



**In case you're wondering the hunky model is Nathan Kamp**

**Synopsis:**

It wasn't just a story for Tiffany Sinclair, bringing two of LA's major drug lords to justice had become her mission. Only, what she uncovers puts her in danger of losing her heart as well as her life.

Ramj Oloff (aka. Konstantin Malovich) wanted nothing more than to rush through the King's latest assignment and get back to his training fields. However, some would be Arms dealers and a damsel in distress has him rethinking his priorities.

**Chapter One**

*It could be worse*, she surmised peeking past the narrow ledge to the expensive granite paved walk several feet below. From the adjacent window she could hear Enrique Cortez and Alexi “The Bull” Habalov in a heated discussion. It was the loud voices that first tipped her off to their approach, leaving Tiffany to take the only escape route available out the third story window of Alexi’s Bel Air mansion.

“I told you there was something fishy about that guy when you wanted to bring him on board,” Enrique practically yelled, his heavy Cuban accent reminding her of Ricky Ricardo. Yet, unlike Ricky this man was completely dangerous.

“Now you want to insult my intelligence by saying that all of our recent bad luck is just coincidence. He’s got to be a Fed.”

“You’re wrong, I’ve known him since before my immigration to this country. His connections extend to the highest levels of government back home which is why I wanted to cut him in. He’s brought us some major deals to the table and I know there’s more in our future. As for our unfortunate transactions lately I agree there must be a leak somewhere. Trust me I’ll find out who and deal with the problem swiftly.”

A knot formed in Tiffany’s throat at the venom in her employers voice, she didn’t doubt that he would make good on his threat. Her journalistic and survivalist instincts warred briefly before the potential threat to her safety won out. She’d suspected that their recent illegal activities went far above the two men’s capabilities, but it wasn’t until that moment she had her confirmation. If only they’d mentioned a name. A name would put

an end to the dual life she'd led these past five months posing as one of the Bull's many housekeepers.

It hadn't been easy getting the job. Hell, the man had a more thorough background check than the Pentagon. Thankfully, she was prepared for that, had put all her ducks in a row by developing an iron clad cover as a down on her luck woman just looking to make her mother's final days in an Alzheimer's community as comfortable as possible. She knew the assignment would be a dangerous one, but had taken it on with all the enthusiasm of an investigative reporter committed to getting her story and exposing some dangerous criminals. Tiffany just prayed that it wasn't her obituary that would get her notoriety. The more she learned about Alexi's activities the more on edge she was becoming about the potential danger to herself. She'd learned that drug trafficking and money laundering were but a few of his involvements and was certain that arms' trading wasn't a far reach.

*Escape*, her brain urgently reminded her. She could only hope that the surveillance device picked up on the men's conversation from its haphazard placement between books on a shelf. If luck were on her side she'd be out of the Bull's house by the end of the week with enough information to topple his and Cortez's entire empire. The men were a cancer on the city, and although she knew this wouldn't stop the flow of drugs she hoped it would slow the movement enough to give the city a chance to begin the healing process. Most of the drugs peddled in Los Angeles could be linked back to one of the two mobsters. While the police and local officials chose to take the war on drugs to the streets by targeting corner pushers she knew that only an attack at the source would begin to make a difference. For every small time drug dealer locked away two

more popped up in their place more ruthless than the last. Turf wars were a direct result of the newbies exerting dominance of their recently acquired territory.

In the end only the innocent and their families were made to suffer. She'd seen enough senseless blood shed in her day to be fed up with it. Some might say it was a fruitless crusade, and they were probably right, but as her old grampy would say 'if you weren't part of the solution, etc, etc.' That's why the very idea of abandoning her efforts left a sorrow in her very soul, but story or not things were just getting too heated for her to stick around much longer. She couldn't help anyone if she were dead. Her last few updates to her editor resulted in the "bad luck" mentioned by Enrique and nearly ended in his premature arrest. As far as she was concerned that was the third and final accident. She purposefully missed her last check in with Steve for fear that the bit of information she'd gathered on the shipment of drugs would land in the DEA's hands, again. As much as she wanted to see Enrique behind bars she knew Alexi couldn't be allowed to walk away. It had to be both of them. Once this assignment was all done Steve would have a lot explaining to do, the leaks to the Fed's was no accident, of that she was certain.

She took a deep breath. The short distance to the nearest patio seemed like a thousand mile trek across the narrow ledge. Tiffany hoped the landing was as sturdy as it looked. She pressed her backside firmly against the brick exterior. Fingers slipped between grooves of cold stones gripping them for dear life. She was less afraid of the fall, that would only injure her at most, and far more concerned with being caught by one of Alexi's guards. She did a mental headshake at the irony of her situation. While the evenings festivities roared on in full swing several yards away her life was in obvious

jeopardy. Guests could be heard in the backyard enjoying one of her employers many weekend parties.

Alexi was a walking mafia cliché. He believed in living the fast life to the fullest and his appetites were gluttonous to say the least, from his numerous cars to the string of girlfriends who didn't seem to mind being one of many in his harem. Tiffany's only relief was that no guests would be allowed on the eastern side of the mansion where Alexi's private quarters were housed. The area was normally heavily patrolled, but with the extra bodies to keep an eye on she knew the watch wouldn't be as concentrated that night. With all the people in his employ there were only a small number that Alexi trusted to guard his estate and his life. His paranoia would be her salvation, yet she wasn't foolish enough to allow herself to become too relaxed expedience was of the utmost importance.

Edging her petite five-foot five-inch frame along the side of the house Tiffany was grateful when she finally came in contact with the balcony of Alexi's VIP guest room. For several seconds she listened for the sound of voices or movement before taking a chance to climb over the balcony's railing.

She exhaled deeply, sagging against the wall in relief. Just a few more inches and she could slip from the shadows, through the open doors, into the room, and out of Alexi's domain.

"Quite an unorthodox mode of entry don't you think?" The baritone voice greeted her before its owner stepped into view.

Tiffany's heart thudded with renewed fear laced adrenaline. She opened her mouth to speak but the words would not form. What could she say? She was busted. Her ability to speak was even further impaired by the man who belonged to the deep tone. He

was a veritable giant. Granted she just hit the “average” mark for a woman’s height but the man had to be over six foot three, and his shoulders seemed as broad as he was tall. Casually dressed in a black sports blazer and matching slacks the man looked as if he’d stepped out of an issue of *Gentleman’s Quarterly*. She felt a modicum of relief at realizing he wasn’t one of Alexi’s henchmen.

“You’re not exactly what I was expecting from Alexi tonight, but perhaps being in the US has broadened his appetites.”

*What*, Tiffany stared at him blankly taking in his hard features. His voice was thickly laced with a Russian accent, something she would normally find appealing. She wouldn’t call him handsome, not in the traditional sense of the word. His face looked too harsh. Silver, intelligent eyes set beneath a furrowed brow. His nose was long but slightly crooked, as if it had been broken on more than one occasion. His lips held the promise of being full, but were strained in a taut line as he concentrated on her face while she sized him up. Straight, salt and pepper hair was cut short on the sides with enough fullness at the top for a woman to rub her fingers through.

“I think you have me mistaken for someone else. I’m Mr. Habalov’s housekeeper.”

“Really?”

“Yes, and if you’ll excuse me I need to get back to the party and see to his other guests.” It was a lie. Her plans were quickly evolving. Her narrow escape, Alexi and Enrique’s ominous conversation, Steve’s obvious betrayal and good old fashion common sense merged to formulate a consensus. There was no way she’d stay another night in that house, not now. She thought about the surveillance piece transmitting to the micro

recorder in her first floor room. Normally any device she planted would later be retrieved as she went about her cleaning duties. Unfortunately there'd be no time for it. If they found the one device it wouldn't matter because she'd be far gone by the time it was discovered. There was just one obstacle standing in her way, and what a formidable one he would be.

“But you have yet to see to my *extensive* needs.”

“As I said before, you have me mistaken for someone else. I'm certain that whomever Mr. Habalov has appointed to you tonight will be up shortly.”

“Then it seems I will need to turn her away.”

A slow anger began to rise in Tiffany replacing her earlier fear. She knew what activities went on in Alexi's private rooms, having been part of the clean up crew assigned to deal with the aftermath. She mentally snorted her displeasure, there was no way she would play harlot for any man, and especially not an arrogant stranger.

“I think not mister.”

“My name is Konstantin Jestkov, and you are?”

Not a common name, yet oddly familiar.

“Nunya, as in none of your business. Now if you'll excuse me.” Tired of waiting for him to move Tiffany decided to take matters into her own hands as she attempted to brush past him.

“Not so fast my little cat burglar. I have a definite need of your services this evening,” he whispered after pulling her into the circle of his arms. “And if I'm correct in my assumptions of who you are, you're in need of mine.”

In any other instance she would have laughed in the guy's face before giving him a piece of her mind. However, at the moment flight, was the instinct taking precedent.

"I'm sure the gift Alexi has coming will more than suffice Mr. Jestkov," Tiffany forced herself to hold on to her anger as she tried to jerk free. His hold was unbreakable.

"Listen my dear, I don't have time to explain any of this to you at present, in a few minutes one of Alexi's playmates will come through the door in there and my dear friend being the voyeur that he is, will begin his hidden camera. Now, I have no desire to consort with one of his concubines and I'm fairly certain that you would rather not explain how you came to be on this balcony so I suggest we move indoors and work together."

As if scripted, a knock summoned from the inner sanctum of the room.

"Time for you to choose Dorogaya Moya, but you must do so quickly."

Another, more persistent tapping came this time.

She nodded, even as her agreement slipped from her lips, in a whisper. As much as she hated to admit it the stranger had the upper hand. If she refused he could alert Alexi before she had the opportunity to make herself scarce.

"Good. As you Americans say, follow my lead."

"Enter," Konstantin called as they stepped into the room whose ambiance had definitely been set for seduction. A fire blazed from the lavish marble hearth in the candle lit room. In the air she caught a whiff of jasmine and something else she couldn't place.

Tiffany instantly recognized the woman who responded to the command. She was Alexi's prized companion. A former model, she stood at nearly six feet tall with a

thin boyish frame. Raven hair was swept up into a fashionable chignon, luminous blue eyes were painted with gray eye shadow to achieve a sultry allure. Instead, the woman looked ridiculously like a raccoon. Collagen plumped lips were painted a ruby red and glossed to add a pouty expression. The corners of her mouth dipped disapprovingly as she glanced at Tiffany.

The new arrivals eye's narrowed as Konstantin pulled her into his arms. Her back pressed intimately against him as hard arms locked just underneath her breasts.

"It seems that Alexi has over estimated my prowess," Konstantin commented.

"I doubt that, but I believe there may have been a miscommunication in rooming assignments tonight." The woman began, her voice held the barest hint of an accent. "If memory serves me correctly housekeeping quarters are on the first floor and to the rear of the house."

Seeing her opportunity for escape Tiffany eagerly jumped in, "You're quite right. I'll just leave the two of you to get familiar as planned."

"I think not my dear," Konstantin's arms tightened until she settled back against his frame. "Tell Alexi that I'm grateful for his generosity, but there has been a change in plans this evening."

The woman looked as if she wanted to protest but thought better of it. She gave Tiffany a brief once over before huffing out of the room like a spoiled child.

"Now that she's gone my dear, why don't we get properly acquainted?"

"I'll start with your name first," he said dropping his arms as he ambled over to the built in bar.

Grateful for the sudden freedom and distance Tiffany wasn't certain whether to bolt or stay put.

"Um, Tiffany," she stood her ground. He'd said there was a camera. She wouldn't doubt it having stumbled across some of Alexi's homemade films in her search for evidence against him. The man was definitely a voyeur, she'd just never imagined that she would hold a starring role in one of his features.

"And a last name?"

"St. James," she answered with the ease of a person in deep cover.

Konstantin nodded as he poured amber colored liquid into snifters. He brought her the glass in silence seeming to wait for her to take a drink. She took a quick sip for courage and another for good measure. Tiffany found herself relishing the taste of the iced beverage as it coated her throat. She definitely needed something to still her nerves.

He motioned for her to take an empty place on the love seat opposite the fireplace. She did so gratefully, crossing legs in the too little maids uniform that she and the three other women on staff were required to wear. In preparation for her night's prowling she'd opted for sensible black flats that allowed her full mobility, instead of the three inch death stilettos Alexi seemed to get a kick out of seeing them in. She'd hoped to slip back in her room for them before joining the other staff.

"I must lodge a complaint with my dear friend for keeping you under the radar on my last visits. Although I don't blame him for wanting to hide a treasure like you."

"It's not like that at all. Mr. Habalov is my employer, nothing more. Besides I doubt if I'm even his type," she supplied if the man in question were truly watching.

“You sound disappointed,” he took the empty space next to her, briefly signaling for her to stretch her legs across his lap

Tiffany paused before easing her limbs across his thick thighs.

“Not at all, besides I’m not into sharing my man.”

“So you have one?” He took a slow drink of the liquor before setting the glass on an end table.

“A man? Not at the present time.”

“That’s good to know, I would hate to think that I’m encroaching on another’s territory.”

“I think that comparison only applies to land or possessions, of which I’m neither.”

“For the moment.” He slipped one leather shoe off than the other and began a slow kneading of one foot. Tiffany couldn’t catch the groan of pleasure that slipped from her lips. It had been a long while since she’d experienced a good foot massage, and as odd as the situation was she definitely enjoyed Konstantin’s strong fingers.

“Now and in the future. I don’t plan on being any man’s chattel. I have and will always be my own person.”

“Spoken like a true feminist. It always amazes me how that tune changes when one finds themselves so enamored they’re willing to give anything of themselves, even freedom.”

“I guess I’m one of the lucky ones because I’ve never been unfortunate enough find myself in that predicament.”

“Hmmm, the true test will come when you’re faced with the option.”

“Well, here’s to my continued freedom,” she raised her glass in a solitary salute.

“How did you come to work for Alexi?” She was glad he dropped the topic. Although discussing her made up history wasn’t one of her favorite subjects. Thankfully, she’d told the tale enough over the last five months that it was engrained in her memory. Sometimes she’d forget the life she’d concocted wasn’t really her own.

“I’d just lost my waitressing job and was in need of money. I printed up some resumes and placed them on cars at some of the more exclusive restaurants around and Voila here I am.”

“Sounds bold and a bit irresponsible.”

“Desperate times called for desperate measures, besides I bought a prepaid phone just for that purpose.” It had taken a month before one of Alexi’s men called her for a meeting. A month of crank calls and married men thinking she was advertising other services.

“And exactly what was your desperation?”

“My mother, whom I’d rather not discuss.”

He nodded his understanding.

“And I take it you like your job?”

“It’s work, and Alexi pays well so I really can’t complain.”

“I’ll make sure that there is extra compensation for your services tonight.”

His comment set off the somersaults in her belly at what the evening had in store. Surely he didn’t honestly believe she was going to have sex with him.

“Speaking of which, I don’t think I’m really cut out for this added *duty*,” she tried tugging her legs away only to find herself pulled completely across his lap. Her too short

mini pushed up on her backside riding dangerously high on her hips. She pushed frantically against his chest at the thought of what would take place next.

“Relax Tiffany Sinclair,” he whispered low between kisses to her ear lobe.

**Chapter Two**

She stiffened, her hearing had to be playing a trick on her. He'd called her Sinclair not her alias St. James. If he knew her name then he must know who she really was.

*Dear God, did Alexi know as well? Had he sent this man to take care of her?*

"Be calm Dorogaya Moya, I'm the only one who is aware of your secret for now," his hushed tones vibrated against her ear. "But you are no longer safe here, it's only a matter of time before Alexi discovers your true identity."

"How?" She whispered more to herself.

"Shh, remember we probably have an audience now."

*An audience!* Her cover had been compromised, her life endangered and she was suppose to act as if she were having a good time with a total stranger.

"If you're to get out of here alive you have to trust me," he nuzzled her earlobe again before pulling back.

*Trust him? Could she trust him or anyone for that matter? Did she have a choice?*

Her eyes meshed with silver ones just before his head dropped to place probing lips against her month. Perhaps it was the threat of danger, or the uncertainty of her future that had her melting into him. Her body seemed to respond of its own accord. Arms wrapped around his neck, as she became the aggressor in this very dangerous mating game.

"Slow down Tiff, we have all evening," he said roughly against her lips.

*Yes, but will it be my last one?*

He pulled back, leaving her to stare at him questioningly.

“I want to see this delectable body of yours.” Nimble fingers easily slipped the oversized buttons through their holes, punctuating his words. She felt drugged watching while he pushed the top of her uniform down her shoulders until she shrugged herself free. Her heart thumped loudly against her chest as she watched his gaze linger on her heavy breasts. The satin bra she wore pushed the firm globes together giving the illusion of even more cleavage than normal.

“Just as I imagined,” he said before dipping his head down to kiss the swell of her chest before flicking one satin covered nipple with the tip of his tongue. Her back arched instinctively, she nearly melted completely when he took the nipple in his warm moist mouth. Even through the fabric his heated caress had her body tingling.

Tiffany groaned in a mixture of pleasure and disbelief, as she tried unsuccessfully to fight her body’s response.

*He’s a stranger,* she silently reminded her befuddled senses. *As far as you know he could have been sent to handle Alexi’s problem.*

The internal speech was for not. Her body had a mind of it’s own and she was sinking fast. Fingers reached to tangle in his soft hair pressing his head closer to her aroused breasts. Teeth grazed her pebbled nipple until she squirmed in his lap. Her bottom ground against the budding, thick member concealed by slacks. Konstantin kissed a trail up her chest until he brushed a gentle kiss against her lips, brushing butterfly kisses against her cheek until he could whisper in her ear.

“Easy my dear, or this little ruse of ours will become a definite reality.”

Ruse, she wanted to ask him more about it, but found herself lifted when Konstantin stood, cradling her in his arms as if she weighed nothing more than a few pounds. He crossed the wide expanse of the room to the canopy bed in long strides. Her feet dropped gently to the lush carpeting, and Tiffany took a step backwards to put some space between them. She didn't get too far as she bumped into the side of the bed.

"Take off the uniform," Konstantin commanded in a passion filled voice.

Without question she pushed the already dangling dress over rounded hips, easing it down along with the black stockings she wore.

"You are a very beautiful woman Tiffany."

She lowered her gaze demurely, "Thank you."

Eyes quickly met his again at the sound of him removing his jacket and promptly tossing it on a corner chair.

He took a step forward, "Why don't you help me with this."

There was no need to ask him what he referred to as he placed her hands on his shirt. Tiffany paused enjoying the feel of his warm chest through the fabric of his top. He was heard beneath her touch and she found herself looking forward to seeing what he looked like in the flesh. Surprisingly steady fingers began the curious task of releasing the round plastic buttons. She caught her breath at the first glimpse of his bare skin after pulling the tucked in material from his belted slacks. Firm abs rippled down his lean stomach. The urge to allow herself free reign over the contours of his muscled chest and stomach was almost too great a temptation to resist. She dropped her hands as he pulled the shirt away, letting it fall at their feet.

"I'm finding these pants are becoming increasingly uncomfortable."

Tiffany held her breath in anticipation, her eyes lingering on the sculptured physique of his chest. Time ticked by slowly before she realized that he wasn't making an effort to remove his bottoms. She hazarded a look up to eyes that had darkened from silver to a smoky gray. His intense look spoke volumes. She responded as if on automatic pilot reaching for the wide belt buckle. Things moved in slow motion from there, leather slipped from metal. The clasp of his pants gave easily under her ministrations. The sound of the zipper mixed with the thumping of her heart and distant crackling fire. If there were any doubts before to his aroused state she could promptly dismiss them at the evident bulge in his trousers. A spark of pleasure coursed through her when she felt the catch in his breath as her fingers glided over the swell in his pants.

He stilled her hands bringing them back to his own chest, "Why don't you lay down while I get rid of these."

Odd as their situation might be she found herself wanting to protest, to finish undressing him. Yet a tiny dose of rational thought managed to surface itself in the haze of her befuddled brain. Konstantin reached around her to pull the top blanket back before straightening.

"I won't leave you waiting long," his sultry voice promised.

Tiffany nodded her acceptance even as she slid across the expensive sheets. They were nothing like the one's she'd slept on since her move in the manor. Her thoughts quickly transitioned from the bedding and back to the man removing his clothes only a foot away. She savored the smooth way he rid himself of the loose slacks, revealing black boxer-briefs that looked as if they were made for him. Her mouth went dry when

the briefs joined his other clothes in a heap on the floor. Eyes riveted to the impressive jutting cock.

“I’m glad I meet with your approval,” he commented at her silence.

Tiffany snapped her mouth closed before she said something asinine that would reveal just how much she approved. She watched in silence as he bent to retrieve a foil wrapper from a pocket.

Condoms, her mind registered. She gapped in awe as he unwrapped the latex and rolled it over his erect staff with the ease of practice. Briefly, she wondered what it would have felt like to be the one to sheath him in the protection, to feel his veined erection between her fingers. She didn’t have much time to savor the thought because Konstantin was easing into bed next to her, urging her over with his bulky frame. When she would have moved too far, one arm snaked around her waist to bring her in intimate proximity with him. In one fluid movement he settled himself between her thighs.

His mouth claimed hers in a kiss that wouldn’t allow protest and like before she gave in to the persuasion of his lips. Her mind registered the clasp of her bra being undone a millisecond before it gapped open in the front. Konstantin palmed one hefty globe as he rubbed the aureole with his thumb. Need shot through her entire body igniting a throbbing in her core that had her pressing against him. Instinctively, one leg hooked around his hip pressing him closer. As if answering her silent request he thrust forward, his length rubbing against her satin covered clit.

“Yes,” Tiffany groaned into his mouth wrapping arms around the wide expanse of his back. He broke away from their kiss to lead a heated path to her breasts. His mouth teasing and taunting her erect nubbins until she felt like she would go crazy from the

pleasure. She could feel the wetness building with each thrust of his hips, stroke of his tongue and nip of his teeth. When he pulled back to stare at her through hooded eyes she felt as if she would scream in frustration.

Her panties were wet from her excitement but she didn't care. The satin material was pulled down her hips and tossed with a force that had them sailing across the room, her gapping bra followed leaving only the latex he wore as a barrier between their heated flesh.

Her eyes rounded as his questing hand dipped between her thighs, slipping between the warm, moist folds of her labia until he could stroke her engorged clit.

“Konstantin,” she moaned, unable to prevent herself from arching into him.

“Hmm, you're so greedy for my touch. Are you ready for more.”

“Yes,” she purred wanting to feel him glide inside her, to stretch her with himself.

“Good.”

Tiffany whimpered in protest when he moved away to pull the coverlet over them. He spread her thighs even wider, bracing a forearm above her head.

“Trust me Tiff,” he said just as he thrust into her with his forefinger. She gasped aloud at the sudden entry. She didn't have time to register fully what was happening because his thumb slipped between her folds again and began a gentle campaign on her sensitive clit. His body thrust against hers in tandem with his fingers rhythm and as much as she wanted to feel him pushing deep within her she couldn't deny how much pleasure he was bringing her with his digits. His thumb increased its pace until she was gasping, stretching for the orgasm that had built. She was on fire, thrusting frantically against his demanding fingers. She wanted more, pushed for it, until finally the release

that grew erupted in a series of spasms and shrieks that had her digging her nails in his back.

His fingers slipped from her warm core, but that didn't stop his simulated thrusts. As the residual effects of her orgasm faded she realized why he hadn't fully consummated their play. With their lower extremities covered, only they were aware that he'd pleased her with his hand and not the straining thickness that tapped her stomach with each push forward. He'd said it himself. It was to be a ruse. Yet he'd allowed her to fully experience pleasure.

A mischievous smile spread across her lips. She enjoyed the surprise that registered on his face as an arm stole underneath the blanket, fingers wrapping around his sheathed manhood.

"Tiff," he ground out trying to still her movements with the hand that had, until that moment, still lingered between her thighs.

"Trust me," she whispered his words back at him, tightening her hold on him until he gave in, bracing the previously occupied hand next to her hip. She set the pace of the masturbation, stroking him gently at first, gripping him tightly and relaxing her hold, repeating her movements over until his head dropped into the hollow of her neck.

He mumbled something she assumed was in his native Russian. Although she didn't know their meaning, the words sent a chill down her spine. She never felt so in control or alive before. Her pumping intensified and she knew by his shallow breaths and frenzied thrusts that he was close. Her fingers contracted around him with each downward motion over and over.

He exploded in a growl that had him throwing his head back, the distended veins on his neck bulged to capacity. Tiffany didn't let that deter her, milking him completely until his body jerked against hers in response before he collapsed at her side.

"Come," his gruff voice commanded and she scooted into the fold of his welcoming arms, settling against the thin layer of fuzz on his chest.

"What do we do now?" she mumbled listening to the sound of his heart take on a more steady rhythm.

"We sleep," he answered matter-of-factly.

"But-"

"Sleep now Tiff,"

She bit back her protest, how could he expect her to sleep when there were so many questions that needed answering.