
THE ROAD TO REDEMPTION

Finding Forever - Book Five

JESSIE JONES



Published by Blushing Books
An Imprint of
ABCD Graphics and Design, Inc.
A Virginia Corporation
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901

©2020
All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. The trademark Blushing Books is pending in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Jessie Jones
The Road to Redemption

EBook ISBN: 978-1-64563-463-8

Print ISBN: 978-1-64563-464-5

Audio ISBN: 978-1-64563-465-2

vi

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

The ebony-haired woman quickly made her way through the darkened parking garage as the sun barely began to peek over the horizon in the distance. She walked into the back part of the hospital with guards in tow behind her, and as she wiped at her swollen eyes and rolled her tired neck, she stepped into the elevator. Gillian Kenric laid her head back against the cool steel and closed her eyes a moment. She could not begin to express how exhausted she was, but she wanted to check on her men before flying back to London. Although Gillian knew that John and Patrick were going to be fine, she wanted to visually see it for herself.

She swallowed the lump in her throat and fought the nausea rolling in her stomach. She had been up all-night vomiting and checking in with hospital staff to see how John and Patrick were doing. To keep herself from getting dehydrated, Gillian had called a friend who was also a doctor, to prescribe something to help decrease the vomiting. Bailey, who now was the only one who knew she was pregnant, was able to pick up the medicine for her discreetly. The stomach issues had not only kept Gillian awake but her emotions had been on edge since leaving the

hospital last night. She was no closer to figuring out what she was going to do with John and Patrick than she was yesterday. All she did know was that she felt angry, betrayed, and hurt and she hated feeling that way, especially when the cause of these feelings were John and Patrick.

Stepping off the elevator, Gillian made her way down the hall to their hospital room. Before stepping inside, a nurse met her at the door with their charts and followed her inside. Putting them down on the bedside table, the nurse turned to her and said in a whisper, soft voice, "Dr. Romano said to call him personally with any questions, Dr. Kenric. His number is in the front of the chart."

Gillian smiled and nodded at the nurse before she watched her leave the room. Her tired, green eyes then drifted to the bed, where her husband lay sleeping, and the couch, where her lover slept. Walking over to the bed where John slept, Gillian gently touched his handsome, rugged face before she began stroking it. Leaning over him, she placed a soft kiss on his lips. Tears again sprang to her eyes when she heard him sigh her pet name. Gillian loved John so much but how could she get him to see her point of view? The man was too damn stubborn for his own good and was accustomed to always getting his way. However, she felt if she let John continue down this dangerous path, then she would eventually lose him, and she couldn't live with that. She wasn't naïve to John's involvement in the underworld, but she had been ingenuous to the level of danger it put him in. Now that Gillian was pregnant, there was no way she could allow their baby to grow up in a situation like this. She wanted their child to know John personally, not just his legacy.

Kissing her husband's brow once more, Gillian walked around the bed to where Patrick lay asleep on the couch. Bending over him, she kissed his lips softly before kneeling beside him. As she ran her hand over his beautiful face and velvety blond hair, she smiled when she saw him almost turn in to her

touch. She had ensured that Patrick would rest, by making sure the staff gave him a sedative. Otherwise, he would have stayed up all night worrying about John. Even though his wound was much less serious than John's, Patrick still needed to rest and gain his strength. Gillian had secretly wanted him to come to the hotel after her, but she knew his loyalty to John would keep him from it. Gillian had seen the guilt and shame in his turquoise eyes and wondered what Patrick's actual role in the Geno situation was. Patrick had painted a picture of John and him making the plans together, but something told her that John was the mastermind and Patrick was his faithful lieutenant.

Raising up, Gillian then walked over to the charts on the bedside table. As she flipped through them, she read the notes from the overnight staff. Both men were doing well, and their bloodwork was perfect. Although John and Patrick were both stabilized and out of the woods as far as any type of medical setback, Gillian felt some serious guilt for leaving them and flying back to London before they were released. She knew, though, that if she was here when John woke up, he would get upset and want to get out of bed, and that's the last thing he needed right now. She wanted him to have another day or two of rest before he and Patrick began yelling at her. John was going to be livid that she flew back to London without him, but she had no plans of going anywhere but to the manor. She was also going to take guards with her, which John would have insisted upon.

After making a few notes in both charts, she closed them and headed toward the door. Turning to look at her men once more, she felt tears again moisten her eyes. Rubbing her stomach, Gillian promised her little one resting there that she would make things right with John and Patrick. Wiping the tears that ran down her cheeks, she blew her men a kiss before she exited the room. As soon as she closed the door, she turned, and ran smack-dab into Luther. He was holding two cups of coffee.

"I thought you might like something warm to drink, Ms.

Kitty." Luther smiled, handing her the drink. Looking over her fatigued face and body, he said, "You don't look so good, sweetheart. I hear you didn't sleep last night because you were up vomiting. Do I need to get a doctor to examine you?"

"No, you don't, Luke," Gillian replied, taking a small sip from the cup. "You guys forget that I'm a doctor who knows the difference between major and minor illnesses. I'm just stressed out and I've had no sleep. I have already taken medicine to reduce the vomiting and I feel it starting to kick in."

"Why don't you go back to the hotel and get some rest?" Luther asked, concern evident on his face. "I know you are the one signing off on John and Patrick's care, but you need to think about taking care of yourself."

"I'm not going back to the hotel," Gillian said as she looked directly into Luther's hazel eyes. "I'm flying back to London. I have already made arrangements with the pilot."

"No, Gillian," Luther replied sternly, shaking his head. "There is no way in hell that you are flying back to London without John or Patrick."

"Yes, I am, Luke! I understand that you are the head of John's security, but you are not going to tell me what to do. I'm going to do as I damn well please!"

With a loud growl, Luther rolled his eyes and towered over her much smaller frame. How dare she stand there looking at him so defiantly. The doctor was daring him not to react. Damn, John was right! Gillian was even more beautiful when she was mad. Feeling the eyes of his men on them, Luther said between clenched teeth, "I advise you to follow me so we can discuss this in private."

"Advise me? Who the hell—"

"You either follow me willingly, or I throw your sweet ass over my shoulder. What will it be?"

"I hate men sometimes!" Gillian snapped as she glared at Luther. "Just because you're bigger and stronger than I am doesn't mean you can bully me! I...stop!" Gillian screamed out as Luther moved to toss her over his shoulder. "I'll walk, dammit! Where do you want to go?"

"I thought you would see it my way." Luther smiled arrogantly. "Follow me."

Gillian stomped off down the hallway behind Luther as the guard attempted to find a private area to talk. Catching a glimpse of an empty waiting room, he led her into the small space. Pointing to the couch, he motioned for her to sit down. Once Gillian did as he commanded, Luther sat down beside her. "I know you're pissed at me, Ms. Kitty, but let's try and have a conversation that doesn't involve screaming."

Leaning back and crossing her legs demurely, Gillian said, "I don't plan on screaming at you, Luke. I believe I was rather calm back there until you decided to throw your position in my face. Just so we're clear. I'm flying back to London tonight, with or without your consent."

Clenching his jaw as he swallowed his anger, Luther tried to calm himself. "Ms. Kitty." He began appearing relaxed, although he was anything but. "You're a rationale, intelligent woman. John and Pat are incapacitated at this moment and you know damn well if they were awake, you would not be saying things like this. I get that you're mad, but leaving them in the hospital? Come on, Gillian. That's not being a good wife, and I know you love them both."

Gillian closed her eyes a moment and took a deep breath. If she heard one more time that she was abandoning her men, she was going to scream! When she opened her eyes, they were full of tears. She was in no mood to argue and she felt like shit, but the last thing she wanted to do was stay in Milan. Looking at

Luther, she wiped the tears from her eyes as she softly said, "If I explain my feelings to you, will you actually listen to me, Luke? I mean, really listen without judging me."

Feeling like a giant heel for making Gillian cry, he leaned back on the small couch and said, "Of course. What's on your mind?"

With a heavy sigh, she went on, "I don't even know where to begin with you, Luke. Not that you care, but I'm angry and hurt at the fact that John and Patrick went to Italy and almost lost their lives. I feel that way because neither one of them felt it was important to tell me what they were doing. They could have died, and I probably would have found out via the media. I'm John's wife, dammit! I love him so much, but he needs to respect me! He was the first person to ever make me feel like I was part of something, but when he does crap like this, I feel like a member of his staff!"

"If I'm being honest with you, Gillian, I think John should have told you about last night, but he didn't—"

"Because he felt like he was protecting me. Yeah, I know," Gillian replied, feeling emotionally and physically drained. "We both know last night did not go as planned and John is lucky to be alive. An inch or two to the right, and the bullet could have pierced his lung or his heart. If that happened, he wouldn't be with us right now and neither would Patrick. If I lost them, Luke, I would be devastated. Not only that, but I would be completely and utterly alone."

"Ms. Kitty, don't cry, sweetheart," Luther said, trying to comfort John's wife. He hated seeing the tears run down her face. He loved John like a brother, but the billionaire had been wrong this time, and everyone, including John, knew it. "If something happened to John and Patrick, you wouldn't be alone. You would still have me and Duff. You would have John's home; you'd have his fortune—"

"I couldn't care less about John and Patrick's money, Luke!

Don't you see that? I would love them even if they were penniless! I want John in my life! I want Patrick in my life! I want them to be there for me and our future children! John has been angry at Geno and the world for so long that I don't know if he can even let that hatred go. If he doesn't let it go, it's going to kill him, Luther, and I can't stand by and watch that happen. He can't protect me if he's not alive, and neither can Patrick."

Luther rubbed his tired face with his large, scarred hands. How many times had he and Duff had this same conversation? He had known John for more than twenty years, and the British man had always put himself in harm's way. Sometimes Luther felt as though the billionaire had a death wish or something. John was like a cat but had used his nine lives, and Luther was afraid that he didn't have any left. Last night, when Patrick had yelled that John had been shot, his heart had sunk, and Luther had been terrified at the thought of losing him. He had hoped that John would slow down once he married Gillian, but it had seemed to push him into overdrive. Luther saw how much John loved his wife, but his actions last night had not demonstrated that. He hated the pain he saw in Gillian's tired eyes and wanted to help her, but how did he do that without betraying John?

"Luther, look at me," Gillian commanded, and when he did, she touched his large forearm. "You and I both know that when John and Patrick wake up, they are going to want to talk to me. I need space and time to figure out how I am going to handle this. Plus, John doesn't need to be yelling the moment he finally wakes up. He'll be trying to get out of the bed and that's the last thing he needs to do. When I fly back to London, I have no intention of going anywhere but to the manor. I'll take guards; I'll do exactly what you say, but I'm leaving. If I must buy a ticket and fly commercial, I will. Please don't fight me on this, Luke, and try to understand where I'm coming from."

"Shit!" Luther sighed, raising his eyes toward the ceiling. He knew John was going to beat his ass for his next words, but what

else could he do? Luther was stuck between a rock and a hard place. "Okay, Gillian. You can fly back to London, but I'm going with you. John would want someone who would be willing to give their life for you and since Patrick is injured, that falls to me. There will be rules, though. You'll do exactly as I say."

"That's fine, but if John or Patrick call, I'm not talking to them. I plan on overseeing their medical care, but I'll talk to them personally once they reach London. I'm sorry to put you in the middle, Luke, but I'll protect you from John's wrath. Deal?"

A soft smile played on Luther's, handsome chocolate face. No one could protect him from John's anger, but he wasn't going to tell her that. "Deal. Look, let me talk to Duff and figure out what I am going to do with security around the hospital and then I'll join you on the plane. I'll have Bailey go ahead and take you there, but I want you to try to get some rest while you're waiting on me. You don't look good and the last thing I want is for you to get sick."

"I can do that. A nap actually sounds good."

Then, as if magically summoned, Bailey appeared around the corner and came into the waiting area. Luther stood up and began talking to her as Gillian sat back and watched. She could feel the nausea subsiding and, with it, her eyes growing heavy. Now that she knew that she was heading back to London and John and Patrick were okay, she felt a small sense of relief. Feeling herself jerk, Gillian had no idea that she had almost fallen asleep. Looking up, she found Bailey and Luther staring at her.

"Come on, Gillian." Bailey smiled. "Let's get you on the plane so you can rest."

Gillian stood up and headed toward the door. Before she left the room with Bailey, she turned to Luther and touched his handsome face. Placing a kiss on his cheek, she said, "Thank you."

I know I am putting you in a tough spot, but I appreciate you listening to me. See you on the plane."