

"Ghost knows who you are so stay with him. Find out about Sinners and him. Follow him."

**7**

"Yes, sir," I grumbled. I knew it was only because they hoped Ghost wouldn't kill me as he didn't before.

"Don't stay there for too long. Make sure you leave for a few days then go back. On page fifty you can..."

He continued for another four hours as we went through every possible scenario. I left the meeting drained and didn't bother working, going straight home. I hung up my coat and dumped my bag on the floor, walking towards my living room like a zombie. Collapsing on the couch, I sighed. The next few weeks were going to be stressful.

**2**

A hand stroked my head gently. I curled up, comfortable as my eyes drifted close. Sleep came over me quickly and I was out like a light.

**76**

\*\*\*\*\*

I woke up to the sight of a tanned, muscular back that had faint scars decorated over it. Yawning, I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Ghost turned to me, wearing nothing but jeans that were low on his hips. My gaze focused on the defined V line and the sculpted abs.

**15**

"You like what you see?" He asked, mockingly.

**6**

Embarrassed, I pulled my focus to his golden eyes. "I was comparing you to my boyfriend and I think he's better," I lied.

He glared. "Nice try but we both know the truth. While you were sleeping, I had to make a few phone calls."

"To who?"

"You're not staying at that hotel your director booked."

"Yes, I am."

"You can't be alone," he argued, folding his arms which drew my attention to them for a split second.

"I'm trained in fighting and protecting myself. You're not the first nor the last criminal I've come across. Don't change my plans."

He stared at me, furious. "Malia, you're not staying there."

"I'm not staying with you either. I'm working in the bar in that club beside the hotel," I explained. "So that's where I'll be staying."

"With drunk guys hanging around you? Do you want to get kidnapped?"

"It's not your f\*cking problem," I reminded him. "I have orders that I have to follow."

"This isn't a joke. The guys in Vegas are different. Laws don't apply to them."

"I'm not moving hotel."

Growling, he picked up a towel and left the room. I rolled my eyes at his tantrum. He's not my boss or even my friend for that matter. I turned on the television and began watching, ignoring the angry criminal in my house. Twenty minutes later, there was yelling.

**3**

"Who the f\*ck are you?"

**166**

"Sh\*t," I hissed as I heard Duke's voice.

In the hallway, Duke stood facing Ghost who's hair was wet from the shower and only wearing black sweatpants. Duke was muscular but with a taller frame and tattoos, Ghost looked f\*cking scary. I placed my hands on Duke's chest calmly. "He's a...friend from work."

**30**

"And he's in your house? Half naked?" He challenged, pointing at Ghost.

**33**

"He's staying here for a few days," I said. "It's not like I'm f\*cking him."

**21**

"This is your boyfriend? He seems insecure," taunted Ghost which earned him a glare from me but Duke stepped closer.

**72**

"Do have something to f\*cking say?"

**1**

Standing between them, I faced Duke. "Ignore him."

"I want this guy out of this house, Malia. Right now."

**65**

"I'm not going anyway," Ghost replied, getting p\*ssed.

**1**

"Do I even know you? You could be a serial killer for all I know."

**144**

He wasn't wrong and I had enough. "I'm not a child so Ghost is staying. He sleeps in the living room and he's not staying long anyway."

"His name is Ghost? That's ridiculous," Duke scoffed.

**70**

"I'll knock you out and we'll see who's ridiculous," Ghost threatened.

**62**

"Kick this guy out."

**8**

"Make your boyfriend shut up, angel."

**80**

"Angel?" Duke shouted. "Her name is f\*cking Malia to you."

**2**

Ghost rolled his eyes. "I know I said I wouldn't kill him but he's testing his luck. Calm him down or I'll f\*ck him up, *angel*." He strode past us and slammed the living room door.

**95**

Duke narrowed his eyes at me. "Is this why you said you were 'tired' last night? Were you messing around with this guy?"

**20**

"The crazy thing is that I was actually tired," I answered sarcastically. "I have a case in Las Vegas that I need to sort out so I went to bed early."

**2**

"When were you going to introduce me to this roommate of yours?"

"Today before we went on our date. I originally wasn't going to but I felt guilty because there shouldn't be lies in a relationship. Instead, you enter my house yelling."

I was such a hypocrite.

**4**

"He's half naked, Malia," Duke argued angrily.

**2**

"And I'm not."

**1**

"He calls you angel."

"He hates me so that's definitely not a pet name."

"Why is he here?"

That I didn't know myself. "He needs somewhere to stay." Duke looked unconvinced. "We're both leaving for Vegas for work."

"If he touches you-"

**26**

I pressed a hand to his cheek. "I won't let him."

**57**

"Then I guess I'll trust you. Not him but you."

**54**

"Thank you."

He sighed. "I know we were supposed to go out but can we rearrange?"

**48**

"Sure," I agreed weakly. I was leaving the next day so I didn't know when I would see him next. He swiftly placed a kiss on my lips and walked out of my apartment.

### 3

"He's f\*cking stupid."

Ghost stood leaning against the wall, gold eyes on me. He reached out and wiped my lips with his thumb, frowning.

I poked his eyebrows. "What's wrong now?"

"Your boyfriend actually left you alone with a strange man. Are you sure you like him?"

"Unlike you, Duke didn't put a gun to my head when I first met him so yes, I do."

"I don't like him at all. He didn't stand up for himself. If you weren't in the room, I would have sent him to hospital in a coma," Ghost admitted.

"Thanks for not doing that. I'm going in the afternoon tomorrow so you'll be left here alone. Don't break anything. I don't want to see any blood stains."

"I won't be here, angel. We're going together."



9

I SETTLED ON THE PLANE, pulling out my headphones as I waited for everyone to go on board. It was cloudy outside which meant it was going to rain soon. I leaned back, trying to relax but the sound of someone sitting in the empty seat beside me prevented that. Ghost smirked down at me while I glared.

**10**

"You're definitely stalking me."

"You didn't come back home so I guessed you were already at the airport," he explained. "I told you we were going together."

**2**

"Do you even have a passport?"

**5**

His only response was a shrug. A gorgeous female flight attendant walked up to us and gave him a flirty smile. She placed a manicured hand on his shoulder and, sliding it down his arm, gently squeezed his muscles. "Anything I can help you with, darling?"

**46**

"No," I replied unbothered.

"What can you do for me?" Ghost asked in his deep voice that made her cheeks flush red. Leaning into him, she whispered promises in his ear that she was willing to do. He nodded and winked at her. "I'll see you in a bit."

**89**

I watched in disgust as she walked away with an extra sway in her hips. "Does she not have work to do?"

**2**

"It's not her fault. Everyone wants something that they can't have."

I peered around him and saw a group of teenagers pointing and giggling like he was famous. "It's a shame they don't know what you do for a living."

His tattoos were covered by the black sweater he wore and he seemed to be in a good mood. Suspicious, in my opinion. A simple gold cross necklace hung around his neck adding to his look that had the women around us all staring in his direction.

**15**

"Your hair is blue," he said, noticing the change in color as I released my long hair from its bun. The director had forced me to get my hair done, suggesting blonde but I decided to dye it a royal blue which was more subtle for me.

**47**

"Do you like it?"

"If I say no, what would happen?"

**4**

Punching him in the arm, I turned my back to him and faced the window, irritated. He laughed and pressed a warm hand on my thigh.

"I'm joking. Don't ignore me."

**17**

"Leave me alone."

He leaned into me and moved his lips to my ear. "I love the color. It makes me want to wrap it in my fist as you suck my d\*ck and pull on it as I f\*ck you from behind," he murmured huskily, making my mouth part in shock. "Happy?"

**342**

Eyes wide, I blushed hard and smacked his hand off my leg. "I hate you. I f\*cking hate you," I breathed. "Why can't you just say it looks nice?"

"I thought I did."

**23**

"Not like that. Like a normal f\*cking person."

**4**

The flight attendant came past again, glaring at me which meant she probably saw everything. "You've upset your fan," I pointed out, fanning my cheeks. "She thinks I'm sleeping with you."

Ghost glanced at her and waved, grinning. She lowered her head, face red then walked away. "I have loads of girls like her in Vegas so I'm not missing out and I don't care what she thinks, angel."

"I still want to know how you got on the plane."

"I went to the airport then walked onto the plane."

**21**

"Did you threaten anyone? Hold a gun to anyone's head?"

"Wouldn't you like to know," he answered vaguely. "Choose a movie so we can watch as we travel."

**51**

Going through the list of names on my screen, I tapped his with my other hand. "Watch something by yourself. You have a screen for a reason."

**1**

He placed the blanket over both of our legs and took one of the earbuds from me. "Put on one of the Purge movies and shut up."

**82**

\*\*\*\*\*

**1**

The moment we stepped off the plane, Ghost disappeared. He melted into the crowd of people without looking back. I swore under my breath but didn't bother chasing him, knowing I wouldn't be able to find him anyway. I picked up my small suitcase and texted the director who was saved as Dad on my phone in case anyone were to take my phone.

**21**

ME: I've arrived and going to the hotel.

**1**

DAD: Stay safe.

**6**

My task was to get information about Sinners and Ghost but he would notice if I followed him around. Instead, I would make it seem like I was trying to find Quince De Vil and at the same time figure out why he wants the FBI to reopen the case.

**3**

It was late in the evening and I dragged my suitcase, searching for a taxi outside the airport that could take me to my hotel. Suddenly, a silver sports car parked in front of me and the window rolled down to reveal Ghost in the driver's seat.

**46**

I raised an eyebrow. "I'm starting to wonder how much money you make."

He got out and took my luggage from me, putting it away.

"Enough for me to survive. I'll take you to your sh\*t hotel then I'm going."

**3**

"It's not sh\*t," I huffed as I entered the car. "It's affordable."

"You could stay with me for free."

**38**

"I don't feel like that's a good idea."

**2**

"Why?"

"Because I don't trust you. Not to mention, you're dangerous."

**18**

He didn't say anything as we drove through Las Vegas, past the neon lights and casinos with people yelling drunk or screaming with excitement. On the surface, it seemed like a place where you can forget all your troubles but as you look closer, it's not as shiny. Hotel Antidote stood proud as we pulled up.

**3**

"I don't want you staying here," Ghost finally said, glancing at the building that was between a casino and club.

**2**

"I know. You've said that many times but I'm not going to listen to you." I moved to unbuckle my seatbelt but he grabbed my wrist.

"You'll be careful then?" His golden eyes pierced into me with a hint of worry in them. Nodding, I got out. He handed me my suitcase and leaned against his car, looking like a model on the cover of a magazine. "Don't draw attention to yourself," he said. "Don't look for trouble."

**16**

"I won't," I promised. "I'll be fine."

"This is where we part ways, angel."

**1**

"Should I pretend to cry?"

**39**

He stepped forward and pulled me into a hug. Hesitantly, my hands clutched his shirt as he held me closer, covering me with his heat. "You're a b\*tch, you know?"

**133**

"That's not how you say goodbye."

**2**

"I'm not trying to because knowing you, we'll see each other again."

I didn't bother lying. "You can go now."

"See you later," he finally said before releasing me and going back into his car. I watched him drive off, feeling some of my tension disappearing. He messed up my plans and with his unpredictable behavior, I had no clue how I was going to find out anything.



10

"SHOTS ON ME!" a drunk girl screamed. I winced at the sound but began pouring out their drinks. They snatched them as soon as I placed the small glasses on the table and screamed again. I turned my back on them and went to serve other people.

**27**

The club was dark and full of people who were ready to live life to the fullest. I hadn't seen Ghost which meant he had either forgotten about me or was killing people somewhere else. Alonzo, the owner of the club, patted me on my shoulder as he walked past.

**6**

"How's the girls?" He asked over the music, pouring himself water.

"Noisy," I admitted.

**1**

"I'm guessing it's a birthday trip."

Another round of giggles erupted from the girl and her friends. I looked at them, tired. "It seems like it."

"I'll serve them. Stay here and watch the bar."

I continue handing people drinks late into the night until most people were too drunk to ask for anything else. Two men in suits sat down on the stools at the end of the bar, a contrast to the dancers around them. They gave off a bad vibe from the way their eyes flickered around as if looking for someone and how their hands hovered over their pockets. Walking up to them with a smile, I overheard part of their conversation.

**2**

"...An ambush at the warehouse would work."

The man in the red suit shook his head. "But we need the USB stick."

**5**

"Clayton should have it so we..." the bald man stopped speaking as I approached.

**1**

"What can I get you?" I said cheerfully.

"Whiskey."

"The same for me."

As I poured the drinks, trying to eavesdrop but the music made the inaudible especially as they began whispering. They went silent when I handed them the glasses of whiskey, simply

nodding in thanks. Another thirty minutes passed and they remained in the same spot, their drinks untouched. Suddenly, they stood up, brushing off invisible lint from their suits.

The crowd seemed to part as Ghost walked over to the men like a predator hunting prey. He wore the same gold chain I last saw him with, black sweatshirt and a long, light brown trench coat. Confidence rolled off him with hints of arrogance. Gold eyes glanced at me for a brief second but went back to the two guys in front of him. Without uttering a word, he gestured for the men to follow him and they left. Despite my best efforts, my heart wouldn't slow down and I felt like following him.

**14**

"Sh\*t. Why is he here?" Alonzo swore, anger and fear in his voice.

I turned to him, feigning innocence. "Why is who here?"

"Ghost. The tall one you just saw. Seeing him is never a good sign like a omen of death."

**3**

"I don't understand," I said confused.

"Ghost has the name Prince of Vegas around here. We all know him and he's a f\*cking dangerous man. Don't get on his bad

side, you hear? He can ruin a man in a second and I don't want to be next," he warned. "Finish up here and leave."

23

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"Yes, sir."

I clocked out and grabbed my bags, ready to go home. The fresh air felt amazing as I stepped outside, free from the warm environment of the club. As I walked past the alleyway between the club and hotel, I heard the sound of someone whimpering. The alleyway was barely lit but I followed the noise cautiously. Peering around the corner, I saw the bald man bruised standing in front of Ghost with his partner standing beside him.

**44**

"Where the f\*ck is Clayton?" Ghost growled, his hands in his pockets.

**3**

"We...we don't know," the one in the red suit stammered.

"Is that so?" Ghost laughed coldly, sending chills down my spine. He was different from what I was used to. Eyes that once made him handsome now were hard.

**5**

"We can find him," the bald man reassured and raised his phone. "I'll send one of my-"



Ghost kicked him to the ground. "Listen, I'm tired of the promises and lies you've been giving me. I'm not f\*cking stupid. You know where he is and you're going to tell me."

"We don't, I swear."

The gun Ghost pulled from his coat made everything freeze. My eyes widened. I couldn't jump in, I had no reassurance that the gun wouldn't be pointed at me. Pressing it into the forehead of the man in red, Ghost sighed.

**6**

"I have a tight schedule, Zach. I'm sure you can understand and both of you are wasting my time so I'll give you another chance. Tomorrow or one of you will have its date on your gravestone."

**7**

"I understand."

"I want Clayton's location. I'm not going to say it again."

"You're a sick son of a b\*tch," the bald man cursed, trying to get up but Ghost place his foot on the back of his head, keeping him in place.

"Angel, I highly suggest you leave."

**192**

I blinked in shock. He knew I was watching? I didn't bother finding out and hurried away, followed by a sickening crunch then a scream. Panting, I entered my hotel room and slammed the door shut.

"What the f\*ck?" I wondered out loud. On my bed was a single rose with a note beside it.

**1**

*Stop being f\*cking nosey, angel.*

**176**

Glaring at it, I fell on my bed. "Who does he think he is?" I brought out my phone from my bag and dialled Harry who was in another hotel about an hour away.

"Milan?"

"It's me," I answered to my fake name. "The person 'dad' told me to find is looking for a Clayton. Do you know who that is?"

**3**

"I have no clue. I'll call dad later and ask if you want."

"If you could, I'd be very grateful." I started scanning the room for hidden cameras that Ghost may have put. "I think I have bugs in my room but I have no clue where."

"Do you want me to check it out? I can come down-"

"No, it's fine," I interrupted. "I don't think I'll be staying here long."

"You found Ghost?"

"He found me. I'll text you anything else. I don't want to say too much."

The slight glint from the corner of the vanity mirror caught my eyes which narrowed. "Found you." Picking the tiny listening device, I tried to find anything unique but there was nothing. "I know you're f\*cking listening, Ghost. Can I have some privacy at least?" I spoke into it irritated. "There better not be any of these things in my shower or we'll have problems."

I then threw it out the window and went to find my tiny suitcase. There was barely anything inside, a few clothes, a gun, bullets, a baseball cap, some cash and my fake ID. I stuffed everything in the backpack I had bought earlier and took the bottles of water that were on my desk. Ghost hadn't shown any signs to want to kill me but I couldn't trust him and I didn't understand why he'd want to listen into my conversation.

"One more night," I whispered. Then I would leave. The hotel was no longer safe and I had to find who Clayton was before Ghost got to him.

11

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, the two men in suits sat in the same place at the bar mumbling amongst themselves. The bald one had a cast on with one of his eyes swollen shut. Alonzo seemed to also be on edge, his gaze constantly drifting towards the entrance. He ran his hand through his hair, frustrated.

5

"Should I close the club?" He said to no one while pouring himself a drink.

"I'm going to the back," I told him also feeling nervous for some reason. My backpack was in my locker, ready for me to leave and I had given my letter of resignation to Alonzo in the morning. He didn't ask any questions, simply nodding.

3

As I walked down the hallway, an arm wrapped itself around me and dragged me into the storage room. I opened my mouth to scream but a hand covered my mouth. The door clicked shut and I began kicking the culprit blindly, unable to see from the lack of light. The person grunted then the lights were on and Ghost stood in front of me unimpressed.

"I know you're not this weak, angel," he commented, removing his hand from my face but keeping his arm tight around my waist so I was flushed against him.

**1**

"Could you not have tapped me on the shoulder? Why do you take everything a step further?" I hissed.

"It makes things interesting. You've been a bad girl, angel and you've p\*ssed me off."

**87**

"You don't seem mad," I answered back as he leaned closer.

"Was it my message from yesterday?"

"There was nothing in your shower if you were wondering," he murmured, lips now against my jaw. "But no. You're interfering with my work. I was supposed to shoot that guy but you were watching so I had to settle for breaking his arm."

**8**

"I'm sorry that you couldn't kill him," I replied sarcastically. He gently bit my neck, making me jump.

**36**

"Don't be sarcastic with me, angel. He's going to die today. All you did was change the date."

**1**

I paused. "What?"

"I told them to bring Clayton and they didn't because they're trying to f\*ck with me. Unfortunately for them, I found out he's in some abandoned warehouse."

*"...An ambush at the warehouse would work."*

My eyes widened and I clutched his shirt, trying to distract him from kissing my neck. "It's a trap. They said they're going to ambush you there," I warned him, hitting his shoulders.

**30**

He groaned but finally stepped away from me, folding his arms. "I know. The whole thing has been a trap because they have something I want."

"The USB?"

"You know an awful lot, angel."

"I heard it from your friends yesterday."

"Naughty girl," he said smirking making me roll my eyes in response.

**52**

"I know you want to but don't kill them. I could take them in and-"

**2**

"Question them? They're not going to speak nor do they know enough to give you information."

"So why kill them?" I huffed.

"It sends a clear message and gives me time to get to the warehouse."

I grabbed his arm. "You can't go there alone. You shouldn't go there at all. Do you even know how many people are there waiting for you?"

"I appreciate the worry, angel but I am going and I'm going to be fine."

"No."

"No?"

"I'm coming too."

**1**

"You don't even know who Clayton is," Ghost argued.

"You're *not* coming."

**2**

"You could tell me who he is and I'm coming anyway."

**4**

"I'm not taking you."

"I can walk."

"It's far."

"That's fine."

**1**

Gold eyes stared at me, frowning. "You're not scared? These guys will kill you on sight."

**1**

"I'm more scared of you," I replied honestly. Pressing myself against him, I tilted my head to meet his gaze. "Please let me come with you," I breathed, my hands moved from his chest to the back his neck.

**21**

He sighed and pulled me to him. "Teasing me is only going to make me f\*ck you and I doubt you'll refuse, angel. Your boyfriend wouldn't know either, would he? You wouldn't tell him," Ghost whispered into my ear.

**86**

"I'm not sleeping with you," I muttered as his hands slid under my top, warmth heating up my skin.

**17**



"Not now but you will," he promised. "I have people to kill and I'm leaving in twenty."

"Don't kill them."

"Don't stop me, angel or I'll kill you too."

## **210**

He opened the door and walked away, leaving me deciding what to do. I had to find out what was on that USB and by staying in the hotel wouldn't give me any clues. Hurrying to my locker, I changed into my dark jeans, a long sleeve shirt and covered my head with the black baseball cap. As I put on my sneakers, I thought about stopping Ghost.

## **15**

I couldn't let those people die no matter how creepy and strange they were. Slipping through the crowd of dancing people, I made my way to the private section of the club and quietly climbed the glass staircase. Five gun shots pierced through the air, froze me in place for a split second before I started running. I pushed open the door to one of the rooms and found Ghost surrounded by bodies covered in blood.

## **16**

His gaze met mine and he raised an eyebrow at me. "Do you have selective hearing?"

**25**

Ignoring him, I knelt beside the closest body and tried to find a pulse without touching the blood splattered around him. There was nothing. "I told you not to f\*cking kill them," I growled at Ghost, getting up to push him but he grabbed my chin roughly before I could touch him.

**17**

"And I remember telling you not to stop me," he said then held onto my arm. "We need to leave. They're going to move Clayton from the warehouse tonight."

**2**

"You're not going to clean up the bodies?" I asked as he dragged me out of the club.

"No, Alonzo can deal with it. He's on my bad side at the moment."

**2**

Ghost let go of me and went to a glossy black motorcycle, looking like model as he started the engine. He slid on some leather gloves then glanced at me. "If you want to stay here, that's fine by me."

**1**

I straddled the seat of the motorcycle and adjusted the straps of my backpack as I put my cap away. "Do you have a helmet?"

"Of course not."

**7**

Was I surprised? Not at all. I wrapped my arms around his torso and gripped onto his shirt, praying that I would live. Closing my eyes, I could only feel the rush of the wind as he swerved in and out of cars. The noise of Vegas slowly disappeared until it turned to silence. I finally looked at our surroundings. It was dark with a few streetlights illuminating the area. Huge warehouses for different companies were everywhere, divided by tall metal fences.

Ghost stopped the motorcycle behind one of the furthest buildings and pointed at the warehouse. "I'm going there. If anyone comes this way, you either shoot them or knock them out."

**3**

I got off the back and stood in front of him. "I'm not staying here by myself."

"You don't need to fight me for every f\*cking thing."

"You're not the boss of me," I reminded him. "I can do whatever I want."

**13**

We were now eye level to each other as he remained sitting on his bike. "If I say leave, no arguing."

"I'll think about it."

"No thinking, angel. I'll drag you out myself if I need to," he warned. Revealing his tattoos, he rolled up his sleeves and pulled out a knife from under his shirt. Across his chest was a strap which also held a gun in one of its pockets. "Don't shoot anyone. Just stay behind me."

"I can fight. I'm not some delicate princess." I tucked my own weapon into my pocket. Ghost reached into my bag, taking the cap and placing it on my head.

**9**

"You don't need to fight," he said as he brushed my hair back.

"You need to f\*cking listen to me."

**33**

"In your dreams."

12

IT WAS HAUNTINGLY QUIET as we walked on the gravel to the building that loomed ahead of us. Ghost forced the rusty door open and we were greeted to silence. He stepped inside first, looking around. "They're hiding," he said, as we passed stacks of crates. Using my torch, I pointed it downwards, noticing the fresh sets of footsteps in the dust on the ground.

14

"They were here recently," I muttered. The air was bitingly cold making me shiver slightly. Ghost peered between each row of metal racks that went up to the ceiling.

"Clayton doesn't have the USB?" A voice asked. I turned off my torch and Ghost pulled me between two racks, covering my body with his muscular one. I was highly aware of the lack of distance from him but it wasn't the right time to think about him.

"The boss wanted us to bring Ghost to kill him," another person replied closer to where we were hiding.

3

"Apparently, he's here already."

1

The footsteps were too close. Ghost motioned that I should go down the aisle but I shook my head. He glared in response and grabbed my jaw before kissing me hard. At first, I tried pushing him but slowly melted into the kiss as he slid a hand over my ass, pulling me towards him. I moaned, revealing our hiding spot.

**228**

"What's going on-"

Ghost pointed his gun at them and fired without breaking the kiss. Suddenly, alarms started ringing and I took the moment to push him away.

**140**

"You said no guns," I panted.

"Then you shouldn't have moaned, angel."

**47**

Flushing red, I punched his chest annoyed. "I didn't."

**23**

"Liar. They already know I'm here so let's speed things up."

**1**

The sound of shouting grew louder and I glanced at the dead bodies on the floor. Ghost didn't even look at them as he

slipped his hand into mine, leading me to the staircase. We ran up the stairs until we reached the top floor.

**2**

"Remember what I said," he said, trying to unlock the door.

**1**

"To do as you say?"

He patted my head, patronizingly. "If you don't, I will seriously drag you out. I don't care if bullets are flying around."

**3**

"Nice to know you care."

Laughing, he kicked the door open. "I don't."

**145**

I pulled out my gun and followed Ghost down the dark hallway. He cautiously began opening the doors, each one revealing to be empty until one opened and in the middle, tied to a chair, was a man. He started yelling despite his mouth being covered with tape, his eyes wide in panic. Ghost narrowed his eyes, looking around the huge room.

**1**

"This is awfully suspicious," he noted. "They left Clayton all alone, tied up with a bow waiting for me."

"Are you going to take him with us?" I asked, tense.

"Nope. He's seen you so I can't leave him alive either," Ghost answered and went up to the man, ripping off the tape. "You have thirty seconds. Where is the information?"

The guy giggled hysterically. "I'm not telling you. I'm going to die anyway."

Ghost nodded. "You're right but I wanted you to have some final words at least."

"Well, f\*ck you and your b\*tch," he spat angrily.

**41**

"Manners, Clayton. I can't force you to tell me but you're making my life harder and I don't appreciate it. Let's do an exchange. I'll tell you what I know and you'll do the same."

"You don't know anything," Clayton said. I could see the uncertainty in his face.

"That's where you're wrong. Your friend, Kroft, didn't mind telling me where your computer is and the password. I don't think it's in your best interest to let me go and check what's on it even after you die. So would you like to tell me what I want know or check myself?"

**1**



Tears welled up in Clayton's eyes. "There's no way you could know. Kroft promised-"

**7**

"Thirty seconds is up."

**1**

I screamed as Ghost shot him in the chest and shut my eyes. I had seen my fair share of people dying but not up close. Warm arms wrapped around me and I hid my face with my hands, refusing to look at the dead body that was alive seconds ago.

**14**

"You're such a baby," Ghost chuckled. "How did they let you become an agent?"

**121**

"So far you've killed eight people," I mumbled, ignoring his question. "All for a USB stick."

"I've already got it."

"So why are we here?"

"Because Clayton gave a fake which is why everyone was after him to find out where the real thing is."

**3**

"Do you think the other guys know where the information is?"

"They don't. Clayton's mad but also a genius so he's not joking when he says he's not going to speak."

"What do we do then?"

Ghost stepped away from me and pointed to the window.

"*You're* going to leave."

**12**

I folded my arms. "You're being ridiculous. I'm not jumping out from here."

"You're not going to fight the guys who are coming with weapons."

"Yes, I am."

**20**

He growled, grabbing me by my arms and carried me over to the window. I punched his back repeatedly but he didn't budge.

"Malia, you're not going to die."

Glancing down, I saw the piles of wooden boxes. "You can't be serious. Do you know how far down that is?"

**1**

"It's safe enough."

Gun shots started firing at the door causing us to both turn.  
"Ghost, don't do this to me," I pleaded.

**3**

"I'll see you at the gate."

He dropped me. It felt as if I was falling for a long time until my body came crashing into the crates. Because they were old, some broke easily from the impact leaving me bruised and out of breath. Groaning, I rolled over and pushed myself up, gingerly rubbing my arms.

**49**

"F\*ck him. F\*ck him," I chanted as I jogged towards the back entrance without being seen. Quietly moving the gate, I went over to Ghost's motorcycle and picked up my backpack that was hidden amongst the overgrown grass.

**15**

Leaning against the metal fence, I stared at the sky feeling exhausted. I had nowhere to stay, no transport and currently dependent on Ghost which wasn't a good thing. The creaking of the fence warned me that someone was coming. Gold eyes smiled down at me.

"You survived."

**5**

"Barely," I added. Ghost's hands were stained with blood but I couldn't tell if it was his because of the black top he wore. Getting on his bike, he glanced at his watch.

"This building is going up in flames in a few minutes," he said. "We are going to Paradise."

### **13**

I sat behind him, still feeling sore. "What's Paradise and why are we going?"

"It's a town which has Clayton's laptop that we need to collect."

"I want to sleep first," I complained. "And a shower."

### **15**

Ghost glanced back at me, probably noticing the bags under my eyes. "This is why I do things alone," he muttered under his breath. "Fine. I'll take you to a hotel."

"You're not staying with me?"

### **2**

He rolled his eyes at the hopefulness in my voice. "Until further notice, you're sticking with me. I don't trust you on your own."

### **1**

"I'm too tired to do anything," I told him honestly. "As long as the room is paid for, I won't go anywhere."

"As much as I want to believe you, we still have trust issues in our relationship."

**50**

"What relationship?"

**2**

"The one where you moaned when I kissed you."

**154**

My cheeks turned hot. "We are not discussing this again."

**1**

"We will, angel."

13

GHOST AND I went to the hotel receptionist to check in. The woman stared at us, trying to figure out why we were together. Like every female that went past, she was captivated by Ghost, giving him a perfect smile.

7

"How can I help you?" The question was mainly directed to the assassin who was smirking back.

"We need a room for tonight," he answered making the girl's eyes flicker to mine.

"How many beds?"

"Two."

"One."

1

I glared at Ghost. "I'm not sleeping in the same bed as you," I hissed.

1

"Are you scared you'll moan again?" He teased, pulling me towards him. I flushed red, knowing the receptionist could hear and tried to move his hand from my hip.

43

"Stop it." I turned to the girl who looked uncomfortable. "We want two beds, please."

"Who's paying for that room, angel? I know you don't have enough money." F\*ck. He saw my fight fade away and grinned. "One bed for us."

**50**

"Here is your key card. Call us if you need anything. Enjoy your time here," the receptionist said with hints of envy in her voice.

**3**

"Thanks," Ghost said back to her as we left. The hotel room was large with a king sized bed in the centre which was my main priority. I kicked off my shoes and dived into the bed, sighing with relief.

**6**

"Finally," I whispered happily.

"I'm going out quickly," Ghost called out to me. "Don't leave."

I hummed in response, too comfortable to speak. Without getting up, I wriggled out of my jeans and kicked them onto the floor. My shirt followed, landing on the heap. Satisfied, I fell asleep immediately for the first time in days.

**35**

The next time I opened my eyes, sunlight streamed through the curtains making me squint. I patted blindly for my phone and saw that it was almost midday. I tried to get up but my body ached and I winced from the pain.

"You okay?" Ghost asked. I turned my head to look at him. He sat on the bed, topless, applying a cream to the fresh wounds on his chest with bandages wrapped around his right arm and shoulder.

**4**

"I think I'm dying," I replied groggily then rolled onto my side to relieve the pain from my back. "Never throw me out a window ever again."

**7**

"I'll avoid it if I can," he promised and dropped his gun on the covers. "We need to get Clayton's laptop today."

"Can't we wait till it's dark?"

"The safest time is when the sun is out, angel. The chances of being shot in broad daylight is lower."

"Shot?"

"I'm not liked much in this area so quite a few people want me dead."



"I wonder why," I muttered sarcastically. Somehow he heard and narrowed his eyes at me.

"If someone shoots at me, I'm using your body as a human shield."

**89**

I flipped my finger at him. "F\*ck you.

**2**

"You're such a lady." Ghost got up, revealing his impressive muscles and threw a bag at me. "Those are clothes for you to change into. It's going to be hot later."

**5**

Looking in the bag, I noticed the price on the tags. "Five hundred dollars?" I exclaimed in shock, pulling out the thin white material of what seemed like a dress.

**6**

"Yes? Is there something wrong?"

"It's expensive," I told him but he laughed.

"Money isn't the most important thing to me especially as by the end of today, I will have even more."

**18**

"You're planning to rob a bank?"

"Next week," he joked, winking at me. I stood up and remembered I was only wearing my underwear. Ghost stared, heat in his eyes as they raked slowly over my body. "Damn, angel."

**59**

"Can you stop?" I grabbed the bag and stomped past him to the bathroom but he grabbed me, lifting me off the floor. I placed my hand on his shoulders to stop myself from falling.

"You're the one who keeps looking at me."

"I do not," I argued. "Put me down."

**5**

The sound of someone knocking abruptly ended our conversation. Ghost put me back on my feet. "Who is it?" He yelled.

**1**

"Room service," a muffled voice called.

"Hide the gun," Ghost whispered, motioning to the bed. Hurrying, I picked it up and hid it in my backpack just as the door opened. A young man entered, holding pillows and towels with a woman, the same age, following behind.

**2**

"We're here to clean the b-bed...room," the man stuttered as he looked at me. Ghost stepped in front of him, obstructing his view.

**1**

"Don't f\*cking look at her. Look at me."

**186**

He flushed red. "Yes, sir."

**1**

The woman, on the other hand, had her sights on Ghost glancing at the injuries on his torso and the light bruises on my hips. Understanding flashed on her face but I didn't know what conclusion she had come up with. Most likely the wrong one. Ghost handed the bag of clothes to me. "Go to the bathroom," he ordered. I did as he said and locked the door.

**15**

After I cleaned up, I held up the sleeveless dress that I found out had no back when I put it on. Surprisingly, it fit and I brushed my blue hair, leaving it in its waves. I went back into the bedroom and found Ghost typing on his phone. He was wearing a matching white shirt that still revealed the tattoos on

his arms and black jeans. Sunglasses sat on the top of his head and another pair was on the bedside table.

**30**

Beside an unopened box of condoms.

**59**

"What is that doing here?" I said pointing towards the box. "Did you buy them?"

Ghost shrugged without diverting his attention from his phone. "No, the woman gave it to us. She thinks we're together."

**65**

"Was it the bed?"

"I think it was the cuts and bruises. Probably thought we were having rough sex," he guessed amused.

**49**

"And you didn't bother correcting her?"

"Two people. One bed. We were both almost naked and your clothes were on the floor. Would she believe me?"

**22**

He was right but I didn't care. "You could have tried."

"Stop looking for a fight, angel, before I handcuff you to this bed and leave you here."

**161**

"I'd scream," I warned him.

**1**

"That would add the story of us f\*cking."

**28**

I held myself back from taking his gun and shooting him and gave him a fake smile. "I really dislike you."

**2**

"It didn't stop you from moaning."

**62**

I had enough. Grabbing one of the pillows, I began hitting him angrily. "You're such a f\*cking d\*ck," I yelled while he tried to snatch the creative weapon from my hands.

**3**

"Stop," he said, laughing at me. "Why are you so violent?"

**48**

"Because someone keeps testing my patience."

Throwing the pillow across the room, Ghost grabbed my wrists.  
"If I buy you breakfast, will you calm down?"

"You have to anyway," I huffed, trying not to get distracted by his handsome face. "You've practically kidnapped me."

"Who would ever kidnap you? After a day, they'd send you back."

"*This* is why I don't like you."

"I don't like you either, angel."

"Asshole."

"B\*tch."

14

I WAS P\*SSED. Ghost ignored my glare as we walked to the diner that supposedly was good, leaving me annoyed and alone. For a criminal, he stood out, people glancing at him then their gaze flickering to where our hands were joined as he dragged me. I had already given up trying to make him let go which he also ignored. We finally entered a diner and Ghost pointed at a booth at the back.

15

"Sit," he ordered.

43

I fought my desire to argue that I wasn't an animal that he could tell what to do but his facial expression told me he wasn't in the mood. So I sat down, watching as he spoke to the waiter then handed him a stack of cash and pointed at me. I raised an eyebrow at Ghost as he sat beside me.

3

"Would you like to tell me what's going on?" I asked, curious.

"No."

"You pointed at me."

"Congratulations for spotting that. What do you want to eat?"

**15**

He ordered for me but he didn't speak even when my food arrived. His phone vibrated and he picked it up. "Hello... No, I'm not... I don't f\*cking care what he thinks... He can try... This was your idea. I'm just following orders... Fine. Bye."

Ghost folded his arms, his face expressionless. I sipped my coffee before speaking. "Who was that? Was it your boss?"

"I don't have a boss, angel."

"Then who was it?"

"Someone you don't want to know."

"Is he more dangerous than you?"

He scoffed. "If he was, I would be at home instead of running around Nevada."

**13**

"Do you not want to do your job?"

"Why all the questions? Weren't you mad at me not long ago?"

"I've eaten so I've calmed down."

**49**

"Good. Which hand do you write with?"

**3**



Hesitantly, I answered and raised my left hand. "Left."

**132**

Grabbing my right hand, he brought out handcuffs from his pocket and put them on my wrist, connecting them to the leg of the table. Eyes wide, I tried to jiggle my hand free but it was no use. He f\*cking handcuffed me. I punched him in the chest with my free hand, furious.

**36**

"What the actual hell?"

"I have placed to be and I need you to stay here."

**1**

"Could you not leave me in the hotel?"

"That hotel isn't safe, angel. There's people watching and I can't deal with them as well as you at the same time."

I stared at Ghost. "I don't need a babysitter. I can go wherever I want."

"The thing is, *Malia*, as much as I want to believe you're in Vegas to find De Vil, I know that's not true. You need me and I need you so stop with the games."

**18**

"I need you to remove this," I told him, shaking the handcuffs.

**5**

"I will when I come back."

I hated him. He brought out the worst in me, making me forget all the training I had to become an agent. "F\*ck you."

**5**

"The waiter will bring you whatever you need. Just call him over," Ghost told me and got up.

"What if I need the restroom?"

He shrugged. "Not my problem. Be a good girl and stay here."

**44**

I swore under my breath as he walked away. Hours passed and the sky darkened from outside the window as I waited. The waiter had gone home after I insisted multiple times and there were only a handful of people in the diner.

I glanced up when a group of drunk men stumbled in, creating noise. Unfortunately for me, I made eye contact with the leader who gave me a hungry grin. As they approached the stench of alcohol filled the air, becoming stronger as they stood in front of me.

"Hello, hot stuff," the leader drawled while his disciples sniggered behind him.

"Can you leave?" I had not intention of entertaining them.

"You alone?" He continued.

"I have a friend coming."

The leader hummed in disbelief. "I don't see anyone. My friends and I will be happy to join you."

**15**

They slid into the booth on either side, caging me. Repulsion ran through my body as I flinched when the leader placed his hands on my knee. I smacked it off, glaring. "Don't touch me."

**6**

"You have a boyfriend, sweetness?" His friend with dark red hair asked, touching my face.

**4**

I moved out of his reach. "Yes, I do." Subtly, I reached for the hair pin in my hair and began trying to unlock the handcuffs.

**78**

The leader placed an arm around my shoulder. "We can treat you better than him," he whispered, his breath was disgusting and I was getting annoyed.

**29**

"You can leave me alone," I suggested and removed his arm. I tried again with the lock and this time it clicked open. Internally, I sighed with relief.

**23**

"We have a hotel room not far from here if you wanna party with us," he said. He grabbed my arm and leaned into me. "Don't be a frigid b\*tch. Come with us."

**20**

Brushing him off, I got up and stepped out of the booth. I froze as I felt someone slap my ass. Whirling around, I punched the man responsible in his jaw without pausing. "You sick motherf\*cker," I hissed. He groaned in pain but fury fills his eyes.

**17**

"You slut," he spat back. "Don't act like you don't want it."

**42**

"I don't remember giving you that impression."

**1**

Before he could reply, I left the diner and stepped into the night. People were everywhere and the neon lights lit up the

darkness. I crossed my arms as I stood on the sidewalk, unsure where to go.

**15**

The door of the diner opened and the men came out, leering at me. The leader stepped towards me and grabbed my shoulders. He attempted to plant a kiss on my lips but I kneed him in the groin, making him fall to the ground. A few glances came our way but no one offered to help.

**19**

"Leave me alone," I repeated but the group ignored it as the man with the red hair pulled me to him, trying to kiss me. I smacked him which forced him to release his hold on me but only for a second as he held my arms down.

"Give me a kiss, slut," he slurred.

**20**

"Unless you want me to shoot you in the head, I recommend you let go of her," Ghost growled. Anger rolled off him in waves but the man seemed to not notice.

**66**

"Get your own. She's mine," the guy replied, waving him away.

**36**

Ghost narrowed his eyes and removed me from the man's hold then punched him. He fell onto the concrete from the impact. Ghost grabbed onto his hair, forcing him to face him.

"I don't care if you're drunk but you don't touch a woman like that. Or anyone for that matter," Ghost said in a chillingly calm voice. "Take your friends and go home. If I catch you again, I'll make sure no one finds your dead bodies."

**28**

He turned to me and his gold eyes met mine. I hit his arm, glaring at him. "You're late."

Despite my annoyance, seeing him made me feel better, safer. He smirked and pointed at the new black sports car that was drawing in admirers. "I went to get that."

**17**

"Didn't you have a silver one? And what about your motorcycle?"

"I got bored of them. I've sold them already so I bought a new one."

**18**

"*That's* why you chained me to a table?"

**4**

Ghost rolled his eyes and ushered me to the car, opening the door for me. "Get in and I'll tell you."

Once we were both in, he started the car and I spotted the small suitcase at the back with a laptop on top. "Are you going on holiday?" I questioned gesturing to them.

**4**

"It's yours," he answered. "You can't be seen with me for a bit but I'll come back for you."

**3**

"What's going on? Are you in trouble?"

"There are a few powerful men who are going to have a lighter bank account and they're going to blame me. I've got you a hotel room and you're working in this casino." He handed me a small card with the address. "Stay undercover and don't mention my name."

**5**

"Why this casino?" I asked.

"I own it. The people who go there have questionable morals but they're rich and have a lot of cash for me to take."

**1**

"You're acting very suspicious. You want me to work there and find information for you? Like a spy?"

**8**

"Yes. Most people don't know I own the casino, angel, so they meet up and chat sh\*t. Sh\*t that I want you to find out."

I sighed and looked at the card. "The Joker and Kings? That's what you named your casino?"

"Vegas is full of people who think they're the king, controlling the game when really there's someone pulling the strings."

**5**

"The Joker? Is that you?"

"Nope. I'm neither," he answered grinning. "I ruin the game."



15

THE CAR STOPPED in a parking lot. Ghost reached behind and grabbed the laptop. He opened it, turning it on and the screen lit up. He placed a USB in it and logged in.

**2**

"Is that Clayton's?"

Nodding, he connected his phone to the laptop with a wire and began typing. Various windows began popping up and he went through them, hacking into the system. I watched in awe as the screen went black then revealed various tabs showing bank details. The devilish smile on Ghost's face told me that what he was doing was most likely illegal.

**14**

He clicked the first person's account. A millionaire with more digits than I would ever see and with a few buttons, his value was significantly lower. A pop up appeared on the screen.

HAROLD MASHAL: \$187,980,900 to \$101,709,000

**47**

"He's going to be mad," Ghost laughed. His phone pinged with a text.

**1**

GHOST A: \$754,780,000 to \$841,051,900

**61**

"You're stealing money," I realized. "How?"

He moved onto the next account doing the same thing.

"Clayton was in charge of bank accounts and Kroft was his partner which was stupid idea in my opinion. Their clients were influential people and De Vil is one of them. Every single person's information is on this computer and I needed the USB stick to access it. All I'm looking for is a transfer between De Vil and a certain man."

**1**

Ghost's phone pinged again and I glanced at it.

SUCCESSFUL TRANSFER FROM DE VIL TO SANTAN A

**1**

"Santan?"

**68**

He turned his phone over so I couldn't see the screen. "Stop looking, angel."

**6**

"Is your real name Santan?" I pressed. It didn't suit him at all.

**18**

"No. He's the person I spoke to earlier."

**2**

"Your boss."

**1**

"Not my boss," he corrected.

**1**

"I disagree. You've taken their money, so what next?"

**1**

He shut the computer. "We wait. Those people are going to get worried and then sloppy. I'm waiting for them to make a mistake."

"You're not going to tell me everything," I stated.

"Would you like to tell me what exactly your mission is?"

**1**

"I'd rather not."

**8**

"Same goes for me."

He opened the door of the car and went to the trunk. I followed, watching as he brought out a sledgehammer and began smashing the laptop into pieces. I looked around and saw that we were alone. Ghost poured gasoline on the remains.

"You better not burn that here. The cops will come," I warned.

"I wasn't planning to but if anyone finds it, they can't fix it otherwise it'll set alight."

**7**

He was smart. "Take me to my hotel," I said, leaning against the car. "I have work tomorrow and my boss is horrible."

**2**

Ghost nodded. "You're right," he replied, amused. "He's dreadful."

**5**

\*\*\*\*\*

The hotel was grand which was expected since Ghost owned it and I knew I could never afford to stay here. Ghost decided to take me to my hotel room after putting on a beanie and glasses. I tried to tell him the combination made no sense but he argued back.

"Don't tell me how to dress, angel. You being with your boyfriend makes no sense but I left it alone."

**70**

"No, you f\*cking didn't," I shot back as we entered the elevator. "You've told me many times and you still kissed me."

"And you still kissed me back."

**40**

We stopped on the first floor and people got on, briefly glancing at my blue hair. Ghost moved to make more room as it became crowded and ended up behind me. He placed a hand on my waist and gently pulled me into him, making me feel the material of his jeans through the light fabric of my dress. His hand slipped down to my thigh then moved up, creeping towards lace of my underwear. I gasped and held onto his arm, not sure if I was encouraging him or trying to stop him.

**33**

My breathing quickened and I felt my cheeks go warm. "What are you doing?" I whispered.

**1**

Rubbing me slowly over my underwear, he lowered his head to my ear. "You can pretend that nothing happened a year ago but your body remembers, angel," he murmured.

**64**

"Stop," I moaned as he applied more pressure.

**1**

"Are you sure?"

"No," I breathed. He chuckled but his hand disappeared, going back to my waist.

"Not here. I don't think the people around us would appreciate it."

F\*ck the people. I fanned my cheeks and fixed my dress. "Don't start things that you won't finish," I said as I turned to face him.

**49**

Desire shone through his amber eyes as he looked down at me, a lazy smile on his handsome face. "I'm not going to f\*ck you until you ask me, angel. I already know you want me."

**12**

"I won't bec-"

**5**

"Don't use the boyfriend excuse. We both know that means nothing."

**57**

The elevator opened on our floor and we got out. I swiped my keycard and walked in. "Is this a hotel or an apartment?"

There was a living room with a door to the bedroom and a small kitchen area. Marble and glass made up most of the room with a chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Ghost pushed open the curtains, revealing the glass wall that overlooked Vegas. I stared at the view and pressed a hand to the glass.

**4**

"It's amazing."

"It gets boring," Ghost said while he placed my suitcase beside the couch. "If you need anything, use the room service. It's attached to my card. There's hair dye in your bag. The blue stands out too much. Also, if you see me, act like you don't know who I am."

**2**

"I was planning on ignoring you anyway."

**2**

"We'll see how long that's going to last. Moments ago, you were ready to have sex in an elevator."

**28**

"Let's be straight here." I pointed between us. "There is nothing but sexual attraction here. We both feel it."

**7**

"Feel it is the understatement of the century." His words come out without a trace of teasing.

**1**

"It doesn't mean anything. I don't like you."

**18**

"I doubt that."

Fed up of the conversation, I changed the topic. "What do I need to know about working in the casino?"

"They'll bring you an outfit later. You start at eight in the evening."

"You're not going to drag me away from this job, right?"

"It depends," he replied. "I'll think about it."

"No. Don't. I need a stable work place. Do you know how suspicious it is that I keep moving? I haven't even been paid."

Ghost pointed to the window behind me. "People don't settle in Vegas forever, angel. Everyone's drawn here but they leave eventually so you hopping from job to job means nothing. You're just another person drawn in for a while."



**2**

"Are you planning to leave? Isn't it your home?"

"Vegas is my playground," he grinned. "I couldn't leave completely."

"Alonzo called you the Prince of Vegas."

For second, anger flickered in Ghost's eyes before disappearing.

"That title isn't mine, angel. It doesn't belong to me."

**4**

"Why not?"

"You can't have a ghost as a prince," he said vaguely. His face was unreadable and I felt that whatever was going on was larger than what I thought. But what I wanted to know was his role in it and he wouldn't tell me.

**22**

"I'm going to bed."

Ghost nodded and turned to the door but I grabbed his arm, stopping him.

"You're leaving?"

"I need to. While I would love to stay in your bed, I have some bad men to meet."

"Don't die," I told him, serious.

**4**

"I won't. I have too much to live for like f\*cking you."

**109**

I punched his arm. "Stop it."

**1**

"Stop making me hard then."

**94**

"I'm not doing it intentionally."

"I know," he murmured then left.

16

I LOOKED at my reflection in horror. My wavy hair was a honey brown color and I pulled at the gold tassel dress that barely reached mid-thigh. I felt exposed and knew this would draw unwanted attention to myself.

19

"They can't be serious," I complained as I finished putting on the strap on my heels that Ghost had sent to my room. "Eight hours of holding drinks for old men."

3

I had texted Harry my new location and informed him what I found out which to be honest, wasn't a lot. I stared at my reflection one more time and left, placing my keycard in the hidden pocket in my dress. I went to the back and met the manager who was a woman that looked impeccable.

7

She explained my job, that I shouldn't agree to any activities offered the people in the casino as 'this isn't a strip club'. Then a tray was placed in my hands and I was thrown into the role. I placed a fake smile on my face and walked around. I didn't have to say anything as you could barely hear voices above the music and people grabbed the drinks.

By midnight, I was exhausted and went to the staff room at the back. A pretty girl around the same age as me was there, sipping on water.

"Hey," I said, sitting down finally.

"Hello. Are you the new girl?"

"Yeah. I started today. I'm Milan."

"I'm Lucy."

"How long have you been here?"

She thought about it for a second. "Like two weeks. The pay is good so I might stay for a while. Why are you working here?"

"I'm just passing through," I lied.

"Do you travel a lot then?"

**2**

"Yeah." She could create her own story in her head and I wasn't going to correct her. I grabbed a bottle of water on the table.

"Is it normally this busy?"

She paused in thought before replying. "Yeah. It gets worse from now. All the businessmen arrive to blow off steam."

"Really?"

This was the best time for me to find out information on Sinners. Harry wasn't able to find anything about Clayton or the men Ghost killed which meant I had to do it myself. Stretching, I prepared to go back to working and picked up my tray.

**5**

"The men are very flirty," Lucy warned. "Apparently, they pay you for sex."

**2**

"I don't plan on accepting."

"But it can be up to a thousand dollars," she emphasized, eyes wide. "The guys here are loaded."

**18**

"I'd rather just work for money."

**2**

"Well, if you see anyone send them my way. I'll happily get a thousand dollars."

**99**

"I'll see what I can do," I lied and entered the casino. I walked around with drinks in one hand, listening to conversations until one piped my interest.

"Fifty bucks? That's ridiculous..."

"...And that's when I fired her..."

"Money was taken from me and I bet it had something to do with Clayton."

I stopped and looked around, trying to find the owner of the voice. It was a handsome man in his forties sat at one of the tables surrounded by women and men, playing with a red poker chip from the large pile in front of him.

**5**

"I heard Marshel and a few others experienced the same thing," another man answered with a Southern drawl.

"Clayton hasn't been responding, that b\*stard. He's run off with my money."

**5**

"Maybe he's hiding. Didn't you hear what happened to Kroft? Bullets in the f\*cking head."

"Who do you think did it?"

"Ghost, no doubt. Isiah's little group have been p\*ssing off Sinners. Santan's not happy."

**26**

"He's never happy."

"That's true." The men laughed. "Especially since De Vil is active again."

**3**

"The man is mad. He needs to give up his company and focus on paying back Sinners."

"They're allies. Why would they make him pay?"

**3**

I frowned, hovering around the table. Sinners and De Vil were allies? I needed more but a man bumped into me as he passed by, spilling alcohol on my dress. The tray fell to the floor and I looked down, irritated. The man raised his hands apologetically but walked away without bothering to help. I picked up the glasses, swearing under my breath.

"Do you need a hand?"

I glanced up to see a gorgeous man looking down at me with icy blue eyes with hair that was almost white. Graciously, I took his hand and stood up.

**55**

"Thank you," I said.

"Be careful, next time," he answered before going to the table with the men who were gossiping earlier.

"Santan!" They greeted, patting him on the back and pulling out a chair.

### **133**

Santan? Slowly, I started putting things together but not getting an answer. Ghost worked for Santan and is part of Sinners. Isiah, Kroft and Clayton were in a smaller group and Santan isn't happy with them or De Vil who is an ally for Sinners. In conclusion, I was confused. I sighed and went in the direction of the restroom after leaving the glasses at the bar.

### **6**

Once I had finished attempting to wipe off the alcohol, I stepped into the hallway to see Santan leaning against the wall. He glanced up at me, a smirk on his face.

### **43**

"Hello, lovely."

Despite his looks, there was something cold about him. "Hey."

### **3**

"You're new here?"

"Yeah," I told him, watching him closely.



He stepped up to me and brushed a hand across my cheek.  
"You want to make some quick cash?" He asked then leaned to my ear and whispered, "Just a few hours of your time upstairs."

**60**

"No, thanks. I'm not supposed to."

Santan stepped back and shrugged. "Your loss."

**1**

I caught Lucy walking towards us, smiling tightly. "Hey, Milan. What are you doing?" Jealousy leaked into her voice as she eyed Santan.

**37**

"She was going to introduce me to you, gorgeous," he said to her, flirting immediately.

**1**

"I'm Lucy."

"Are you busy, Lucy?"

She battered her eyelashes. "I'm done for tonight."

**22**

He slid an arm around her waist. "Spare a few hours for me then."

### 3

I was invisible at this stage and I wanted to leave. They didn't notice as I went back to the casino. "F\*ck," I cursed. Drawing attention to myself was never good especially since I had no clue who Santan was but luckily for me, Lucy came, diverting it off me.

I continued working until the early hours of the morning without hearing anything worth investigating. By the time I got to my room, I was ready to sleep and somehow found my way to my bed. Clumsily, I removed my shoes and dress, feeling the stick material. I groaned, deciding to have a shower and like a zombie entered the bathroom.

An hour later, I was in my bed exhausted then I felt my phone vibrate. I squinted at the screen.

UNKNOWN: I'll see you tomorrow x G

### 61

"Why?" I groaned before rolling over and drifting asleep without replying.

17

TRUE TO HIS WORD, Ghost turned up to the casino in his usual black attire and light brown trench coat. I was handing a group of girls their drinks when he entered and they all began squealing as soon as they noticed him. His gold eyes met mine and he winked before walking over to a table and sitting down. Everyone was aware of his presence and the bodyguards around him disguised the fact that he was the most dangerous person in the room.

**8**

I moved to a different group of people, feeling Ghost's gaze on me despite not being able to see him and tried to ignore it. Lucy skipped over to me and grabbed my arm.

"Did you see that man?" She whispered. I knew who she was talking about and nodded.

"Yeah."

"He's f\*cking hot. I would sleep with him for free," she hissed excited.

**77**

I removed her hand from my arm. "Good for you. Didn't you have sex with that guy from yesterday?"

Lucy grinned. "Lighten up, Milan. It was a bit of fun that I got paid for. A win-win situation."

**28**

"Sure." I pointed to the table we were standing at. "Deal with these people. I need to go somewhere."

"Where?"

**9**

"Somewhere," I repeated. Glancing at Ghost, I saw that his focus was still on me and he gestured that I should come over. I shook my head in response, earning a glare from him. He can sulk all he wants. I turned my back on him and continued my journey around the casino, pretending he didn't exist.

**6**

As I stood at the bar to get a drink, I felt a warm hand land on my hip. I turned, facing Ghost who gestured to the bartender before making eye contact with me.

"You don't listen well, angel," he said, taking a sip of the amber liquid in his glass.

"You told me to act like I don't know you," I shot back. He somehow looked better up close, his full lips curved into a smirk as he raised an eyebrow.

"I did but if I tell you to come, that's what you'll do."

**115**

I flushed, catching the message behind his words. "Why are you here?"

**2**

Ghost's grip on my hip tightened slightly and he pulled me against him. "I saw Santan on you, angel. I didn't like it at all," he whispered to me. "He's not allowed to touch you."

**61**

"How did you know?"

"It's my casino. I like to know what's going on."

I caught sight of the manager over his shoulder. "I'm not supposed to be talking to you. It's against-"

"The rules? I'm your boss so I'll tell you what to do."

**7**

"Never," I answered, defiantly. "I've already told you this. No one is the boss of-"

He slid his other hand slowly up my thigh, my back now against the bar and pressed his lips on mine. My own hands clutched the back of his shirt, pulling him closer as Ghost kissed me hard. His lips slanted against mine and his tongue ran along my

bottom lip, deepening the kiss. Desire covered any trace of my morals as he fisted my hair, removing the distance between us.

**67**

His chest rumbled in pleasure while the hand on my thigh skimmed under my dress, teasing the skin there. Ghost pulled away first as usual and I pouted, still clinging onto him.

"Stop playing with me," I murmured.

**53**

Tracing my spine with his hand, Ghost laughed, lust burning in his golden eyes. "Later, angel. I promise."

I glared. "I hate you."

"Do you usually kiss the people you hate?"

**10**

I ran my hand over the bulge in his jeans and his gaze darkened. "You keep p\*ssing me off, Ghost," I muttered to him. "You're not the only person with a d\*ck in this room."

**29**

"I don't mind shooting every male here but they make my income," he replied then paused before continuing. "Actually, I would still kill them."

**29**

Rolling my eyes, I slipped out of his grasp and walked away. He didn't approach me for the next few hours, instead Lucy returned.

"You b\*tch!" She exclaimed. "I saw you with Mr. Handsome at the bar."

**114**

Again, there was envy in her voice. "What do you mean?"

Punching me, Lucy giggled. "Don't pretend. He was all over you. You should have gone to his hotel room and make some money."

**2**

"Money?"

"He's rich obviously. Look at the gold rings and the coat. And the chain. He's my type - rich and sexy."

**30**

"Have him then." I ignored the flash of jealousy when I thought of her going to his room but dismissed it since he wasn't my boyfriend.

**26**

"If you insist," she gushed. "I'll even give you some of the cash."

**46**

"Thanks," I muttered as she slithered through the crowd of people to where Ghost was standing. From where I was, I couldn't hear what they were talking about but I saw the way Lucy touched his arm and ran her hands down his chest. Ghost looked over her head, met my gaze and scowled before placing a hand on Lucy's back, leading her hallway towards the private rooms in the casino.

**75**

"F\*cking d\*ck," I muttered. Lucy didn't come out for a while and I was holding myself back from going to the room they were in. Eventually, she walked out, adjusting her dress with a grin on her face and came over to me.

**16**

"He wants to see you."

**18**

"What did he make you do?"

Lucy ignored my question and nudged me towards the private rooms. "Go. The money is worth it."

**12**

"No amount of money is worth- stop pushing me!"

**1**



I glared at her as she finally let go when we were in the hallway.  
"Just go, Milan," she huffed. "You're making me look bad."

**24**

She didn't need my help to do that. Glancing at the door that had security outside it, I exhaled. Warily, I made my way over to him but the guards around him blocked my way.

**7**

"Let her come here," Ghost ordered from inside the room.  
"Leave us alone."

They moved and I entered, standing in front of the assassin with a fake smile on my face. "What would you like?"

"I want you," he said serious . "Not the blonde girl. You."

**21**

"You didn't send her away."

He stared at me. "Are you jealous, angel?"

"Why would I? I have a boyfriend."

**26**

"Who you've cheated on multiple times," Ghost added. "I've told you I want you. You're the only one who seems to be confused."

**39**

"I'm not confused," I replied, furiously. "I'm not throwing my relationship in the trash because of a f\*cking criminal."

**31**

"Criminal?" He growled.

"Yes. Criminal. You f\*cking kill people, Ghost. That's against the law making you a - wait for it - *criminal*."

**18**

"I could say the same about you, angel. So far you've assisted in money laundering, murder and breaking into buildings. I guess we're both criminals. Welcome to the club."

**36**

I hit his chest in anger. "I'm nothing like you."

"Are you sure, baby?" He murmured, grabbing my wrists.

"Because I pray you are. I need you to be better than me, than all of us here."

**31**

"Why? Why, Ghost?" I asked. "You're not telling me sh\*t. I have no clue what's going on."

"I don't know either. I only know pieces and that's it."

Looking into his eyes, I could see he wasn't lying or I hoped he wasn't. "If I need to shoot you, I will."

**3**

"Same goes for you, angel."

**2**

Distrust and lust sparked between us as he slowly released my wrists, placing his hand on the lower part of my back and the other on my jaw. I clutched his shirt, bringing him closer.

"You're a bad influence on me," I stated.

"Because you're cheating on your boyfriend?"

**14**

"No, because I want something I can't have."

**18**

Ghost's gaze remained on my lips as he leaned in. "Who told you that you can't?" He said before kissing me.

18

I WAS STUPID. I didn't push Ghost away as he kissed me hard, bringing me closer to him and I didn't complain when he sat down on the couch with me straddled on his lap. And I certainly didn't get upset when he ran his hands up the back on my thigh under the material of my dress, taking his sweet time.

46

My own hands tangled themselves in his silky black hair as I moaned shamelessly, grinding against him. Ghost's breathing deepened, his chest rising and falling as he swiped his tongue against mine. Snaking a muscular arm around my back, he held me in place as he reached my core, and his fingers moved softly over my bare skin. The material of my underwear was dragged as far down as it could go before his fingers pushed inside of me causing me to gasp.

24

I opened my eyes to meet Ghost's dark gaze as his hand moved faster then closed again. My lips parted and my grip on his hair tightened when he pressed hard kisses down my neck.

"You want me, don't you?" He murmured.

3

All logic had gone from my head. "Yes," I breathed, not wanting my pleasure to end.

**37**

I could feel his mouth curve into a smile against my jaw. "I'm all yours, angel."

**40**

His touch quickened and he placed his lips back on mine. I was going to hell. In that moment, my boyfriend didn't exist and Ghost being a criminal was a thought pushed to the back of my mind. Finally, his fingers rubbed my g-spot making me to press my face into his shoulder to muffle my scream.

**39**

Ghost held me closer as I rode out my climax, panting into his shirt. He withdrew his fingers slowly and slid up my underwear so it was back in place. "Are you okay?" He asked, his voice deep and husky.

**17**

I didn't move. "I don't know."

He laughed, his hand lazily roaming over my body. "You can stay here. I have to go, angel."

**87**

"What?" I frowned and leaned back to see his face. "But you didn't-"

Someone knocked on the door. "Santan has arrived," a voice announced, without entering.

Sighing, Ghost lifted me and moved me onto the couch then put on his coat. I watched as he tucked his gun into his pocket and turned to me, need in his eyes. He groaned and leaned over to press his lips to mine. My body reacted immediately, my arms circling his neck to draw him towards me but he quickly moved back.

"I'm coming back," Ghost promised either to me or himself.

"Wait for me."

"I'm not waiting," I answered, fanning my cheeks as I got up. "I have work."

An internal war painted itself on his face. "You can't go out like this," he gritted out. I rolled my eyes and walked past him to open the door but he slammed it shut.

**4**

"What *now*?"

"I don't want them looking at you, angel. Not with their greedy eyes. They can't have you because you're mine and only mine," Ghost muttered as he trailed his mouth down my jaw.

**70**

"Should I get 'property of Ghost' tattooed on my forehead?" I suggested sarcastically.

**5**

"I can have that arranged."

**39**

"Were you like this with Lucy?"

"The blonde?" I nodded in response. "No."

"What did you make her do?"

He paused and smirked. "It doesn't matter."

That only made me more curious. "Tell me."

"No."

**2**

"Fine. I'll find out myself." I pushed him away from me and left, annoyed. I went back to the casino, trying to find a glimpse of Lucy and caught sight of her talking to the bartender. Grabbing her elbow, I diverted her attention and she grinned knowingly.

"Did you have fun?" Lucy said.

"Yeah. So much fun," I replied vaguely.

"I mean, I could have done a better job but I was on my knees-"

**30**

Knees?

"He wasn't even looking at me. He would tell me to go faster occasionally," she babbled, oblivious to the fury on my face that I was failing to conceal.

**3**

I nodded along with her story. "Same."

"What song did he make you dance to? My song was so random."

**92**

"Dance?"

She tilted her head, confused. "Did you not dance?"

Inwardly, I sighed in relief. "I did," I lied. "I was standing though."

"I was too until I fell on the floor."

**5**

I laughed along with her and eventually slipped away. As I wiped down a table, Ghost sat down casually. I glanced at him then continued ignoring him which he rolled his eyes at.



"Did you find the answer you were looking for?"

I pushed my hair behind my ears. "Does it matter?"

"Not really but watching you get jealous is entertaining."

**3**

"I'm glad you think so."

"I'm coming to your room," he said randomly, making me stop cleaning. "There's too many people around and I need to stay here."

**1**

"Why can't you get a room?"

He smirked. "Santan saw me with you, angel. He thinks you're my b\*tch of the week so I might as well stay with you."

**8**

"We're not having sex."

**45**

"I wouldn't dream of it."

**13**

\*\*\*\*\*

I fell onto my bed, exhausted and picked up my phone then dialed Harry. He picked up immediately.

**1**

"Hello?"

"Hey, I was wondering what's going on with De Vil."

Harry sighed down the phone. "He's hard to track down and we're only seeing glimpses of him."

"He's apparently allies with Sinners," I whispered.

"What? Malia, are you sure?"

"I'm not lying. Apparently, they helped him out with something and he owes them. Which means-"

**1**

"That De Vil wasn't kidnapped," Harry finished. "What else do you know?"

**2**

"Everything else doesn't make sense yet so if I find anything, I'll tell you." I glanced at my door that creaked open, revealing Ghost.

"What about Ghost? What did you find?"

**1**

The assassin pointed at the phone and mouthed that I should end the call. "Nothing. I need to call you back later," I muttered to Harry before hanging up without waiting for his response.

**1**

"Who was that?" Ghost asked, reaching for my phone. I locked it and slid it under my pillows.

"It has nothing to do with you."

Gold eyes trailed over my body slowly. "I expected you to be naked and waiting for me, angel."

**36**

"I'm sorry that you're disappointed."

"Instead, you're keeping secrets from me." He moved onto the bed so his muscular body was hovering over mine and he trailed his hand from my jaw to the buttons of my pyjama top.

"Care to share?"

"Tell me your name."

**29**

He raised an eyebrow as he unbuttoned my top. "Ghost."

"You can't be serious," I said while he removed his shirt exposing the ink tattooed on his chest. "Your name isn't actually Ghost."

"You mean my birth name?"

"Yes."

Ghost removed my top and dropped it on the floor, leaving me naked from the waist up. I crossed my arms over my chest and glared but he laughed. "I'm not telling you," he finally answered. "I don't trust you, angel. You could land me in prison again."

"I wouldn't."

**21**

He flipped us over so I was straddling him. "But you could and I'm not taking that risk."

"Okay. What country are you from?"

"Why are you asking?"

"You have a slight accent but I can't pin point it."

"I had a job in Italy, angel. I stayed there for a year," Ghost confessed easily and looked up at me. "There's nothing to know about me. I don't exist."

**31**

"I disagree," I muttered as he kept his gaze on me. "There's a lot to know but you don't want anyone to find out. So the real question is why?"

19

BY THE TIME I WOKE UP, Ghost had disappeared and the slight dip in the pillow indicating he had been there. I sighed, thinking back to our conversation last night.

22

*"Sometimes it's best not to be known," Ghost said as he wrapped my hair in his fist and tugged slightly, giving him access to my throat.*

11

*"Why?" I moaned as he slid his other hand between my legs.*

*"Because the people who want to hurt you can't find your weakness easily."*

26

"What f\*cking weakness?" I exclaimed to no one. I hated riddles. Glancing at the clock, I decided to go and buy some snacks then make a plan to find out who Santan was. I walked past the vanity mirror on my way to the bathroom but had to reverse back. Decorated down my neck were hickeys, possessives marked where people could see them. I rubbed one gingerly and growled under my breath.

25

"Shit."

I had nothing to cover them with as it wasn't the right weather for scarves or turtlenecks so concealer was on my shopping list. As soon as I was dressed, I picked up my phone and was out the door. The sun was out and Vegas was wrapped in its usual heat.

I put on my sunglasses to avoid the glances of people passing by and looked for a store but I slowly stopped walking. I could feel someone's eyes on me and I turned to try and find the person but I couldn't spot anyone amongst the swarms of people. At first I thought I was being paranoid but the feeling followed me even when I went into the store confirming that I had a stalker.

**10**

Walking down the aisle, I picked up a packet of chips casually while looking around. Something told me that it wasn't Ghost that was trailing behind me as I wouldn't even notice the assassin. I turned quickly and walked the opposite way down the aisle, startling the person following me. It was a man, slightly taller than me with a baseball cap hiding his face. Dressed in shorts and a T-shirt, he blended in but I noticed he had nothing on him. No bag, no purse and no pockets. Which meant he didn't come to the store to buy snacks.

**6**

I pulled out my phone and found the brief conversation between Ghost and I. There was no number but it was my best bet.

MALIA: I'm being followed.

No response. Great.

I went to the makeup section, not wanting to draw attention that I had caught on to the man and picked the cheapest concealer then made my way to the till. The lady glanced at my neck and tutted with disapproval before accepting my money. In the corner of my eye, I could see my stalker hanging around the exit, doing his best to act normal but his body language said otherwise.

## **10**

The likelihood of being kidnapped in broad daylight was low but I had no clue what his intention was. Grabbing my bag, I left the store, passing the man and started my journey back to the hotel. I listened to the sound of his footsteps hitting against the concrete as they followed me.

## **5**

TAP.

TAP.

I sped up but so did he.

TAP... TAP...

**9**

The adrenaline began pumping in my veins and I prepared myself mentally to take him down but the sound of someone grunting in pain made me turn. The man in the cap was nowhere to be seen and I wasn't going to find him.

**2**

Warily, I went back to the hotel, not relaxing until I locked the door. I sighed in relief as I leaned against the wall. My phone vibrated in my pocket, making me flinch before pulling it out and stare at the screen.

**2**

UNKNOWN: He's been dealt with. Keep your phone on you.

**96**

I didn't bother replying, knowing Ghost wouldn't respond. I could only imagine what he had done to the stalker and murder wasn't off the table. Settling on the couch, I ripped open my bag of chips and went over what I had found out.

Ghost worked for Santan and they were both involved in Sinners. De Vil was a weapon dealer who was thought to be dead but actually is alive and works with Sinners due to some



debt. Clayton, Isiah and Kroft were all pawns in whatever game Ghost was playing.

**12**

So I knew nothing.

**1**

I exhaled, frustrated. Ghost needed something and De Vil had something to do with it.

*"All I'm looking for is a transfer between De Vil and a certain man."*

**1**

I guessed that there was another person involved who controlling things or the cause. Ghost was no help either, due to the trust issues between us which is why Harry needed to find De Vil before he disappears. He seemed to be the only person who could give us the answers to our questions.

**3**

\*\*\*\*\*

My shift started late at night meaning the casino was packed. I squeezed past men and women in suits who were blowing off money for the hell of it and laughing as loud as they could. I walked by a table only to be stopped by a man waving me over.

There were three men in total with two females draped over them and they all stared at me.

**1**

"Can I help you?"

The one who called me over had tattoos all over his face and his beady eyes looked me up and down. "Whisky for all of us."

**7**

I nodded and walked away but could still feel their gazes on me. Eventually, I was at a distance where their eyes couldn't reach me and I exhaled then ordered their drinks from the bar. I was on alert, my gut telling me that they weren't here by chance.

A hand curled around my elbow, forcing me to turn around to face Ghost. He raised an eyebrow at me. "Why do you have a stalker?"

**17**

"You tell me," I replied, trying to hide the way his voice affected me.

"He worked for Sinners."

"Worked?"

The dangerous glint in his gold eyes told me that my stalker wasn't breathing any more. "I doubt they know who you are," Ghost explained. "They want to find out though."

"Why?"

"Santan," he said, gesturing towards the blond man who seemed to be frozen in place at a table.

**1**

"Is he the leader of Sinners?" I murmured.

Ghost laughed humourlessly. "Not quite, angel."

**31**

"Here's your drinks," the bartender announced and handed me a tray of whiskey. Ghost took it from him and placed it in my hands.

"Stay in the casino," he ordered. "Santan can't do anything to you here."

I nodded. "I need to work."

"I'll be in your room."

**7**

My cheeks flushed red as I glared then walked away without responding. When I reached the table with the heavily tattooed man, I set down the drinks and moved away to another group

of people. An hour later, I was washing my hands in the restroom when the same two women from the table entered.

**4**

I watched them in the mirror as both flanked me on either side, applying lipstick. That's when the one on my right pulled out a can and began spraying it in my face. Holding my breath, I knocked it out of her hand when the other held me in a chokehold in the attempt to force me to breathe whatever gas was in the air. I noticed they had both put on masks over their mouths and I elbowed the girl who had a grip on my neck.

**16**

Adrenaline coursed through my body as my heart pumped faster, needing oxygen. I grabbed the girl behind me and punched then pushed her into her friend before running towards the door...that was locked.

**8**

Sh\*t.

I screamed as my hair was pulled, dragging me backwards. Reaching behind me, I grabbed the wrist and twisted but the angle was useless. I was thrown into a cubicle and again the gas was sprayed. My instinct was to stop breathing but the more I resisted, the weaker I felt. I kicked the person holding me down, causing them to drop to the ground and I pulled off their

mask then punched them. It knocked her out and I tried to climb out of the cubicle when the second girl slammed my head into the wall.

## **17**

My vision blurred. F\*ck my job. Blindly, I pushed her away and stumbled out of the cubicle. The world spun and I gasped for air, clutching my sore neck. But she wasn't done. She swung at me which I barely avoided and I punched her in the chest.

"Who the f\*ck are you?" I grunted out but behind the mask, all I could see was her glaring at me.

And that was the moment a needle was injected into the side of my neck. Time slowed down as I fell to the ground in defeat. All I could see was heels shuffling then my vision went black.

20

GROGGILY, I SAT UP and opened my eyes to find myself in an empty room on the floor. I winced as gingerly touched my neck and tried to figure out what was going on. For some reason, Santan's people had kidnapped me and trapped me-

**4**

The door creaked open and the man with the tattoos glance down at me. He grunted then grabbed me by my arms, dragging me up.

"Who the hell are you?" I screamed as he led me down a hallway.

"Shut up, b\*tch."

"No. This is kidnapping. I have a job that you and your stupid-"

**6**

The appearance of a gun pressing against my skull made my voice fade away. "Now, be a good girl and shut your f\*cking mouth."

**23**

I held back my response because I had no desire to die just yet. There was nothing that indicated where I was but the sound of music meant there were people around. The man entered a

dressing room where the one of the girls I punched previously stood, sporting a bruise. Smirking, I waved at her.

**4**

"Nice black eye you have there," I taunted.

**15**

She glared and walked off amongst the other women changing into revealing clothes. I looked around me, starting to realize where I was as it became more and more familiar, bringing up old memories. The changing room of club that I met Ghost a year ago looked different but there was no time to reminisce as the girl with the black eye thrust a bag into my hand.

"Change quickly," she ordered. "The bid starts in ten minutes."

**99**

"Bid? What f\*cking bid?" I asked as she left.

**4**

I was shoved into another room that was empty apart from the vanity table covered with make up. Slowly, I pulled out a dress that I knew instinctively would leave nothing to the imagination and at the bottom of the bag was a small lace mask.

"Sh\*t. Sh\*t. Sh\*t," I swore and began pacing the room. There were no obvious exits and I was pretty sure the girl I punched

wouldn't let me leave without giving me my own black eye. Banging on the door brought me out of my thoughts.

**2**

"Hurry up," a gruff voice barked. "You need to go to the stage."

**2**

Without looking at my reflection, I slipped into the dress and mask after stealing a pair of heels from the numerous boxes at the back of the room and put on some lipstick. I prayed that Ghost would miraculously be at his club and not the casino otherwise I had no plan b.

**10**

Twenty minutes later, I was in a line of girls, waiting for our turn to get sold to whoever was behind the curtains of the stage.

"Ten thousand dollars," a man said.

**13**

People clapped and another voice announced that the girl was sold. No names, no ages, only prices were disclosed. And my mouth dropped at the figures but all the women seemed calm, almost hopeful to get the same price or higher. Each of them had their own story on how they got here but one thing I knew was that they came here out of free will.



**8**

"Ghost, as much as I hate you, please appear and stop this," I muttered quietly.

**25**

My turn came too quickly and I was guided on stage. Lights blinded me as I stood in front of dozens of wealthy men and women in suits, all sitting around small tables. There was a buzz of voices along with the music and I looked into the crowd hoping to see the golden eyes that could put me out of my misery.

"Well start one thousand."

**10**

I stood there like an object, ready to fight my way out if needed.

"Twenty thousand."

**69**

Ghost's deep voice was calm as he stood at the back with his arms cross. Everyone turned to look but swiftly turned away when they saw the silent fury in his eyes. I met his gaze and he simply gestured for me to come. Shaking, I walked towards him, trying to ignore the focus on me. Once I was in front of him, he

removed the mask from my face, placing a hand on my back and led me out of the club.

**31**

Not a single word was exchanged between us, making me more nervous. Two men in suits followed us out also not speaking. Ghost opened the door of his sports car and I sat inside. Before he could enter as well, Santan appeared grinning.

"I see you took your girl," he said.

**16**

"I don't know what f\*cked up plan you have but I'll kill you first," Ghost replied unamused.

Santan smiles at me. "You're just the flavor of the month, love."

**5**

"You sound like a jealous ex." Ghost rolled his eyes.

**34**

"I'm just letting her know."

"I'm just letting you know that if you f\*ck with my sh\*t again, I'll turn this whole thing against you."

**10**

"Against me? The Prince of Vegas?"

"That title doesn't mean sh\*t to me, Santan."

"Of course not, brother, but to everyone else it does."

**106**

Ghost closed my door and entered the car without giving Santan a response. I, on the other hand, was shocked.

**1**

"He's your brother?" I exclaimed as Ghost drove. The blond man and the killer beside me were opposites but carried the same dangerous energy.

"Not by blood, angel."

**32**

"Prince of Vegas. Isn't that what they call you?"

He sighed. "Yes and no. I can't hold that title but people still use it."

"You need to explain."

"No, you need to explain. Why the f\*ck were you on that stage?"

**14**

I narrowed my eyes at his tone. "I didn't have much choice as I was drugged by your brother's minions."

**1**

"You could have ended up with some random motherf\*cker, angel. Those weren't good people."

**1**

"So why are they in *your* club?"

**1**

He stopped the car in the middle of the street. Horns blared around us as he glared at me. "I'm a hit man, murder or whatever you want to call me. I'm not good just like them so don't forget that."

"Why would you bid on me then?" I answered back. "You could've left me."

"Because you shouldn't be there."

**3**

"Where should I be? Why the hell am I even in this car, Ghost?"

**7**

"You're mine, not theirs. They're not allowed to touch you."

**17**

"I can let anyone I want touch me," I replied defiantly. "You don't own me."

**27**

He smirked and leaned in while his hand trailed from my waist to between my legs. "I paid a lot of money for you, angel and something tells me you want me to touch you," he murmured into my ear as he slipped a finger inside me.

**39**

I held onto his arm, my heart pounding in my chest. "Ghost," I breathed. "I want..."

"What?"

"I want you-"

**46**

Out of nowhere, someone began banging on the window. Ghost moved away from me and glanced at the person who was holding a gun.

**23**

"Who the f\*ck is that?" I whispered.

"Sh\*t. Sh\*t," Ghost swore. He pulled out his phone and dialed a number. "Santan. Lucy's people are here. No. For f\*ck sake...I'll do it myself." Finally, he hung up and looked at me. "Now, we need to come to an agreement."

**62**

"Don't we have bigger problems?" I asked as another man joined the other in hitting the windows.

Ghost moved in front of them, diverting my focus on him. "I can either f\*ck you right here, right now-"

**54**

"Are you kidding me?"

"Or when I take you home. The choice is yours."

**5**

BANG. BANG. BANG.

**1**

The two men started shooting at the windows, making me jump. "Only if we survive," I said worried.

He looked at me as if I was stupid. "You do realize I'm more dangerous than the men outside?"

**2**

"Show me then."

21

GHOST REACHED OVER ME and pulled out a gun after removing his suit jacket. He rolled up his sleeves then glanced at me.

"You're going to drive away from here," he ordered. "Don't leave the car. Even if you run someone over. These guys will kill you on sight."

5

"I work for the f\*cking FBI. Why am I staying in the car?"

30

"These are trained killers."

"I've been trained too."

119

Screams from outside made us turn. "I'm not discussing this with you. If you leave the car, I'll shoot you myself," Ghost threatened, pressing the metal of the gun into my head. I pushed it away and rolled my eyes.

13

"I don't doubt that but you're not going to kill me anytime soon."

1

"I'm not making any promises. I need to kill those people first for interrupting me and I have a bad feeling the police are on their way."

**5**

He brought out another gun and sighed. Opening the door, he immediately shot down the two men that were on my side of the car.

"Time to go," I muttered, climbing into the driver's seat and trying to move out of the street. I didn't have time to enjoy driving a sports car before another vehicle rammed into me. My head slammed against the window and I groaned, trying to see who hit me. A group of men came out of a black van holding weapons.

**28**

There was no way I could fight them. I had nothing to defend myself. I began reversing the car trying to put distance between us. Suddenly, a small metal ball landed on the ground causing us to look at it confused.

**20**

BOOM.

**3**



It exploded, releasing a white gas. The men began coughing and I watched them fade away as the fog became thicker. I squinted trying to see something but the moon wasn't bright enough to see through it and the yells weren't helping me figure out what was going on. A woman slammed her hands on the window, smacking the roof of the car with her gun after pointing it at me.

**13**

"Open the door, b\*tch!" She growled.

**21**

"About that... How about f\*ck no?" I replied under my breath then hit the gas pedal.

**59**

She fell to the ground but there was no way I was going to help her. I began driving at a speed I knew would get me arrested but the image of a vehicle following me in the rear view mirror made me speed up. Aimlessly, I drove until there was point where the only lights came from the car and there was no one in sight. My stalker had disappeared but I had no clue where I was, with only the shadows of buildings around me.

**4**

I parked on the side of the curb. Wincing, I touched my head and felt blood. I exhaled. My night wasn't going well and I was sure that I wasn't coming out of this alive but I wasn't going to wait for my death in the car. Reaching under my seat, I felt the metal of a gun and a blade.

**1**

"He really is mad," I grumbled and unlocked the car door. The moment I stepped outside, I started second guessing. I had no protection, most of my body was out and I had no phone. "It'll be fine."

**70**

In the distance, I could hear the squealing noise of wheels which meant they had caught up. Quickly, I ran down a street of houses, searching for a fence that wouldn't lead to a vicious dog shredding me to pieces. I peered over one to see a back garden that was empty and I spotted a key under a plant pot.

Bingo.

I jumped over as quietly as possible and unlocked the back door.

"She has to be around here. Find Ghost's b\*tch now."

**5**

"B\*tch?" I scoffed at what a man yelled as I entered. "He's my b\*tch if anything."

## **151**

The house was silent with all the lights off which made it easier to tiptoe around and find a first aid kit. I found the kitchen and began looking around. A picture of a family caught my eye. Two children. I froze when I heard coughing as someone descended the stairs and swiftly hid behind the door.

## **1**

A woman appeared, yawning, her eyes barely open as she picked up a cup and filled it with water. I didn't dare breathe as she drank it, not even noticing me in the shadow of the room then stumbled back up the stairs. I waited a few moments before moving but before I could even step forward, a body blocked my way. Instinctively, I drew out the knife and swung. The person ducked and grabbed my wrist, squeezing which forced me to drop it. I wanted to scream, frustrated and punched blindly until I made contact with their body.

## **21**

Using the hand that had a hold on my wrist, I was thrown on the floor. Breathlessly, I got up, my head spinning from the loss of blood. "F\*ck you," I spat. It was clearly the wrong thing to

say as their hand went to my throat, pinning me against the wall. I tried to loosen their hold but it was too tight.

**2**

"You don't listen," Ghost growled. "One job, angel. Drive."

**37**

"I'm not good at following orders," I gasped out.

**18**

I couldn't see his face but I could feel the anger rolling off him. "Do you know how hard it is to kill people and try and find you? It's very f\*cking hard. Now you have five trained killers running around a quiet neighborhood looking for your sweet ass."

**27**

Tapping his hand, I narrowed my eyes at him as he only slightly loosened his grip finally letting me breathe. "I would have died in that car."

"You're not dying until I say so."

**27**

"They were following me," I whispered annoyed. "They called me a b\*tch."

**47**

Ghost didn't reply and grabbed the gun out of my hand. "Let's go."

**1**

He walked out of the kitchen and went to the front door. I grabbed his arm. "You're not going through the back?"

"Of course not," he replied and opened the door, motioning that I should leave. Hesitantly, I walked out, looking for suspicious characters but I heard nothing. Ghost walked beside me with his hands in his pocket, completely calm as we went to the destroyed sports car and a new one parked behind it.

"That's it? They're all gone?"

"No," he answered. "They're in the trunk."

**29**

My mouth dropped open. "Why?"

"I'm not leaving bodies around. They're going to be sent back to the person who ordered them in the first place."

Dizziness came over me. "I'm going to faint," I muttered, my eyes fluttering shut. "Huh?"

My vision went fuzzy as I groaned in pain. I stumbled and fell to the ground, darkness consuming me.

22

I HATE GHOST.

**64**

The next time I opened my eyes, I found my wrists and ankles bound together with rope while the rest of my body was laid out on a couch. Sunlight lit up the huge living room and I could hear birds singing happily from outside. Groaning, I tried to sit up without any success but immediately gave up when I heard the sound of footsteps and closed my eyes as if I were asleep.

**25**

"Listen to me... Shut up. I don't give a f\*ck why you did it... I don't want excuses and I don't owe you an explanation... You think you're invincible, Lucy but I know where you are and I don't mind going over there to put a bullet in your f\*cking head," Ghost growled to someone. "Try that sh\*t again and I'll send you to hell myself."

**26**

It went silent apart from the footsteps that got closer to me. Ghost touched my face then trailed his fingers down to my neck then pressed down. I winced in pain from the pressure on the bruises when he strangled me. He sighed.

**6**

"You can stop pretending."

**11**

My eyes met his gold ones angrily. "You hurt me."

"You didn't listen to me," he replied casually.

"Let me go."

"Go where, angel? You have no clue where we are and I have all your belongings."

"Then remove the rope."

He stood up and glanced down at me. "No. You look good tied up."

**75**

I changed tactic. "Isn't Lucy the girl who works with me? Did she send those people?"

Ghost smirked. "Not that Lucy. This one is more dangerous."

**2**

"Did she cheat on you?" I asked.

"You could say that."

**6**

"I'm glad."

**26**

He rolled his eyes and answered his phone that started ringing. "Yeah... Angelo. Don't f\*ck around. Tell Santan not to waste my time or I'll charge him... Yeah, come in."

**4**

He hung up then opened a drawer and pull out some tape. "What's that for?" I quickly said before he put it over my mouth

**1**

"To keep you quiet, angel. You talk too much and this guy isn't here to make friends with you. If you're a good girl, I'll take you upstairs later."

**55**

Seconds later, there was a knock and a man walked in. His hand was hovering over his gun which meant he didn't feel safe around Ghost and his gaze flicked toward me.

"Boss, we found Lucy," he started, his eyes on me. I remembered I was still in the dress from the club and it had risen up to the top of my thighs. "The men that were ordered-"

Ghost coughed and the man's focus went back to him but he lowered his head when he saw the anger in Ghost's face. "Don't look at her, Angelo, unless you want me to kill you. I already know where Lucy is. Tell me why they wanted to kill me."



"Lucy thinks you're trying to take over."

"Why?" Ghost sounded p\*ssed. "I'm just a contract killer. He made sure I knew my place."

**3**

*He?*

**25**

"People want you to lead and recognize you as the Prince of Vegas."

**3**

"Sh\*t." Ghost closed his eyes for a moment and exhaled. "Have you told Santan?"

"No, Boss."

"Good. This stays between you and I."

**2**

Angelo nodded. "I'll tell you if anything else happens."

Ghost motioned that he should leave. Once Angelo was gone, he ripped the tape off and I hissed at the feeling. "When you remove the rope, I'm going to kill you," I promised. "Lucy is a guy?"

**2**

"Lucy is short for Lucifer. He's the leader of Sinners and my dad."

**174**

"Your dad?" I repeated shocked.

"Adopted. He's Santan's biological dad."

**65**

I was starting to understand. It must have been Lucifer who was friends with Quince De Vil and was probably the person making him hard to find. "So who is the Prince of Vegas? Is it you or Santan?"

"Lucy trained me to be a bodyguard and a soldier for his son. I legally don't exist. There's no record, no evidence that I was ever born. That's why everyone calls me Ghost, angel. Santan has history and his father is the leader which means only he can use that title."

**15**

"But why do they call you it?"

**1**

He grinned. "Because I've made a name for myself. I own a huge percentage of Vegas, I'm involved in trading and I'm a paid killer. I'm a dangerous man to come across."

**2**

"What about Santan?"

"He loves to call me for favors and relies on his inheritance. People fear him because they fear me."

"But why are you working against your father?"

"That's not important and I need to go. I'll be back in thirty minutes. We're gonna finish what we started in the car."

**9**

I flushed red and glared. "You're not touching me."

**1**

"I pretty sure I heard you say you wanted me to," he reminded me walking towards the door. "And I plan on making you moan my name, angel."

**100**

Patiently, I waited for him to leave before rolling off the couch and onto the floor. I managed to sit up then eventually got into a standing position. I didn't notice how large the room was and you could tell whoever live here was rich. I began fiddling with the rope, using my training to get out. Eventually, it fell to the ground and I moved onto my feet which took less time.

**11**

I opened the door and peered into the hallway. There seemed to be no one around. Chandeliers were hung on the ceiling and I saw a staircase going down as well as up.

"This is a mansion," I whispered to my self. I assumed there could be a bedroom upstairs and quietly tiptoed to the staircase. The floor I was on had many doors and no indication of what was inside. There was one at the end that was slightly open and I made my way towards it.

I gasped as I walked inside. It was a condo within a house. It had its own staircase, kitchen and living room from what I could see from just stepping in. There were no personal objects, no mess - it was as if it were for show. I entered the closest room which was the bedroom and noticed it was en-suit.

**1**

"Sh\*t," I whispered impressed. After exploring the bathroom, I became conscious that I needed a shower and there was one available. Ghost wouldn't back any time soon, I thought as I stripped out off my clothes.

**7**

That was my first mistake.

**12**

The moment I stepped out the shower after wrapping a towel around me the door, Ghost joined me in the room fury on his face.

**20**

"I'm considering buying you a hearing aid," he growled, caged by his arms against the wall.

**32**

I looked up at him and smirked. "F\*ck you."

**5**

Leaning into me, his lips brushed by ear. "You're very lucky you walked into my room or you'd meet some guys who would want to remove your clothes and have their way with you."

**4**

My body warmed at how close he was and the thought that only towel separated him from my body. I tilted my head up at him. "You're acting like you're not one of those guys."

**2**

"I'm not." His hand ran up my thigh and moved between my legs. I gasped and grabbed onto his wrist, whether I was encouraging or stopping him, I wasn't sure. "I'm not like them because you want *me*, angel."

"I don't," I denied.

**12**

"Then why are you wet?" Ghost asked, his voice now husky as he moved two fingers inside me slowly, stroking purposefully between my inner thighs. Whimpering, I clung on to him, my back arching instinctively. There was nothing holding my towel up so when he tugged on it, it fell to the ground leaving me exposed.

**55**

Ghost came flushed up against me, muscular lines pressed against my curves. I didn't want to be this girl but as he trailed his lips down towards my chest, my resolve dissolved.

"I have a-"

**180**

"I don't want to hear it," he murmured. "Right here, right now, you're mine."

23

PLEASE," I SAID breathlessly as my desire grew higher as he sucked on one nipple, slipping his hand between my legs and exploring further with his thumb. I hear his belt unbuckle and the tearing of foil before he pushed his thigh between my legs, spreading me wide, urging me to wrap them around his waist.

**64**

Ghost raised his head to look me in the eye. "Is this what you want, angel?" He murmured as I clung onto him.

My back was against the wall - literally and figuratively. "No foreplay. F\*ck me now."

**57**

He curses under his breath and pushes inside me. Withdrawing slowly, he slammed into me again, taking my breath away with the force of it. Ghost f\*cks me faster, pulling me down against him and holding me against his chest.

**34**

Somehow, we both needed this, needing to get over the attraction between us and it felt so right. He doesn't slow down, kissing me hard. His fingers tangled themselves in my hair so I was completely at his mercy as he moved inside me. The adrenaline and lust built until I couldn't take it anymore.

**9**

I was pushed over the edge, climaxing while I moaned Ghost's name as he promised. I couldn't focus on anything but my release that was hitting me hard. However, Ghost's voice cut through the fog as his whispered in my ear.

**13**

"Round two?"

**117**

\*\*\*\*\*

**24**

I was sprawled over Ghost's chest as we laid in his bed, barely covered by the sheets. His fingers trailed my spine lazily while we were both silent in thought. Did I have regrets? No. I had to get it out my system.

**3**

More than once.

**47**

The sound of my phone vibrating caused my to raise my head and pick it up . On the screen, Dad was written and my eyes met gold one as I debated picking up.

"Do you want me to go?" Ghost offered, raising an eyebrow.



I sighed, sitting up. "No. It's fine." Answering the call, I put the phone in my ear. "Hey, dad."

**2**

The director responded. "What's your progress?"

**1**

"Fine. I'm fine."

**1**

"Any information? We need a lead now, Malia."

"I don't have anything," I admitted guilty. "I haven't confirmed anything-"

"Malia," he said seriously. "I didn't send you there to f\*ck around. Do your job or I'll give this case to someone else."

**3**

"I am. I just... haven't confirmed anything."

"Well, hurry up. Harry is close to finding De Vil. You have till next week."

**10**

"That's not-" I started but was cut short when the phone beeped indicating he hung up. I closed my eyes, frustrated. He

wasn't wrong. I had nothing to bring to the table especially with no evidence.

**1**

"What did he say?" Ghost pulled me towards him so I was straddling his hips. The position only made it harder to lie to his face.

**1**

"He's worried that I haven't got a proper job."

"He doesn't know you work of the FBI?" He asked.

"No." I kept my focus on his tattoos as I spoke. "He wouldn't approve."

**2**

"Interesting." Ghost ran his hand down my side until it rested on my thigh. "As much as I want to entertain this made up story, I have things to do."

**104**

"What?"

He smirked. "I'm not stupid. I've been through your phone and I'm pretty sure that's not your dad but keep lying. I'll pretend I believe you."

I glared, annoyed and moved off him so I was standing beside the bed. "You went through my phone?" I growled, putting on his shirt.

**1**

"I don't trust you, angel. It's not a coincidence you're following me around Vegas."

**12**

"It goes both ways," I said, folding my arms.

"I bought you some clothes. They're in the closet."

"Don't change the topic."

"We can argue about that anytime," he replied dismissively.

"Get dressed. We have people to see downstairs."

"Like who?"

Ghost paused carefully before speaking. "No one important. It's more of a social for members to intimidate each other and show off their latest whore."

**2**

I stared at him, deadpanned. "I'm not going then."

"Well, unless you plan to hide in my room until your sent back to New York , you're going to introduced as my latest b\*tch."

**35**

"Don't call time that," I said warningly.

**1**

He smirked. "B\*tch."

**11**

I picked up his gun off the bedside table and pointed it at him.  
"Stop it."

**6**

In response, he just laughed and got up so the gun was pressed against his chest. "Go ahead. People would even thank you."

**26**

There was no fear in his amber eyes as he looked down at me with his handsome face. "You're so f\*cking annoying," I muttered, dropping the gun then wrapping my arms around his shoulders as he leaned in. He pressed his lips to mine, kissing me slow and long.

**39**

The lust I had for this man was back with full force but he moved away before it went too far. "I said we have people to meet, angel," Ghost reminded me. "Put something on."

**2**

"Is there a dress code?"

**1**

He shook his head. "Wear what you like. No one is going to talk to you."

**2**

Following his advise, I put on a black satin dress and heels which I found amongst the bags of clothes he bought, with hooped earrings. When Ghost entered back into the bedroom, he was wearing suit pants and a black dress shirt with the sleeves rolled. I eyed the gold Rolex on his wrist.

**2**

"How much money do you have?" I said.

"Are you planning to rob me?"

**89**

Rolling my eyes, I walked past him into the living room. "Your place seems expensive."

"This isn't my place. We're staying here for the social then we're going." He pulled a box from his pocket.

"I hope you're not proposing."

"Not an option." Ghost opened it to reveal a gold necklace with a ruby teardrop pendant. "This is for you."

**49**

I gasped in awe. "For me?"

**1**

"Don't get excited. It's for people know you're mine or they'll start touching you without permission." He brushed my hair to the side and put it on. "You're an agent so I'm assuming you can guess what the rules are."

"Don't speak, don't leave without you, don't do anything without asking."

**7**

"Good girl. You'll be fine."

**13**

Ten minutes later, I was ready to run back to his room. We entered a room downstairs that had the layout of a strip club. Smoke filled the air and the low lights helped create the mood. Poles touched the ceiling down to the platforms as women danced seductively to the music in their glass boxes. Ghost's hand pressed at my back kept me moving forward as we walked through the crowd.

Men nodded in his direction in respect and I noticed each had a female or several near them. A man stood in front of me, stopping my stride.

"Ghost," he started, bowing his head in respect. "How are you?"

"Good, Micheal. What do you want?"

Micheal laughed nervously. "Some of us were wondering if we could get some help with a slight... issue."

"Tomorrow. I'm not here for business."

"Yes, sir. Tomorrow is fine." Micheal glanced at me. "You have such a pretty girl with you. Just one this time? Usually-"

**51**

I clenched my fist slightly and gave a fake smile as Ghost's hand settled at my waist. "I've been too busy to be collecting women," he answered quickly.

"If that's the case, I can send you two of my finest-"

**38**

"It's okay," Ghost interrupted. "I'll talk to you tomorrow."

Micheal immediately moved away without another word as Ghost led me to a booth in the corner of the room. He gestured that I should sit before sliding beside me.

"I guess you're not a one woman kind of guy," I muttered under my breath.

He caught what I said and smirked. "No comment."

**21**

"Are we just going to sit here?"

**1**

"Ghost!"

We both looked up to see a gorgeous woman smiling. Ghost got up and embraced her. "Shouldn't you be in Italy with your family, Sophia?" He said, his attention solely on her.

**8**

"I heard you were in Vegas so I came back." She also glanced at me and raised an eyebrow. "Another girl? You need to settle down."

**30**

"You're the one who left me for my brother."

**99**

She giggled, hitting him gently. "That's because your brother is nicer than you. Are you going to the De Vil trade thing?"

**35**

Trade?

"Is it worth it?" Ghost asked.



"Him and his shareholders lost a lot of money so it's all for grabs."

**1**

"I'll think about it then."

"Be careful," Sophia added. "Lucy's men are around and Santan is stressed."

**2**

"I've already spoken to Micheal. Tell Santan to talk to me before he does anything stupid."

"Will do," she called back as she walked away.

Ghost placed his gun on the table and sat back down, sighing. "I guess we're going to join a bidding war, angel."

24

GHOST PULLED OUT his phone and dialed a number as his other hand gripped my thigh possessively. "Hello... Santan, do not involve yourself in the bid... Shut the f\*ck up and listen. It's an market manipulation... If you don't believe me call De Vil and ask him. You played into his hands and Lucy is probably ecstatic... Because you don't listen so stop f\*cking hiding and come and talk to me."

**18**

He hung up and exhaled harshly. I hesitantly spoke, "Market manipulation? What's going on?"

**2**

"De Vil made it seem like there was a problem with his company as he's being chased by your people and the fact I stole millions of dollars from him and his investors which means they're backing out and insiders can buy stocks for cheap. But seeing as Sophia knows, someone leaked that there's a bid for them."

**4**

"Shouldn't Santan buy stocks?"

"They *intentionally* leaked it, angel. It's a bid so they'll try to drive the price up so we lose the money we stole," he explained. "But Santan wants to do things his own way."

"Let him. It's not your issue," I said causing him to grin.

"I wish that were true. My sole purpose in life is to look after Santan. Nothing more."

**8**

"Why?"

"I'm disposable. No identity means if I suddenly died no one would notice."

**7**

"I would."

**42**

Raising an eyebrow, he stared at me. "Don't waste your time on me, angel. It won't end well for you."

**16**

"Don't take it the wrong way. I still don't like you."

**29**

"That's good to know." Ghost cupped my jaw, pulling me towards him but paused to face a small group of men who

came to stand in front of the booth. "Can I help you?" He asked glaring.

"De Vil sent us to send you a message," the leader replied. "He wants the money back or they'll be a hit on your head."

**21**

Lazily, Ghost sat back. "He couldn't text me that?"

**18**

The leader looked annoyed and frowned. "He's a busy man."

"And so am I. Tell him to f\*ck off and cry to Lucy if he's worried about money."

**4**

"No can do. We have orders to kill you if you don't."

"You're going to kill me on Sinner territory?" Ghost said incredulously. "That's not going to work for you."

"A lot of the people here wouldn't mind if you were dead, Ghost."

"While that's true, I have no money to give you."

"I guess murder it is."

**1**

"Angel," Ghost muttered quickly. "The gun on the table."

I picked it up and shot the man in the leg just as he fired his own bullet causing him to miss. Ghost dragged me out of the booth, not wasting a second before the other men could pull out their own weapons. He barged through people who started panicking from the sound of the gun shots that followed.

**28**

"Sh\*t," I whispered as Ghost led me to a staircase through a door behind the bar.

"I can't catch a f\*cking break," he swore while typing on his phone.

**2**

"Are they really going to kill you?"

**13**

Despite the situation, he smirked and took the gun from my hands. "They can try but Santan will sort them out before they can find us. We have bigger issues. I need to take De Vil's company."

**2**

My eyes widened. "What?"

"Everyone is p\*ssing me off."

**28**

"You just told Santan not to and isn't De Vil already mad at you?"

He shrugged. "Santan doesn't understand the game. Getting forty percent of the company is useless if the sixty percent is controlled by De Vil and Lucy so I'm going to get eighty."

**1**

"How are you going to do that?"

"I don't exist so I have fake identities and one of my favourite is Ares who will buy it."

**15**

"This is stupid," I exclaimed stressed. "You're going to casually purchase a business just to be spiteful?"

**7**

"Yes."

**4**

"You already have money."

"I need to let De Vil know who he's dealing with before things get serious."

**5**

I closed my eyes and sighed. "It's not serious now? You're not making any sense."

"I don't need to explain it to you."

**1**

"But Sophia knows, right?"

**38**

He didn't respond, glancing at his phone instead. "Santan's in the garage. Let's go."

**4**

This time he went down the stairs without grabbing my hand and I raised my middle fingers at his back. Asshole.

**23**

It was more of an underground parking lot than a garage with dozens of cars parked around. Santan stood in the middle of a group of men wearing balaclavas with his hands in his pockets and a glare on his face. Sophia came out of one of the cars and joined him, smiling as Ghost came forward. I, on the other hand, stood several inches from him, unsure what to do.

**10**

"You brought your b\*tch again?" Santan called out.

**12**

"I see you brought yours," Ghost responded, gesturing to Sophia who simply rolled her eyes.

**19**

"We need to get De Vil now. Apparently, the authorities are after him too." I flinched slightly as Santan spoke. "Find him."

"I thought my job was done."

"Lucy is going to make moves if we don't stop De Vil. He's already threatening you."

"I don't get anything out of this."

"Free holiday, I keep De Vil's men away and I'll pay you on top."

Ghost narrowed his eyes. "That's a sh\*t deal."

"My dad gave you permission to enter his territory," Sophia chimed in as Santan handed him an envelope.

"I didn't need it anyway and he knows that. De Vil is in Italy?"

**4**

Patting him on the back, Santan grinned. "Tell your family I said hi."

**7**

"F\*ck you."



Santan clapped his hands and his men immediately entering the cars, getting ready to leave. "Bring him to my place in a week. And take your b\*tch with you. I don't want you to be lonely," he teased before leaving in his car.

There was a short moment of silence. "Why is everyone calling me your b\*tch?" I growled.

**42**

"That's him being nice," Ghost answered, looking into the envelope and sighed. "I guess we're moving again."

"Just like that?"

**3**

"We have no choice. Unless you want to report back your boss that I have bullets in my chest and no heart beat."

**6**

\*\*\*\*\*

"I thought you said you had no family," I said as we began packing our things in Ghost's bedroom.

"I don't. You'll understand when we get there."

"I'm guessing Sophia is some kind of mafia princess."

**5**

He nodded. "Her father is located around Florence."

"And you don't like him," I stated.

Laughing darkly, he closed his suitcase. "That's putting it nicely. I hate her father. If I could kill him I would but I would rather not have the mafia after me."

"You have a lot of issues with people."

**6**

"Apparently," Ghost replied and removed his shirt, drawing my eyes to the V-line. When I finally met his gaze, he was grinning. "Are you done?"

**14**

"Yes, actually." I took this moment to walk into his closet and picked up some clothes, before taking out my phone. "So it's just us two going?" I called out.

ME: De Vil isn't in the US

**2**

DAD: Where is he?

I began typing until the phone was ripped out of my hands and Ghost shook his head in disapproval. "We need a head start and I'm not letting you get traced." He walked into the bathroom with me following right behind him.

**9**

"No. Please, don't-

The sound of the phone being flushed made me freeze in horror. I was going to get fired or maybe I already was.

**25**

"You complete f\*cking asshole," I growled furiously, only to get even angrier when I saw the unapologetically smug look in his eyes. "You could've just kept it with you or hidden it."

"For someone else to find it?"

"So this was better?"

"Definitely. Now, hurry up."

25

SILENCE.

2

I didn't say a word to Ghost as we left the house, when we drove to airport or when he revealed we were going on a private jet. I was just angry. Settling in my seat, I faced the window as we waited for the plane to take off. He sat in front of me, staring intensely.

4

"I'll give you an offer," he started. No apology. "I'll tell you exactly where De Vil will be so you can tell your boss but only if you can wait two days. Is that okay?"

9

"With what phone?" I replied, narrowing my eyes at him.

Ghost pulled out a new one from his pocket. "Just say the word and it's yours."

3

I opened my mouth to reply but was interrupted by two men entering the plane. You could see the outline of guns in their pockets and their observant eyes landed on me.

2

"Who's this?" The blond man questioned.

Leaning back, Ghost raised an eyebrow. "Should I break your legs so you know who I am?"

**11**

Both of the men lowered their eyes. "No, sir."

"Then don't ask me questions and let me talk. I don't give a f\*ck if Santan sent you, I will throw you off this plane if I feel like it and no one will care so follow my orders and nothing else."

**12**

I looked between the men and the dynamics were obvious. Ghost was higher up than others, seeming almost predatory as they became submissive immediately, sitting down without sound. But I had the feeling it was more to do with fear rather than respect.

**1**

"We're going to La Plaza hotel. We'll set up there then I'll tell you what the plan is. Right now, your job is to sit still for now instead of asking about my company."

"Of course."

Putting my earphones in, I decided to tune out as the tension in the air became thick, reminding me that I was in a small space

with dangerous people who weren't necessarily on the same team.

**5**

\*\*\*\*\*

The journey to the hotel remained tense, Ghost placing a possessive hand on my hip until we reached the hotel. He turned to the men lingering behind us and gestured to reception.

"Get two rooms, different floors," he said shortly. They did as he asked and Ghost leaned in to whisper in my ear. "Stay away from them and be careful what you say."

**1**

I nodded just as the people he mentioned returned with sets of keys.

The blond man spoke first. "Unfortunately, the rooms are on the same floor but they're at opposite ends of the hallway."

Ghost's face remained neutral, taking the keys and leading me away. I didn't breathe properly till he finally locked our room.

"Who are they?" I whispered, looking around briefly. I had a feeling we wouldn't be staying long enough for me enjoy it.

He placed a small object, the size of a coin, on the door handle then turned to me. "Santan's men. I don't know their names but he uses them a lot."

**4**

"So why are they here?"

"To watch me. Especially since we're in Italy," he muttered the last part.

**3**

"I wonder why Sophia didn't come," I said casually, opening my suitcase.

**15**

"She's staying with Santan for now."

"But he f\*cked one of the girls I worked with. Are they dating? Or is she dating you?"

He raised an eyebrow at me causing me to flush red, embarrassed. "She's not dating Santan. When did I say that?"

**8**

*You're the one who left me for my brother.*

"But... I thought..."

"She's a childhood friend. She usually stays with me in Vegas."

"Have you f\*cked her?"

**10**

The smirk on his face grew as he moved towards me. "So what if I have? Will you be jealous, angel?"

**41**

I placed my hands against his chest to keep some distance between us and glared up at him. "There's no reason to. It was just a question."

"If you say so," his voice becoming low and husky as his fingers playing with the hem of my dress then slowly sliding it up my thighs. My body heated at the lust in his eyes. "I love p\*ssing you off, knowing you're still wet for me."

**21**

My breathing hitched as I tried to hold back my moan. "You're an asshole."

"I've heard."

**1**

One of his hands wrapped my hair into his fist and tugged so that my neck was exposed to him while the other cupped my ass, pulling me against him.

**20**



"Don't you have things to do?" I murmured, my chest rising and falling rapidly in anticipation.

**1**

He hummed in agreement. "Not a priority right now. You want me to f\*ck you?" Ghost growled into my ear, desire clouding my judgement. "Tell me what you want, angel. I'll give it to you."

**30**

"I want to know what's actually going on."

Laughing, he moved me to the bed so I was on his lap as he laid down, looking up at me. He sat up and swiftly removed my dress then kissed me hungrily. Without realizing it, I was grinding against his hard length and moaning at the friction.

"You're so f\*cking sexy," he said, the kiss becoming more desperate. I pulled at his shirt, wanting it off and he complied, revealing his muscular chest decorated with his tattoos. It was easy to forget he was an assassin when he looked unnecessarily handsome, especially as he removed my bra, throwing it on the floor.

**20**

Without breaking eye contact, Ghost ran his hand from my jaw down to my lace thong, moving it to the side before sliding two

fingers inside me. My back arched in pleasure, clinging onto his shoulders as I got closer and closer to climaxing, moaning his name like it was a prayer.

**2**

"Ghost, please."

**11**

The neighbours could probably hear us but I didn't care as he pushed me towards the edge.

**3**

Faster. Harder.

I got lost in the sensation, in the feeling of Ghost. The wave of a powerful orgasm slammed into my body making me pull him even closer. He pressed his lips to mine for a moment then leaned back. "Call your boss and tell him De Vil will be at the Russo Ball tomorrow," he said, lust still in his eyes and handed me the phone from before.

**7**

I looked at him, suspicious as my heart rate returned to normal.

"This isn't a trick."

"It's not a trick."

"Promise?"

My gut told me there was something he wasn't telling me despite him nodding.

"I promise."

**37**

I dialed the number, my gaze on Ghost as he ran his hands over my body. After a few rings, the director picked up. "Who is this?"

"Malia, sir."

"Where's your phone?"

"I had to get rid of it," I explained vaguely.

"Fine. How's the case?"

With Ghost under me, my cheeks heated up at the question.

"De Vil is going to be at the Russo Ball in Italy tomorrow. If you can--"

"I'm sending a squad there now. Good work, Malia. Once we catch him, you can return home. If we see Ghost, we can get him as well."

"Thank you."

He hung up. Then I understood what Ghost wanted. "You want them to catch De Vil for you."

**1**

"Why not? It makes it easier and less effort."

"But you could do it yourself..."

A dangerous smile appeared on his face. "I'm not going to tell you. You were going to tell them either way so anything that happens tomorrow is on you," he commented. "But right now..."

Ghost rolled us over so I was under him and pressed his lips to my jaw. "I can't be too rough with you. I need you without any marks."

**7**

"Why?"

"You have an important role in my plan and I can't let them know your mine," he muttered against the side of my throat, his warm breath fanning along my skin. "I want to be inside you, want to feel you come for me, angel."

"I'm all yours."

"More than you know."

26

IN THE EVENING, Ghost returned to the room after talking to Santan's men and sighed, frustrated. "Get dressed," he ordered while removing his shirt and putting on a new one, quickly buttoning it.

**49**

Sensing his annoyance, I changed into a white dress and tied my hair into a bun. "Where are we going?"

"To meet my uncle."

My hand froze as I put my earrings in. "Do you have a family or not?"

"My parents are dead, angel. Does that answer your question?"

"Oh. I'm sorry."

He exhaled, hearing the sympathy in my voice and came over to me. "Don't feel sorry for me. I kill people for a living."

**6**

"But-"

"I promise you by tomorrow you will hate me all over again so don't waste your time."

**37**

I narrowed my eyes at him. "I hate you anyway."

**18**

Smirking, he brushed a loose strand of hair from my face. "You don't willingly f\*ck someone you hate, but whatever makes you happy."

**35**

I smacked his hand away and sat down on the bed to put on my heels. "I don't look presentable and I have nowhere to hide weapons. Can't I just stay here?"

"You look fine," Ghost said, undressing me with his eyes.

"Better with no clothes though. And you don't need a weapon. Nothing will happen to you, I swear."

**6**

"That doesn't sound believable at this point."

**3**

"You're going to be the safest you have ever been in your life. Even I can't hurt you."

"Sounds dangerous to me," I muttered under my breath before getting up. "I'm ready."

**1**

He stepped back, arms folded. "No underwear."

**69**

I blinked at him. "What?"

His gold eyes darkened with desire as he held his hand out.

"Give it to me."

**7**

Blushing hard, I did as he asked, handing him the lace annoyed.

"This is stupid."

**12**

Ghost shrugged, sliding it into his pocket and pulled me towards him. His hands ran over the curve of my ass, holding me close as if he had no intention of leaving the hotel room.

"It's our secret," he whispered in my ear, eliciting a moan from me.

"Let's stay here," I whimpered as my hardened nipples brushed against his chest.

**1**

"I'd like that, but my uncle will come here if we don't go. It'll be a few hours and then I'll take care of you."

**15**

I rolled my eyes and walked towards the door. "Let's get this over and done with."

**1**

\*\*\*\*\*

"Ghost!" A voice bellowed as soon as we entered the restaurant and approached a table at the back. The man who spoke was almost a replica of Ghost, only older with black eyes.

**12**

"Maddox." Ghost seemed calm as he reached out to shake his uncle's hand. I lowered my gaze, unsure what to do.

**4**

"Lei come si chiama?" Maddox said to me, as we sat down. My eyes widened and I turned to Ghost, confused.

**49**

"Questa è Malia," he replied to his uncle who nodded and grinned at me.

**17**

"Lei è bella."

**41**

Ghost placed a possessive arm over my chair. "Vaffaculo."

**47**



"Language," Maddox answered in English with a heavy accent, laughing. "I don't know how that family raised you."

**2**

"They didn't have much choice. How's the family?"

"Don't act like you care, boy. I have what you wanted." Ghost's uncle handed him an envelope across the table then sat back.

"Now, the money."

**2**

Pulling out the black suitcase he brought, Ghost opened it and showed him the stacks of one hundred dollar bills. "No camera, no evidence and not a word about this."

"Nothing happened as far as I was concerned. It's a masked party, luckily and your names are fake. The cameras go off at ten so I'll come and collect the tape tomorrow afternoon."

The exchange was done and Ghost rose, ready to leave. His uncle raised an eyebrow.

"Sit down, boy. Have a meal then you can go."

Surprisingly, Ghost did as he said. "No games?"

"You're my sister's son. You think I would kill you?"

**21**

"*You're* the leader of a mafia gang."

"That *you're* supposed to be leading."

**20**

I tried to keep my face neutral. Ghost was part of the mafia? But why was he with Sinners? I felt his gaze on me as if he could read my thoughts.

**13**

"That's enough about that. Let's order some food."

"I need to go to the restroom," I said, getting up.

**1**

Maddox gestured behind me. "It's down that hallway."

Nodding, I left, trying to piece things together. Every time I learnt something new, it made me realize that maybe De Vil isn't the person that we should be after. Instead, it should be Ghost.

**50**

*"I ruin the game."*

But what was the game? I entered a stall and pulled out the folded piece of paper from my bra. A piece of paper that belonged to the assassin sitting in the restaurant who would put a bullet in me if he noticed I had taken it.

**19**

"FBI documents?" I whispered, noticing that it was printed from a file about tomorrow... "What the f\*ck?"

## **RUSSO BALL**

**1**

The following agents will go at 10:30 pm...at this location stated below...in order to pick up De Vil and any associates.

Ghost knew how to get into the system. F\*ck. Panic rose in me. I couldn't even contact anybody. He knew everything, he was constantly one step ahead. From when? Everything seemed to go cold as questions filled my head and the sound of someone knocking scared me.

**14**

"Malia?"

**3**

"Yes?" I replied, trying to push down the fear inside.

"Are you okay? You've been gone a while."

I tore up the paper and flushed it, removing the evidence.

"Yeah. Just nervous."

**1**

"Maddox won't hurt you. He's a gentle guy."

"Who just happens to be the leader of the mafia?" I came out of the restroom after washing my hands and looked up at Ghost.

He was dangerously beautiful. The world was at his feet and he could cause misery if he felt like it but the smile on his face made it seem impossible.

"Like I said a gentle guy," he replied, placing a hand on my hip. A hand that has blood on it.

**57**

I exhaled. "If you say so."

We sat back down and dinner continued. In another life, I would've enjoyed myself but it felt like one huge trap. Ghost had control of everything in my life. I couldn't leave - there was no money, no phone. My weapons were gone and it hit me.

I had been so stupid.

**40**

"You f\*cking asshole," I muttered, in the car as we drove back.

"What did you say?" Ghost asked not looking at me.

"You f\*cking asshole," I repeated louder. "Why am I here? With you?"

"Why are you asking?"

"You could have left me in that club."

"If I recall, you chose to come with me, angel."

**2**

He wasn't wrong. "You've trapped me here."

Ghost laughed and stopped the car, turning to face me. He reached for my jaw and held it. "You can run. You can leave, angel. If anything, I'd prefer you do. What I'm going to do is put many people in their graves and make others wish they were dead. I sleep beside you every f\*cking night. You could easily kill me and stop all of it but you don't. You stay. You've trapped yourself."

**63**

Tears of fury were ready to fall. "I want to go home."

**14**

"There's a credit card in one of the drawers beside the bed. If you want to leave, go." His gold eyes darkened. "I'm sure you know I don't even need you, angel."

**53**

"What do you mean?"

"Next time you steal from me, don't take the first page."

**65**

"How did you get it?" I asked, getting to the point.

"Your phone."

"There was nothing on it."

"There was a tracking device, FBI technology and sadly for you, I'm good at hacking."

"Why? What do you gain from this?"

He paused before speaking. "Revenge, angel. Revenge."

27

I COULDN'T LEAVE. Ghost left me in the hotel room, not saying another word since our conversation in the car. The credit card was in the drawer and my passport was still in my suitcase. Like he said, I could go but knowing that a group of agents were coming blindly to their death didn't sit well with me.

**10**

And a small part of me didn't want to leave Ghost.

**24**

I wanted to punch a wall. This was bigger than what I thought and I knew it wouldn't stop even if they arrested De Vil. There was something going on that only Ghost knew. He had ties with Sinners but I had the feeling not many people were aware of his association with the mafia.

The following morning, I hadn't heard from him as he didn't come back. I got ready and waited, unsure what to do and sighed with relief when I heard a knock on the door. I opened it but instead of Ghost, the two men from the plane stood, looking down at me.

**7**

The blond man pushed through, his friend following his lead. "Ghost, told us to watch you. I'm Grey," the blond man said then pointed. "He's Ace."

**86**

Ace nodded to me, silent as usual.

"I don't need you to watch me."

Grey sat down in a chair, relaxed. "Too bad. Orders are orders."

"Where is he?"

"Don't worry about it, sweetheart. Just keep looking pretty."

**22**

Instinctively, I moved away from him. "Am I allowed to go outside at least?"

"Sure," he shrugged and stood up to open the door. "Ghost said to take you wherever you want."

"If I want to go the airport?"

"Then sure."

**11**

Despite my question, I sat down and turned the television on. Hours passed and evening came but Ghost showed no sign of turning up. The sound of a phone vibrating caused me to turn



my head in the direction. Ace glanced at it before speaking. "He wants us to get De Vil in the van."

"That's it?" Grey responded. "Is he not going to help?"

"Of course not. He's an asshole. He said by midnight we should be out of there and at the port."

**3**

Looking at me, Grey rose from his seat. "What about her?"

"She'll be with us."

**6**

The predatory look on their faces told me that I had to be alert as I faced the television screen again. I had a bad feeling about the night ahead and when I saw the dress I was going to wear, I knew it could only go downhill.

**8**

"What the f\*ck is this?" I said, irritation seeping into my voice. Ghost had come back, leaving him and I alone in the hotel room. He was back to his old asshole self, his arms folded as he stared at me with the same annoyance. I ignored the desire running through me as I saw him in his suit and glared.

"A dress, angel."

**4**

"You say that but I'm not seeing it." With a slit coming up to the hip, the rose gold dress was elegant but still showed enough skin to be seductive. However, I was mad about his plan. "You want me to flirt with De Vil?"

**25**

"I just want you to get him out of the room. Ace and Grey will sort him out."

**4**

"And where will you be?"

His cold mask went up as he smirked. "None of your business."

**3**

"I'm breaking rules for this, Ghost. You're the enemy."

**5**

"Like I told you, you can go but in thirty minutes, I'm leaving with or without you."

We both knew I wasn't going to so I put on the dress in front of him under his gaze. It fit like a glove and maybe in another life I would have appreciated the beauty but the danger that was going to unfold later on kept me on edge. Ghost brushed my hair behind my ear, sending shivers down my spine. If it was fear, I wasn't sure.

"I need you to listen to everything I say, angel. Every word," he said quietly. The seriousness in his voice made me still. "This isn't one of your FBI missions where if you fail you can go home. If we mess up, we die."

**13**

"I thought you had a plan."

"You think I'm the only person looking for De Vil?"

"This is a suicide mission," I exclaimed.

He laughed and straighten his tie. "Coming to Italy was the first mistake but Santan knew that."

"Why would he sent you here then?"

"He wants me killed, angel."

**71**

\*\*\*\*\*

The mansion we arrived at was grand - a red carpet, lights and obviously wealthy people entering with masks. Ace and Grey sat at the front of the car, acting as chauffeurs while Ghost sat beside me at the back. His mask was already on his face but it didn't hide how attractive he was, if anything it enhanced it. He caught me staring, his gold eyes meeting mine for a second before I turned away embarrassed and covered my face.

**2**

"The van is beside the other building near the main road as the map tells you. Two hours. Keep Honey with you and don't f\*cking touch her," Ghost threatened as we crept closer to the entrance. "Good luck."

**30**

My heart rate went up as we exited the car, Ace holding the door open. No one paid us any attention only a few glances as we joined the queue, waiting to be checked off the list and by security. My gaze flicked around looking for De Vil or any possible threats until I felt a warm hand slip into mine shifting my attention.

"Breathe, angel," Ghost murmured. "Nothing will happen to you."

**30**

I exhaled, trying to calm my nerves. "You don't know that."

"The only way you're going to die is because of natural causes or I shoot you."

**16**

"That's not comforting."

**9**

"Enjoy the party. De Vil will come to you."

"If he wants to kiss me what should I do?" I asked, jokingly.

His grip on my hand tightened. "Tell him to f\*ck himself."

**33**

Smiling, I continued. "I've seen the pictures of him and he's not bad looking."

**4**

"He's into human trafficking and sells weapons."

**4**

"You're an assassin."

**8**

"But at the end of the day, I'm the one f\*cking you so either way I win."

**58**

I flushed red and rolled my eyes. "Why did you call me Honey?"

**1**

"Because you're the honey trap today and you're going to help me capture a criminal."

"Do I introduce myself as Milan or Honey or Angel?"

**9**

"Next!" The security guard yelled as it was our turn.

"I dare you to let him call you angel," Ghost replied then faced the man, handing him our invitations. "Mr. Host and my plus one."

**55**

The guard typed on his tablet then gestured we could enter, having to pass through a metal detector. I went first but held my breath when it was Ghost's turn. The confidence on his face as he passed through without it going off, put me at ease. Holding out his arm for me, we entered into a ballroom that was almost packed. The gentle buzz of people speaking Italian and English over the live music made it hard to pin point an American criminal.

"He could be anywhere," I muttered.

"His mask is blue," Ghost replied. "Don't look for him. He's not stupid."

**1**

"Okay."

The music in the room changed and people started dancing in pairs to the beat. "Let's join them," he decided, leading me to the dance floor. We swayed slowly, his hands settling on my

waist reminding me who was in control. "When are you going to go back to New York?"

I blinked at the random question. "I guess when I find out who Sinners are and who you are."

"Have you figured it out?"

**2**

"You're a d\*ck."

**2**

Ghost gave me a heartbreaking smile. "Very true." He glanced up. "Let Ace and Grey do their jobs, don't fight them. They need to think you're harmless. I'll see you in a few hours."

**4**

"But what-"

His grip on me disappeared as he melted into the crowd and vanished out of sight. I sighed and stood up straight, pretending to be one of the socialites around me. I made my way towards the bar, my leg flashing through the slit as I walked and sat down. I looked around keeping a bored expression on my face, tapping my nails on the table as if I was waiting for someone. And like Ghost said, he arrived.

His brown hair had streaks of grey as did his beard but you knew he was handsome even at his age. He knew it as well, moving with a sort of arrogance and dominance that got him into the weapons industry. He stood beside me, leaning against the bar counter.

**6**

"A drink for me and..." he faced me, a flirty grin on his face.

"Milan," I answered, smiling.



28

HIS EYES RAKED across my body, inspecting my outfit and seemed to a conclusion as his grin deepened. I turned in my seat doing my own inspection. The gold rings on his fingers showed off his wealth, his hair gelled to perfection, suit custom-made to his body - he was definitely De Vil. He placed a hand on my thigh, a bold move but for him, this was normal.

**37**

"You're not Italian." A statement.

"No."

He stared at me before taking a sip of his drink then speaking.

"Why is a gorgeous woman like yourself alone?"

**4**

"My date ditched me," I shrugged lightly. "He chose business over me. Imagine that."

**24**

The outrage in my voice made him nod, a plan forming in his head to get me alone now that I was on the market. "His loss is another man's treasure." His thumb rubbed the skin of my thigh suggestively and I did everything in my power not to move away from him. "A woman should be looked after properly."

**27**

"Are you able to do that?"

The unpredictable glint in his eyes behind the mask told me that the ideas he had weren't family friendly. "That and more. I didn't introduce myself. Quince De Vil."

**13**

I took his hand which he lifted to press a kiss on my knuckles.

"Nice to meet you, De Vil."

**6**

"Likewise."

I was starting to understand why he was dangerous. The arrogance was off putting but what lurked under was concerning. He wanted possession, the way he looked at me wasn't desire, it was more of a need to own me like a new shiny toy. De Vil wanted submission and the excitement in his eyes crept me out.

"What brings you here?" I asked curiously.

His hand was slowly inching up my leg as we spoke. "I'm laying low for a while," he laughed like it was an inside joke. "Too much going on at home."

"Family?"

"You could say that." He pointed to the drink on the table.

"Drink up."

**37**

I lifted it to my lips without breaking eye contact with him, unable to refuse. It tasted strange so I had no doubt it was spiked and put the glass down without finishing it. Considering the amount I drank, I guessed I had thirty minutes before it would take effect. "What time is it?"

**28**

"Almost eleven. Why?"

Leaning forward, I ran my hand down his chest then whispered. "I've had enough of this party so why don't we leave and have our own fun?"

That was the correct answer as he pulled me up so I was standing. "Lead the way, Milan."

**2**

Ghost unsurprisingly knew the layout of the room before we arrived, telling me to '*leave through the door near the bar*'. We made our way down the long corridor, his hand loan on my back and I could feel his excitement that soon was going to end. He pushed me against the wall, apparently too eager to wait and started kissing my neck. For f\*ck sake. I placed my hands

on his shoulder to make it seem like I was enjoying it when the lights flicked out.

**8**

"What's going on? Wait-"

I felt De Vil get ripped away from me and a torch illuminated Grey's bored face. "Time to go."

**4**

In silence, we walked with Grey holding up an unconscious De Vil until we found Ace holding open a door. It was an emergency exit I realized as I removed my mask and wiped my neck, still traumatized by the attack. The van as promised was parked amongst some trees beside a building that looked like housing for the staff. The two men tied De Vil's wrists and ankles then threw him in the van after removing everything from his pockets and dumping them on the floor.

"We need to go to the port," Ace said, glancing down at his watch. "We have an hour."

"Where's Ghost?" I questioned, glancing around.

"He's sorting something out. Get into the van," Grey ordered and stepped towards me, reaching for me arm.

**1**

I moved out of his reach, narrowing my eyes. The drug was in my system and I knew it was a matter of time before I wasn't in control of my body. There was no way I was going to stay alone with Santan's men. Everything was too easy and I had no clue what Ghost wanted from the FBI. "I'm going to look for him."

**21**

"Come with us," Grey almost growled. "We don't have time for this bullsh\*t."

"No."

**2**

"F\*ck her," Ace decided. "Ghost will kill us if we don't deliver De Vil. This b\*tch can do what she likes."

**38**

They entered the vehicle and left. A part of me regretted not going with them but I had no choice. I removed my heels and jogged behind the mansion to a huge field of flowers, bushes and statues, surrounded by towering trees of a forest. "If I were Ghost where would I be?" I muttered looking around. The music floating from the party became almost menacing as I knew time was running out. He knew agents were coming to the party, them not knowing De Vil was gone so what did he-

**4**

"Sh\*t."

He used my phone to hack into their data base but he destroyed it. That meant no more information. He needed something else to help him and those agents would come ready with gadgets specifically made by the FBI. And he let me bring them here. That's when I heard the faint sound of an engine across the field. Panic caused me to start running, ignoring the feeling of the stones and rocks cutting into my skin. I kept moving, noticing that there was a road between the trees and Ghost stood there in the middle, a gun pointing towards the car speeding towards him.

**4**

"Stop!" I yelled but the sound of the gunshot was louder.

**2**

The vehicle swerved and crashed into a tree. Glass smashed and screams filled the air. I couldn't move in shock as I watched Ghost lower his arm, smirking. He walked over to the car and opened a door, pulling out a passenger who slumped against the ground. I gasped seeing Harry's face as Ghost reached into his pocket and took his phone. Harry groaned, blood dripping from his face as he looked up.

**13**

"Ghost?"

"Hello," the assassin replied calmly, still typing on the stolen phone.

"Where's Malia?"

"Safe."

Ghost removed his suit jacket and rolled up his sleeves, his tattoos on show. He threw the phone into the bushes and picked up an gasoline can, pouring it around the vehicle and on the agents in the car. I hurried towards the road and grabbed his arm before he could throw the lighter.

**4**

"Stop," I begged weakly as he shrugged me off before realizing who I was.

"Angel?" Restrained fury swirled in his eyes. "What the f\*ck are you doing here?"

My vision was blurring. "De Vil drugged me," I answered. I glanced at Harry. "Don't kill them, please. Please."

"I have no choice."

**2**

Flames erupted from the gasoline as soon as the lighter touched it. "F\*ck you," I swore at Ghost and turned to the car. I

grabbed Harry's arms and dragged him away from the fire. My muscles were becoming numb but I couldn't let them die.

**4**

"The car is going to explode," Ghost snapped, trying to stop me.  
"You can't save all of them."

**2**

"I'll try," I said before going back. The heat was sickening and the smell of smoke filled my lungs as I grabbed the next person in the back of the car. I sighed in relief as I removed her from the car and placed her beside Harry. Ghost grabbed my arm as I moved to go again.

"Angel, stop. It's enough."

"No."

"F\*ck, angel. You're not going to risk your life for this," he seethed. The drug was working now as his touch on my arm aroused me to the point that I was distracted and he caught on.

"I'm going to f\*cking kill De Vil."

"Help them," I begged, my actions speaking otherwise as I pressed myself against him.

**1**

Ghost was furious now. "Stay here."



I fell to my knees, dizziness making me nauseous. I wanted to cry in frustration. I crawled over to the female agent I managed to save and called the ambulance on her phone.

"Pronto?"

"Hello, I need help. There's a car crash."

"Resti in linea," the voice responded.

**8**

"I need help. People are dying. There's four passengers and the car's on fire."

"Un attimo."

**4**

The phone was ripped away from my ear as Ghost placed another body beside me. He placed a finger to his lips, indicating that I should be quiet and picked me up. "The other man is dead," he muttered in my ear. "We need to leave before the police gets here."

Nodding, I clung onto him but my stomach lurched and I went to the side of the road, emptying my insides. He patted my back, swearing under his breath.

"All you do is cause f\*cking problems, angel."

29

DATE RAPE drugs have symptoms of slurred speech, dizziness, unconsciousness, loss of muscle control, nausea, confusion and the list goes on. But the worst part was the feeling of being violated. Ghost and I sat in silence in the new vehicle he drove, his free hand clutching onto mine. He was furious and I didn't know who it was directed at. His phone buzzed pulling us out of our thoughts and put it on speaker.

**10**

"Boss, we have De Vil at the port."

Ghost glanced at me before speaking to Ace. "Where's the girl?"

There was a pause. "We left her at the party."

"She knows who you are. She knows De Vil. She's f\*cking seen me," his voice rose until he was yelling. "Are you f\*cking stupid? Loose ends, Ace Martin. You want me to go and shoot your mom in the f\*cking head for you to understand?"

**37**

"No, sir."

Exhaling, Ghost continued calmly. "You've set me back so the plan has changed. The ferry is coming in thirty minutes, it will take you to Rome. We have a plane to catch tomorrow evening

so keep De Vil unconscious until then. Torture him, drug him, I don't f\*cking care."

"Yes, sir."

He hung up without another word. Ghost sighed.

"I'm okay," I said, trying to smile.

"Don't lie to me. I'm not in the mood, angel."

"I'm sorry. I couldn't let them die."

**11**

"I know," he muttered. "I know."

"Where are we going?"

**1**

I looked outside the window, watching people walking around, enjoying the nightlife. I wanted to do the same, go out and have fun but the throbbing pain from my feet made it impossible to imagine. Once I was home, I was going to sleep for a month to recover.

"We're going to see Maddox," Ghost revealed. I turned my head, surprised. "He should have a private doctor and food for you to eat. I need you to be in a safe place so I can think properly or I'm going to make a mistake."

**20**

"I don't-"

His glare shut me up. "It wasn't a suggestion."

**2**

"What did you do to Harry's phone?"

"I sent Santan a document."

That was easy. "What was it about?"

"I'm not telling you."

Of course not. I pointed to our joined hands. "Explain this then."

"I'll end up killing De Vil if I don't remind myself you're okay."

**24**

"He didn't touch me."

**23**

"There are some things I don't tolerate, angel and drugging women for sex is one of them. If he had touched you, he wouldn't be breathing."

**9**

"You don't need to kill everyone."

"I live in a world where it's kill or be killed. There's no time for discussion."

**20**

"Do you ever wish that it was different?"

**2**

"No," he answered confidently. "I'd be dead by now."

**1**

"How was prison?"

"As fun as a high security prison can be."

**1**

"How did you escape?"

Raising an eyebrow, he slowed down the car. "Why all the questions?"

"Distraction," I explained simply but he understood.

"I didn't escape. They let me out."

My mouth dropped open. "They can't do that. Otherwise, everyone could just leave."

"Would you tell me no if I told you I knew every detail about your life, where your family slept at night, their schools, work

place, even what you had for breakfast? While pointing a gun to your head?"

**9**

"There's security everywhere."

"As you know, I can hack into that. If I wanted, I could've released every criminal in the building. So which was the better choice? Letting me go on my field trip for a day or having a rampage of dangerous people killing each other?"

**3**

"So you killed Pierson."

"He owed too much money and I had orders. We're here," Ghost announced, changing the topic.

"Your uncle lives in a castle?"

He rolled his eyes. "That's not a castle."

**2**

Built beside the sea, the mansion towered over the fence. Men with guns approached the car. "Salve," one said, knocking on the glass.

**28**

"I need to see my uncle."

Recognition crossed the man face as he nodded then began shouting orders for the gate to be opened. It looked like every mafia home in the movies from the ridiculously large garden to the number of steps leading up to the door. My feet hurt even more looking at them. Ghost parked on the drive, not really caring that it was obstructing the way and got out.

"Wait a second." He went over to my side, opened the door and removed his shoes. "Walk in these."

**45**

I put them on, gratefully then got up. We looked a mess and I felt out of place. Ghost began walking towards the house with me following behind him, taking in the view of fountains, hedges in various shapes and men with guns patrolling.

**1**

Maddox appeared ahead of us, a calm smile on his face. "I'm surprised to see you, boy."

"I don't plan on staying," Ghost informed him. "She needs a doctor and we need to sleep."

"This is your home. You're welcome anytime."

**2**

He simply nodded. "Where's the rest of your family?"

"They're in Spain." Maddox sighed. "On another holiday, leaving me alone."

**5**

Ghost grinned. "You can come to Vegas."

"I'd rather not."

They seemed friendly with each other but there was tension as they sized each other up. Maddox turned his attention onto me. "We meet again, beautiful. Judging by the shoes you're wearing, your feet are injured sì?"

**9**

"I'm fine," I insisted.

"She's not fine," Ghost said, glaring at me then gestured at one of the guards to come forward. "Take her to the doctor and when she's done return her to me."

The guard came over, a gun in his hand making me hesitant to follow but Ghost and his uncle were already walking away.

\*\*\*\*\*

I was taken to a small hospital ward which was in a section of the house and mostly empty with a few nurses walking around. The man escorting me went to a doctor and whispered a few things in Italian before leaving. The doctor gently smiled at me.



"I'm Dr. Russo," she started. "I'll be looking after you so please sit down."

**6**

"Thank you," I replied, doing as she said and sat on the hospital bed.

Closing the curtains for privacy, she then went over over to the cabinets and went through them. "I heard you have injuries on your feet?"

I nodded. "Yes."

**2**

She placed some bottles beside me and examined my feet. "It doesn't look too serious. I'm going to give you a tetanus shot and disinfect your leg. Is that okay?"

**10**

Again, I just nodded and she went to work leaving me in a comfortable silence but I was curious. "How long have you been working here?"

"Ten years," the doctor answered casually. "Are you friends with Ghost?"

**3**

Am I?

"You could say that."

"That boy hasn't visited his uncle in a long time."

I raised an eyebrow. "When was he last here?"

She paused, thinking. "Maybe...three years ago he arrived? He stayed here for two years."

"Wasn't he in prison?" I asked confused.

"Prison? Ghost's never been to prison."

30

THE TRUTH was important in my job and I was realizing Ghost may have never given it to me. Or anyone. His records stated he was in prison, there was even a photo so how could he have been in Italy at the same time?

38

*'He doesn't come up on any of our records. No family. No history. Nothing.'*

Ghost didn't exist according to the system. Anyone could have been standing in for him and the FBI wouldn't know any better. The story he told me was a lie, a lie I'm certain Santan believes because judging by his sarcastic tone when he mentioned Ghost's family in Italy, he assumes they're not close. I exhaled and laughed casually.

1

"I thought he had as we didn't speak to each other for a while," I explained to the doctor. She didn't question me and smiled along.

"He's a troublemaker so I understand."

5

What did Ghost want? This had nothing to do with Santan's orders because I was sure he was the one in control as he

seemed to have his own mission. Then I remembered that Ghost has a family in Italy but was adopted by Lucy in Las Vegas which was strange. He existed but didn't.

**9**

I needed his real name.

**19**

"Has he always been called Ghost?"

The doctor looked up as she washed her hands, now done tending to my feet. "Everyone calls him that. Only his uncle knows his actual name. The nurses love to try and guess."

**42**

"Right."

"Well, you're done now. Just be careful. Your feet will hurt for a few days but there were no deep cuts."

The curtain was opened as Ghost stood there, a handsome asshole. He had cleaned, wearing all black with an expensive gold watch on his wrist. His amber eyes landed on me then focused on the doctor. "Grazie," he said which she simply responded by bowing her head. "Come with me, angel."

**6**

He led me through the maze of the mansion that reminded me of a museum with artwork hanging on walls, statues and marble staircases. It was clear he had stayed here as he walked with confidence and direction, knowing exactly where to go. I limped after him, unable to keep up with his long strides before stopping.

"Slow down."

He paused and turned around revealing the exhaustion on his face. "Slow down? Angel, we shouldn't be here. I trust my uncle but with you here, I can't relax. I can't."

**14**

"So let's leave," I suggested.

"He said we should stay and leave in the morning. That's what we're going to do."

**1**

\*\*\*\*\*

I sat on the bed, wearing a nightgown which a maid had brought up to the room while Ghost was on the balcony answering a phone call.

"Two days, Santan... Your men... No, don't f\*cking interrupt me. If they listened to me, we would arrive in the evening... I did what you asked for... That's not my problem... What?" Ghost

glanced at me briefly. "You said you'd handle Lucy and I'm not killing her... F\*ck. Okay. Tomorrow evening I need the plane ready. Bye."

**22**

"You're not planning to kill me, right?" I asked, raising my eyebrow as he came back in and threw his phone on the bed.

"No. There's another assassin waiting for us at the airport. Grace is planning to-"

"Grace?"

**5**

"Her name is Grace."

"How do you know her name?"

He smirked. "She's my ex."

**53**

"You dated an assassin."

**7**

The smirk on his face grew as he knew it was p\*ssing me off.

"Yes. That's why I'm not killing her, angel."

**7**

"But you have no issue killing me."

"Not at all. You're not my girlfriend," Ghost replied, shrugging.  
"The only problem is will she see that?"

**85**

"Is she coming here?"

"She just arrived in Italy so no. I'm guessing she'll attack closer to the airport to try and get De Vil from us."

"She's not going to do anything to me," I said, annoyed. "But if she kills you, I'm not helping."

"Me or her?"

**5**

"Either of you. I feel like she probably hates you for a valid reason."

**2**

"True but she works for Lucy so you're on my side by default because she's going to come for you as well. We just need to get to the plane and out of Italy before-"

"Why did you lie about going to prison?"

**3**

"Huh?"

**1**

I stood up and folded my arms. "I get that you don't trust me but I prefer you tell me nothing than saying sh\*t. I'm following you blindly so be honest at least."

"Fine. I want to f\*ck you."

**104**

Raising my middle finger, I narrowed my eyes. "You're an asshole and I'm serious. Everything you've told me could be a lie." I grabbed his phone. "I could call the police right now and end all of this."

**7**

"I would put a bullet between your eyes before you could say hello."

**49**

"I don't care, Ghost. I have a job to do."

**3**

He came over to me, taking the phone out of my hands and dropped it on the floor. "And if you find out what I'm planning, what will you do? You think the FBI can stop me?" Ghost slid his hand up the side of my body, pulling me closer. "Do you think you can stop me?" he whispered in my ear.

**5**



"I'm going to put you in prison," I muttered back.

He laughed softly. "I'd love to see you try."

"What's your real name?"

As expected, he didn't answer the question. Instead his hands reached under the hem of the nightgown as he moved his lips down and kissed my neck. "Are you wet? Tell me, angel."

**73**

I clenched my thighs, trying to ignore the feeling between my legs and pushed him away. "I'm mad at you."

Ghost paused for a second, his body stilling for a moment then leaned back to look at me. "You want the truth?"

**14**

"Yes."

"Fine." The room somehow become cold, his hands on my waist caging me to him. "Once upon a time, there was a mother walking down a street with her son, waiting for her husband to return from making a deal with a corrupt businessman but little did she know that the businessman had killed her husband and was on his way to kill her too. The child and his mother continued on their trip unaware that they were being hunted until it was too late."

**38**

I couldn't break eye contact as pain filled his eyes and a silent rage burned in his voice. He was being honest.

**11**

"The mother fell to the ground while the child stood confused, crying, begging for his mother to wake up. But she didn't. No one helped. He yelled but no one understood what he was saying. The businessman didn't know he killed a daughter of the mafia so realized his mistake and decided taking the child as blackmail was the safer option. Raise the child to protect his own son from the mafia, making sure he has no idea where he's from or who his parents were."

**40**

"Then how did you find out this?" I said.

"My birth name," he replied as a dark smirk grew on his face.

"Which if you look up tells you I'm dead."

**17**

"Why are you still in Sinners? They killed your parents."

"I'd go to jail regardless, angel. I'm still a murderer and I have something I need to do before I can let you put me in prison."

"You're going to get revenge clearly."

Ghost hummed in agreement then cupped my jaw in his hand. his lips touched mine and I melted into him, responding eagerly. My hands slid around onto his shoulders as he kissed me more passionately before smiling against my lips. "I'm going to take everything from him then put bullets in his head."

31

HOURS LATER

**19**

Ghost slept motionless like a corpse as I lay beside him, my thoughts running wild. I had a feeling I was looking at things wrong, that no one in this mess had good intentions but to find out what I was fighting against seemed to prove impossible. I spotted the gun resting on the pillow next to Ghost's head and carefully reached over him to grab it before pressing the cold metal against his head.

**15**

"Angel, you're ruining the moment," he whispered, without opening his eyes which caused me to flinch in surprise.

**20**

"F\*ck Ghost. I'm serious."

Opening his eyes, he raised his hands in surrender. "If you shoot me, you won't make it off this property alive and there'll just be two bodies to dispose of."

I fired a shot at the ceiling then returned my aim at his face. "I don't care anymore. What the f\*ck is going on?"

**4**

"I'm not telling you."

"I could help you. Let the FBI catch the criminals and you'll be free," I bargained frustrated.

"Free? You really think I'll be free?" Ghost cocked an eyebrow. "If the FBI doesn't arrest me, I'm certain Lucy will send his men to kill me."

"Then stop this."

He paused, his gaze on me. "I hope you're not worried about me."

"I'm not."

**5**

"Stay focused. That's the only warning I'll give you because I'm not the good guy here. I plan to use and hurt you."

**32**

"As you've said multiple times before."

"And I don't plan on dying anytime soon so just do your job."

He grabbed the gun from my hands and placed it beside him.

"Catch the bad guys and lock them up."

**1**

"That includes you, Ghost."

"Of course."

I stared at him for a moment. "You're going to kill Lucy and Santan."

He nodded, relaxed. "Obviously."

"And take over Vegas."

Humming in agreement, Ghost nodded again.

"You're going to get caught."

"As *you've* said before, angel and you've killed the mood." I rolled my eyes as he moved off the bed. "We're going in circles. I'm not telling you sh\*t and you don't know anything."

Glaring, I crossed my arms. "Give me two days."

He stopped then turned, folding his arms mimicking me. "I'm going to be honest here but you're sh\*t at your job. All of you are. You're focused on putting me behind bars. Why? Because it gives you a false sense of security despite that clearly not stopping me."

**9**

"I follow orders unless you're suggesting we kill you."

"You've had too many chances. I won't let you." His phone vibrated from across the room and he sighed. "We need to go and pick up our favorite arms dealer so get dressed." Ghost

opened a drawer and pulled out some guns, throwing one to me then put on his clothes. I copied him, getting dressed in silence waiting for him explain what was happening. "There's a jet. We transfer De Vil onto it. We fly back to Vegas and Santan will meet us there. Do not say a word to him or anyone."

"Why?"

"Santan is on edge. He doesn't trust me as it is and I have no doubt Lucy's planted ideas in his head while I've been gone. Also, don't kill Grace when you see her."

**3**

"Again, why?"

"She's the entertainment."

**15**

\*\*\*\*\*

No one saw us off as we left Ghost's uncle's mansion and even at the airport no one questioned us as we walked through a door that said no entry that lead to a room when De Vil sat blindfolded and gagged. Ace and Grey avoided eye contact with me, bowing their heads as Ghost strode into the room to crouch in front of De Vil and began slapping his face repeatedly.

"I finally found you."

Even without sight, De Vil knew who it was and began yelling, his voice muffled from behind the gag. Panic radiated off him as he tried to distance himself as much as possible from Ghost who began laughing. I stood there in disbelief at the sight. De Vil was made out to be a huge threat but he looked weak and fragile as the assassin taunted him, smirking as he did so.

"I know it may not feel like it but today's your lucky day. I'm not killing you," Ghost announced, grabbing the man by his jaw roughly. "Santan has a special plan for you which involves a private jet, which you won't really experience as you'll be tied up somewhere. However, we need to get onboard. Nod if you understand."

**2**

De Vil nods quickly.

"There is a lovely lady outside waiting to save you and bring you back to Lucy but I won't let her. You do as I tell you or I will use you as a human shield against her bullets. Nod if you understand."

De Vil nodded slower this time which Ghost notices and punches him swiftly in the abdomen. "I'm not kidding. One wrong move, I'll make you pray for death."

"The jet is ready," Grey said loading his gun.



Ghost grabbed De Vil and pulled him up. "Ace stay behind us. Grey in front. Milan..." He looked at me before speaking. "Stay with Grey."

I glanced over at the person in question who glared back in response. "I don't need a babysitter," I snapped.

**24**

"Never said you did. Just get on the plane."

Grey turned off the lights leaving us in darkness as he opened the door slowly, letting in the cool air of the early morning. The sun was still yet to rise as we walked out of the airport, the only sound being the grunting of De Vil as Ghost dragged him along.

"Clear," Grey whispered. I glanced side to side, trying to spot this Grace girl. That's when a bullet grazed my shoulder, instinct causing me to move and turn in the direction it came from. I pulled out my gun, pointing it towards the crates which I knew was where she was hiding. My breathing stopped as I waited for the first glance of her, my finger on the trigger.

**3**

"Ace swap with me and take De Vil," Ghost ordered quickly.

"Walk slow but run when I say."

Ignoring the pain, I crept forward around the crates to peek when she began shooting at me.

"Run!" Ghost yelled and the two men led De Vil to the jet. Grace moved in front of me, gun in hand which I swiftly kicked out of her grasp.

**1**

"Ow." She winced as she shook her hand then smiled as she looked at me. "So you're Ghost's new b\*tch."

**15**

I narrowed my eyes. "I'm not his b\*tch."

"Doesn't matter to me," she replied before aiming at my legs to kick me. Immediately, I shot her thigh causing her to falter however this didn't stop her from punching my arm so I grabbed her arm twisting it back. She simply changed positions and grabbed my hair, dragging me to the floor. Grace straddled me, her grip on my hair tightened as she slammed my head on the concrete making me grunt as the pain radiated across my skull.

**18**

"You're wasting my time."

**2**

I began punching the bullet wound and pushed her off me, reaching for the gun on the floor and aiming at her. "Stop it."

"You're not going to kill me," Grace taunted, trying to get up.

I rolled my eyes. She was right. Moving quickly, I grabbed her by the shoulders, pulling her down and hit the temple of her head repeatedly with the bottom gun as she struggled. Out of nowhere, she pulled me close towards her and I gasped as I felt a knife stab my side. Grace pushed me away, my hand touching my side then I lifted it in front of me to see blood. Adrenaline coursed through my veins as I swung hard, frustration driving me which took her by surprise, knocking out on the ground.

"F\*ck you."

32

BUT HONESTLY, F\*CK HER.

**20**

I applied pressure where she stabbed me and clenched my teeth as the pain finally hit, freezing me in place as it became hard to breathe. A shadow loomed over me as Ghost looked down, watching me with a calm expression on his face. "You okay?"

"What do you think?" I hissed back at him. "You could've helped."

**2**

He whistled in approval, pointing at Grace who was unconscious beside me. "You did a great job without me." Picking her up, Ghost carried Grace in his arms bridal style easily as if she weighed nothing. "I'm going to take her to the jet. Do you need me to get you?"

**69**

I stared at him in disbelief. "No, just leave me here to bleed to death here after your ex stabbed me," sarcasm dripping from my voice as I tried to speak through the agony I was in. "In fact, maybe I should fly the jet for you."

**13**

"You're so funny," he answered smirking. "Give me a moment and try to not die while I'm gone."

As he said, he returned and helped me limp to the jet where he settled me in one of the seats. I glanced around to see De Vil sat between Ace and Grey with Grace across from them, her body tied to her chair with rope.

**4**

"She's okay, right?" I asked hesitantly as she was unconscious.

**11**

"Mmm," Ghost hummed in response. He carefully grazed the back of my head with his fingers causing me to flinch. "Let me get someone to check you."

**2**

He walked further down the plane, out of sight. Looking back at Grace, I found her dark eyes on me alert and p\*ssed.

"You b\*tch! You f\*cking b\*tch," she yelled, wriggling in her constraints. "I'm going to kill you."

**15**

I glared, not wanting to waste energy on her as I was already weak from the blood loss.

"You didn't win," she sneered. "Once I'm out of here, you're next."

"*Devi calmarti, cara,*" Ghost cautioned returning with someone. He leaned towards Grace and patted her on the head slowly, the action clearly patronizing. "Stop shouting before I cut out your tongue in front of everyone."

**39**

The fire in her eyes quickly cooled and she stopped moving around. "She hurt me."

**52**

He raised an eyebrow. "You shot her first."

**3**

"Who is she anyway?"

**4**

There was an audible pause in the jet as if everyone was waiting for his response. The doctor walked over to me, breaking the spell but not fast enough for me to miss his answer.

"No one."

**119**

I simply sighed, not expecting anything less. With the doctor asking me questions, I couldn't hear anything else in their conversation so I turned my attention to De Vil.

*'...making a deal with a corrupt businessman'*

**1**

I wished I could have one moment with him but with Santan's men watching over him it wasn't possible. The man had lost his business to Ghost which meant that he now had control of distribution of weaponry. I hissed as the doctor began stitching my sides just as Ghost returned. He slumped down in his chair, tension radiating off him and drank the alcohol in his hand straight from the bottle.

"Should you really be drinking?" I asked.

**2**

Leaning forward so his elbows rested on his thighs, he gave me a fake smile. "It helps numb pain."

**3**

"Pain?"

**48**

\*\*\*\*\*

As we flew towards one of numerous skyscrapers, I spotted

Santan with a dozen armed men around him. His face was unreadable as he watched us descend, not moving an inch as jet finally landed. Ace and Grey grabbed the arms of De Vil dragging him out and through the window, I saw Santan nod his head and the guards around Santan swiftly took De Vil inside the building leaving him alone. With a bat in his hand.

**1**

Ghost sighed. "Grace, stay here. Milan, come out with me but stand beside the jet and don't say anything. No matter what you see, stay silent. I mean it," he said. I nodded before we both exited out. Following his orders, I remained near the aircraft cautiously watching my surroundings.

"Brother," Santan called as he spun the bat around.

**1**

"Santan."

"I heard the strangest rumor."

"And what could that be?" Ghost replied sounding bored.

Santan stared hard, as if to try and read him then began walking slowly forward. "You bought De Vil's stocks. Eighty-two percent to be exact."

**1**



The temperature dropped.

"Are you... asking me a question or stating facts?" The mockery in his tone made Santan start tapping the bat against the ground in warning.

"I remember you telling me not to buy it so I wonder why you did. Could it be the so called rebellion people are talking about? I'd hope not."

Ghost tilted his head in fake innocence. "Me? Rebel? Against *who* exactly?"

"You tell me."

"Ah. Maybe your f\*cking b\*stard of father? De Vil? You? Or maybe your b\*tch of a mother who's rotting in the ground?"

**20**

That triggered the crack in Santan's composure as he immediately swung, now face to face with Ghost who fell as his abdomen was struck. White hot fury drove Santan as he kicked his brother in the same place then grabbed him by his hair to look him in the eyes as he leaned down. "You're forgetting that she raised you," he snarled. "Respect her."

**10**

Ghost laughed weakly. "You think her starving and beating me deserve respect? F\*ck you both."

**2**

Punching him, Santan held his bat and swung, hitting him with a crazed look in his eyes, freezing me in place. "Should I show you what a real beating is?" He screamed, hits becoming harder causing Ghost to cough up blood as he tried to get up without success. I watched in horror and confusion as Ghost did nothing to fight back. It looked as though Santan was set on killing him. Finally, Santan stepped back, panting and glanced at his work. Ghost was bleeding and bruises were already forming, his huge body unmoving on the ground.

**8**

"I would kill you, *brother*," Santan spat. "But I sadly need you to run a few more errands for me and I'm certain you can't win against me."

"Impossible," Ghost replied, groaning in pain. "That why I f\*cked Sophia-"

**53**

"YOU F\*CKING PIECE OF SH\*T!" Santan roared punching Ghost over and over again as blood dripped from his fists. Once he was certain Ghost was unconscious, the anger disappeared in a split second and the cool mask of indifference was put on. He turned to face me, acknowledging my presence which in turn

caused me to flinch and step away. "Sort him out and bandage him up."

**8**

Santan walked away and threw the bat before he went inside the building. The moment he was out of sight, I rushed to Ghost's body and smacked his face a few times. "Hello? Ghost? Hello?"

**11**

He grabbed my hand just as it was going to hit his face, the movement clearly painful. "I'm alive. F\*ck, he's violent."

**6**

"Why didn't you fight back?" I asked panic in my voice. "What's wrong with you?"

"I'm pretty sure if I fought back, he would've tried to kill me and I'd have no choice but to throw him off this building. And that would ruin my plans."

**11**

"So you let him try and kill you?!"

"Angel, you know I love it when you worry," he whispered grinning.

**39**

"Be serious, please. I'm getting the doctor."

An hour later, Ghost was covered in enough bandages that most of his tattoos were concealed and he held a bag of ice to his face as we sat in the jet. He was quiet in thought as Grace and I glared at each other in a silent battle.

**1**

"Let's go outside," Ghost said motioning that I should follow him. I wrapped my arms around myself as the cold air hit.

"What do you want?"

His amber eyes met mine and I couldn't stop my face from inching towards his as he leaned down, his lips brushing mine. His kiss was gentle as he angled his mouth against mine as he cupped my face making me soften at his touch. But it felt wrong. It felt like goodbye.

I pushed him away, breaking the kiss. "Ghost. What did you do?" I whispered.

The sound of a helicopter filled the air, the wind from the wings blowing my hair. He simply smiled. "You need to figure out what's going on and it's not fair if I keep dragging you around,"

"I don't get it." "I'm sending you home."

THE FLIGHT BACK was in silence. Not a word spoken. I sat in my seat, unsure what was going on or what to do after Ghost had sent me back to New York more confused than when I left. The director sat across from me, the weight of his eyes forcing me to look down. I felt like I couldn't breathe properly.

Unprepared, I was dragged out of that reality and thrown into my old one where I would have to answer for my actions. I bit my lip nervously, begging the universe to swallow me whole or show me a way to get out of this.

*Malia, what have you done?*

Security followed me as they took me from the plane to a car and then to HQ. Everyone watched me as if I was going to run which sounded tempting if I wasn't certain they'd catch me immediately. I entered the elevator as instructed followed by only the director. I coughed trying to ease the tension in the small enclosed space. He glanced at me and I met his eyes.

What I saw there told me all I needed to know. My fate was already decided. "You're off the case."

Despite me already predicting the outcome, I still pleaded. "Please, give me one more chance. I messed up but I can fix this-" "Malia. Sleeping with a criminal on the job isn't you *messing* up, you *f\*cked* up." My argument died immediately.

"How did you know?"

The elevator pinged as the doors opened. "Ghost told me. I should fire you on the spot but there'll be a meeting deciding what to do with you." He looked back at me briefly as we walked to his office. "You have so much potential so I'll be honest, I'm incredibly disappointed."

"I know," I whispered. "Give a week. A day even. I swear."

"No." He held open the door to his office, gesturing for me to go through. I did so and saw a file on his desk. The director opened it then slid it towards me with a pen. "Sign it."

"What it is?"

"An NDA and a statement saying you'll leave the case alone."

Shaking my head, I pushed it back. "I'm not signing this."

He sighed. "I thought you might say that so here's your other option. I'll fire you right now for being an accomplice to murder, extortion, hacking and fraud. I'll get security and you'll be in a cell in the next 10 minutes. Your choice."

"I guess I'll sign it."

Rain bounced off the glass of my car as I sat, my eyes closed. I was so close.

Ghost was playing a game that we didn't understand and it was clearly fuelled by revenge. All I needed was his name. My fist clenched in anger. Anger at the director, anger at Ghost but mostly anger at myself for getting trapped in a spiral of feelings for someone who could never care for me.

A tap on my window pulled me out of my thoughts and I looked up to see Duke holding an umbrella. I came out of the car and he pulled me towards him to shelter me from the rain but shame caused me to avoid his gaze.

"I didn't know you were back from your work trip," Duke said, smiling softly. "I came back today," I answered quietly.

"Why are you outside my apartment? You could've called."

I took a deep breath before speaking. "I'm breaking up with you."

A long pause passed between us, my words heavy in the air making it harder to breathe. He blinked at me, confusion settling on his features as he laughed in disbelief. "What are you talking about Mahlia?"

"I... In Vegas, I..."

"You cheated," he finished, no question in his voice. Duke took a step back exposing me to the weather, putting more distance as he stared at me in almost disgust.

The guilt made tears threaten to fall from my eyes and join the raindrops that ran down my face. "I cheated," I repeated back to him. "I'm so sorry, Duke. I didn't mean to-"

"To what?" He spat at me. "Don't give me that bullsh\*t. I trusted you. *You* told me to f\*cking trust you."

"I know-" I pleaded as the weather poured, drenching me almost as punishment. "You're a b\*tch, you know that? F\*ck you." "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"No, I'm f\*cking sorry for ever thinking that you deserved my trust. Why? What did I possibly do to deserve this?"

"You didn't do anything, I swear."

"I hope I never see you again. F\*ck you." Duke turned and walked away without looking back.

I stood there, in the cold as I felt everything fall apart.

*"When the time comes, you will. You'll risk your job, your little boyfriend and your life for me. But I won't care, Malia. At all."*

F\*ck you, Ghost.

I still had my life so he wasn't completely right. I was trying to convince myself that everything I did was worth it and it wasn't working. It couldn't end like this and that rage made me drive back to HQ. If Ghost wanted to send me back then I'd finish the job no matter what. As I strode into the building, hair dripping



wet with my clothes soaked, people looked at me apprehensively.

Once I reached my office, I pulled up Ghost's file which only had his court documents and a photo of him. SELY STATE PRISON

NAME: UNKNOWN NICKNAME: GHOST

AGE: UNKNOWN ASSOCIATES: SANTAN NICK (BROTHER), LUCIO NICK (FATHER)

No other information was provided so I looked up the prison and called them. Twenty minutes later I had a list of every one who was in the prison when Ghost was there and as it turns out Tim Kroft as well as Isaiah were with him. Two men who were killed months ago for knowing something they shouldn't and the only thing I could think of was his name which obviously they couldn't tell me.

I was grasping at straws. He was dead according to him which meant I spent another 2 hours going through records to find a family that died on the same day. It amounted to nothing as I had no clue how old he was so there were various names. I ran my hands through my hair in frustration.

*"I don't exist so I have fake identities and one of my favourite is Ares who will buy it."*

Ares. My eyes scanned my computer screen. The amount of information I was processing was making me dizzy and I was

slowly losing the will to continue until I found a newspaper article.

"Ares Romano, 37, found dead alongside his wife, Sofia while his son, Adonis Romano, was found critically injured. This tragic incident occurred in Nevada, Las Vegas-"

Adonis Romano

.....**The End**.....