

PROLOGUE

"You are hereby banned from the MGM Grand. Your names and photos are on record. Should you show your faces here again, you will be escorted from the premises in a very unpleasant way."

Blane Kirk gave a curt nod, eyeing the seven linebacker-size security men flanking him and his brother in the nondescript room located in the bowels of one of the most well-known and largest casinos in the world. Tourists usually didn't see this side of Sin City, and he'd rather not have either.

"Room service sucked anyway."

Blane shot his brother a look at the comment, but Kade looked unrepentant, his gaze sharp and cold as he surveyed the men surrounding them.

"We'll just be on our way," Blane said, giving Kade a nudge.

The man in charge of the casino didn't smile as he opened the door. Blane prayed Kade would keep his mouth shut as they walked out, but alas, it wasn't to be.

"Coulda said thanks for providing something more for you guys to do than intimidating little grannies at the slots," Kade said. "You're welcome." He rolled his eyes at Blane. "Some people."

"Come on," Blane muttered, grabbing Kade's elbow and yanking him out the door and down the hall. He could practically feel the security guy's eyes on their backs. "I'm not really in the mood to get my ass kicked."

"Aw, we could've taken them," Kade protested, pulling out of Blane's grasp. He glanced back and grimaced. "Okay, maybe not."

"Let's not find out," Blane said.

They hit the outside of the casino and Blane took a deep breath of the hot, dry Nevada air. Though still a couple of hours until sunrise, it was still a sauna even without the blazing sunshine.

A valet opened the door to a taxi and the men climbed inside. In minutes they were on their way to the airport and he heaved a sigh of relief.

Blane had known from the start that coming to Vegas was a bad idea, he just hadn't known how bad.