

PROLOGUE

Upon walking into this empty warehouse, I was unaware of what horrific scene I might see. Dear Lord, please don't let me find one of the men in my life dead. Hopefully, both of them will be alive and well, and then I can kill them both for putting me in this position.

The sounds of my heels clicking the ground sent chills up my spine. The anticipation had my nerves a mess. This was the worst night of my life. Finally, there's light at the end of the tunnel. I kicked off my shoes, my entrance needed to be unexpected. As I approached the opening, I was delighted to find Jaxson and Quincy alive.

Both men had their gun drawn, pointed at the other's head. Their faces were so intense, the tension in the room was so thick, it could be cut with a knife. Neither of them noticed my entrance. My husband, Quincy's back faced the door that I entered.

I approached him with my gun in hand. I had no choice but to point it at his head. He turned to face me as if he had a sixth sense that I was there. We gazed into each other's eyes.

"For real, Kailey? You're going to kill me now? I thought you loved me."

"Quincy, please don't make me do this," I pleaded.

Tears rolled down my cheeks as reality hit me. This was coming to a tragic end. The man I loved with every fiber of my being might die at my own hands.

The Bible says God always gives you a way out, or something like that, so God, where is my way out? Please hear my cry and rescue me, sweet Jesus. Things don't have to go this way. There has to be an alternative option. The only option was killing the man I loved.

Where was the happy ending that Disney's always talking about? The princess falls in love with the prince, and they lived happily ever after. Everything on the inside of me was screaming. My heart was bleeding as my eyes were crying.

My vision started to get blurry as a flood of tears rolled down my face. Pull it together, Kailey. Put on your big girl panties.

Quincy took a few steps close to me with his gun still turned to my father, but the barrel of my gun was on the back of his head.

"Kailey, pull the fucking trigger, or get the fuck out of here," he roared.

"Quincy, please don't make me do this," I repeated.

"Shoot me, Kay. Pull the fucking trigger, bitch."

No matter what words were coming out of his mouth, I couldn't bring myself to take his life. I closed my eyes slowly, lowering the gun, then I squeezed the trigger. The echo from the gun going off made my ears burn. Quincy fell to the floor.

He would be okay, I shot him in the leg, not hitting any main arteries.

"Bitch, you shot me! What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Babe, that was the only way I could get your attention. Now listen to what I have to say. Gentlemen, let me tell you how this is going to work. Dad, you are going to forget this ever happened and there will be no retaliation. Quincy, I'm going to take you to the hospital, and then we are going to work out our marriage, and you will under no circumstance attempt to take my father's life again, and everyone is going to live happy ever fucking after. Do I make myself clear? If not, I can just go ahead and pull the fucking trigger and finish the job."

"Kailey, you fucking shot me, bitch! I'm going to kill you, you backstabbing, manipulative, cunt, slut. After all I risked for you, this is how you repay me," Quincy stated.

With his track record, he just might really try to kill me. Jaxson was furious with me, but I was doing what was right for everyone. He trusted me because after he found out about Quincy, he still left me in charge. Maybe this was some sort of test.

"I could hear Jaxson saying what would Kailey do? Would she take care of her family?" Everything was a fucking test with him. I wouldn't allow him to control this situation.

At one point in time, they were friends. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out how they became enemies.

"Kailey, do you know what you are doing? my father called out to me.

"Kailey is taking the driver seat, and both of you gentlemen are under direct orders from me. There will be no killing unless I'm pulling the trigger. Somebody call the motherfuckin' police and get my husband to the hospital."

The solution to the problem was only temporary, but it was the best thing I had at the time. I put my gun back in my purse and my father walked out the building. Dropping to my knees, I attempted to stop the bleeding.

"Kay, you had a gun to my head. I don't think I can forgive you."

I pulled my gun back out.

"Consider us divorced," I said as I squeezed the trigger.