

# THE ASSASSIN'S LEGACY by D. Lieber

## EXCERPT

As I unlocked and opened it, I met Liza's grey eyes. Her gaze traveled over my body, taking in my bare feet, my only recently replaced trousers, my still unbuttoned shirt. Are her eyes lingering on my exposed abdomen? Finally, she took in my grin. I knew she was only there to make sure she knew where I was, but that didn't stop me from provoking her.

"Did you miss me, Kisa? Could not bear the thought of not seeing me until morning?" I opened the door wider and added heat to my tone. "You could join me if you like."

Her face flushed, and her eyes sparked like sharpened steel as she squinted at me. "I just came to see if you needed anything before I went to bed."

I tilted my head at her. "Are you certain that is all?"

She stood up straighter and sucked in air, her nostrils flaring in irritation. It took a great deal of effort on my part not to laugh.

"What else could I possibly want from you, Aleksandr Sergeyevich?"

I shrugged lightly. "Women have wanted a great many things from me. How will I know if you do not tell me, Kisa? Tell me what you desire, and I will give it to you. I am very accommodating."

She just stared at me for a few silent moments. "Goodnight, Aleksandr," she stated firmly before turning on her heel and stomping to the door beside mine.

"Goodnight, Kisa," I called sweetly, chuckling under my breath.