

# CHAPTER ONE

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“I’m not trying to control you, Alexi,” I said.

“Sounds like it when you tell me that I’m not a cop but a vigilante,” I retorted.

“It’s just I want you to get into that mindset. As a cop, you think a certain way... I just don’t have time to humor that kind of rationale at the moment,” I said.

He scoffed. “You think I’m going to get bent out of shape about the guy you kidnapped, is that it?”

I shrugged as I turned down the road leading to my home. “Maybe.”

“You don’t trust me?”

I looked at him for a quick second. “I trust you, Alexi. Notice how you’re not blindfolded as I drive you to my one and only home that I share with my partner.”

Alexi looked out of the window, no doubt taking in the landscape and noting locations. “I see. Yeah, I guess you do trust me.” He turned back to me. “I know what I’m getting myself into. I know I can’t follow police procedures if what you’re saying to really all true.”

“It is.”

“Then I’m just someone with some knowledge who wants to help,” Alexi said.

“Okay.”

“You said you killed other people, who?”

“Do you really want to know?” I cut him another look.

“I want to know who I’ve been fucking all this time, yeah.”

I sighed, because I really didn’t want to get into all of that. I didn’t want Alexi to look at me any worse than he had when he discovered that I was Cobra. “I haven’t really kept count.”

“Jesus... how many people have you murdered when you don't even keep track?”

“It's not like I take trophies, Alexi. I've been at this vigilante game for a few months. I've taken down assholes who's tried to kill me, who've killed other people that the police have no knowledge of. I've stopped crime as it's happening, saving people who would have been victims otherwise. Am I supposed to feel bad for taking out scum who put themselves out there to harm innocents?” I asked and looked at him, taking full advantage of the red light.

Alexi didn't reply right away, it seemed as though he was really thinking about what I said. “The attack at the private airport, you did that?”

I nodded. “It was the only chance I had to grab Richard's sneaky ass before he could get away. I only killed those who attacked me. His bodyguard tortured the fuck out of me when they had their chance, so yeah, I was happy to pay him back.”

Alexi frowned. “Tortured you? When? How?”

The light turned green and I hit the gas. “I'll tell you everything when we get to my home. We're almost there.”

Two minutes later, I was pulling into my secret lair that too many people knew about for my taste. Alexi was checking everything out that he could see, then he opened the car door and climbed out. I did the same.

“So, this is where you live?” he asked.

“And operate out of, yeah,” I said.

Jordan came around the corner carrying a mug that I was sure was full of coffee. “It's so nice to finally meet you, Detective. Like I said, I've heard so much about you,” he said, extending the mug to Alexi, who took it and gave its contents a good sniff.

“I make some damn good coffee, trust me,” Jordan bragged.

“I’ll be the judge of that,” Alexi replied, then took a sip proving that he was trusting us. The expression he made after swallowing proved that Jordan did, in fact, make a damn good pot of coffee. “This is good.”

Jordan smiled and I swear, I just wanted to kiss the hell out of him. That smile could bring me such joy. I don’t see how anyone who loved Jordan couldn’t love that smile. How they could cast him out of their lives and never see that smile again. Fuck his family, as far as I was concerned. I was his family.

“Why don’t you follow me, I’ll give you the grand tour,” Jordan said, taking Alexi’s arm into his.

“We have a humble abode, not much grandness, ya know,” I told Jordan.

“I was really just referring to my work station,” Jordan quipped.

I chuckled as he led Alexi to his computer superstation I liked to call it on occasion.”

“I know this damn thing isn’t legal,” Alexi remarked as he looked at the multiple screens.

“Oh, it’s legal. Now, what I do with it... well, that’s questionable.”

“So, this is the cop?” Bishop asked, as he came out of the upstairs bathroom. He made his way down stairs, than walked over to Alexi, hand out for a shake and face fully exposed.

Alexi cocked his head sideways, but shook the proffered hand. “And you are?”

“You can call me Bishop and I go as the Black Knight,” Bishop said, not bothering to give Alexi his surname, which I guess was smart. He was exposing enough as it. But again, he should since this was all his idea.

“And you can call me Alexi.” My cop boyfriend, who I hoped wasn’t my ex, looked around my home more thoroughly, taking every detail in, I was sure. He then turned to me. “All right, Eric, why don’t you fill me in from the beginning.”